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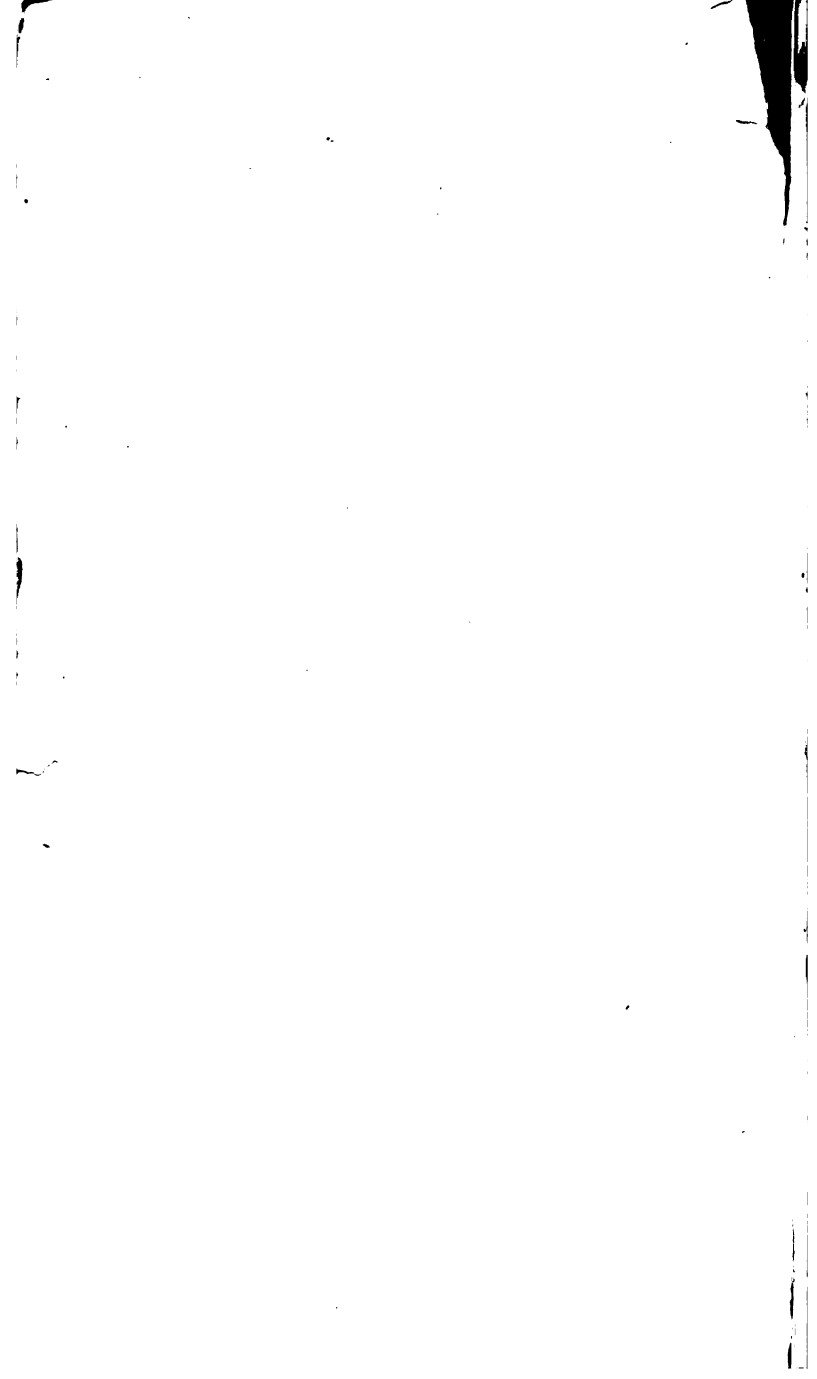


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Presented in 1878.





THE
HUMOROUS SPEAKER:

BEING

A Choice Collection of Amusing Pieces,

BOTH IN PROSE AND VERSE,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

CONSISTING OF

DIALOGUES, SOLILOQUIES, PARODIES, &C.

DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, LITERARY SOCIETIES, DEBATING
CLUBS, SOCIAL CIRCLES, AND DOMESTIC ENTERTAINMENT.

BY OLIVER OLDEAM.

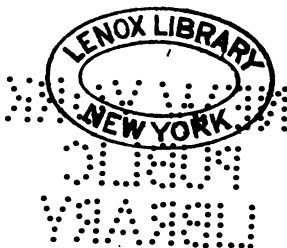
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.—HORACE.

NEW YORK:
NEWMAN & IVISON, 178 FULTON STREET.
CINCINNATI: MOORE, ANDERSON & CO. CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & CO.
AUBURN: J. C. IVISON & CO. DETROIT: A. M'FARREN

1853.

R/11

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by
HENRY IVISON,
In the Clerk's Office for the Southern District of New York.



STENOGRAPHED BY
THOMAS B. SMITH,
216 William St., N. Y.

PRINTED BY
J. D. BEDFORD,
59 Ann Street.

P R E F A C E .

HUMOR and fun !

Humor and fun !

There 's nothing like it under the sun.

But, if you 'd have it a perfect thing,
All of it honey, none of it sting,
Except, perchance, an occasional fling
At pride, or folly, or some such thing,

Hold on the reins,

Or rather chains,

That Wisdom throws o'er Fancy's strains;

For Fancy she's a mettlesome steed ;

That gives a thoughtless rider no heed ;

Rushing right on—mud, gully, or mead,

With a sort of geometric speed ;

Fills you with dirt,

The kind to hurt ;

Addles your brains

With trifling trains

Of thought that chiefly entertains,

Because obscure, or low, or profane ;

From which no useful lesson you gain,

Except you, with all your might and main,

Shun, as a viper, the filthy strain.

But humor 's good,
 And fun is good,
 If we but rightly use it would.
 It trains the laughing power, at least,
 Which measures, they say, 'twixt man and beast;
 For, though sometimes
 With brutes he chimes,
 Nay, often shoots
 Below the brutes,
 For example, in much of the liquor he quaffs,*
 Yet is he the only creature that *laughs*.
 Hyenas, true,
 And monkeys too,
 Are a sort of ghastly, *grinning* crew;
 But the genuine laugh belongs to man,
 And he ought to enjoy it as best he can.
 "There is a *time* to laugh," the wise man said,
 And a *place*. I *ween*; if this *book* be read;
 Where even a dolt, as heavy as lead,
 May something find to enliven his head,
 And cheer up a spirit to dullness wed.
 It yields a rich
 Variety, which
 May prove a kind of moral switch,
 To lash the crimes that baffle the law—
 Ingratitude, avarice, *et cetera*;—for

* 'Tis known that men will *alcohol* drink,
 Till they neither can walk, stand, nor think;
 While hogs, which foul and filthy they call,
 Will shun the poisonous stuff, as gall.

There 's many a crime, and heinous too,
 That comes not in the law's purview,
 Which, still, the satirist much may do
 To punish and check, in the spirit true
 Of him that hates,
 And sharp berates,
 The *sin*, but not the sinning *pates*,
 That vice and folly have rendered crazy,
 Foppish or rakish, profane or lazy,
 Extravagant, flippant—I know not what—
 From a sober fool to a silly sot.
 Well, this is the aim the book would reach,
 Endeavoring in humorous way to teach,
 By a pertinent representative speech,
 What should be avoided by all and each.

 The work, in fine,
 Has that design

 Indicated in Horace's line,—
 (See the title-page, and read the Latin,
 A flowing hexameter, smooth as satin,)
 Where a dactyl (*ūtīlĕ*) is made to meet
 With a spondee, (*dūlcī*), th' appropriate feet—
 One meaning *the useful*, the other *the sweet*:
 Which things, says Horace, when duly they meet,
 Combine to produce an author complete,
 Whom every reader can gladly greet.

 The book 's for youth,
 For schools, in sooth;

 Yet it contains much humorous truth,

Well suited to teach many older folks;
For many true words are spoken in jokes;
And many will take, in a jocose way,
What, soberly said, would drive them away;
And many will see, in a ludicrous scene,
Portraits so finished, (their own, I ween,)
As to cure them of follies, and make them shun
The features they laugh at, in others, as fun.
But why all this pleading? I'm no patron-seeker.
Let it speak for itself—THE HUMOROUS SPEAKER.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1853.

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THE HUMOROUS SPEAKER.

THE MOSQUITO'S SONG—A SOLILOQUY.—ANON.

IN the dreamy hour of night I'll hie,
When the hum is hushed of the weary fly,
When the lamps are lit, and the curtains drawn,
And sport on my wings till the morning dawn,
In the festive hall where all is joy ;
In the chamber hushed, where the sleepers lie ;
In the garden bower, where the primrose smiles,
And the chirping cricket the hour beguiles ;
In these I'll sport through summer night,
And mortals to vex, *I'll bite, I'll bite !*

There's one I view with an evil eye ;
A flame of pride in his breast I spy ;
He breathes in a lute with a master's skill,
And listening souls the rich strains fill
With the rapturous thrill of melody ;
But he carries his head so haughtily—
I'll play him a trick ;—in his happiest swell,
When the lingering trill, with a magic spell,
Holds all entranced, I'll wing my flight,
And pop on his nose ; and *I'll bite, I'll bite !*

There's a poet, I know,—in the still midnight
He plies the pen by the taper's light,

And wearied of earth, in a world all his own,
With fancy he rambles, where flowers are strown
Of fadeless hue ; and he images there
A creation of beauty in the pure, still air.
With the world around from his sense shut out,
He heeds not the buzz of my round-a-bout ;
But when a new image has broken on his sight,
Ere he gives it existence, *I'll bite, I'll bite !*

And the long-courted vision shall vanish—while I,
In a snug little corner, shall watch him so shy,
As he thumps his brow in a burning rage,
And dashes his pen o'er the well-filled page.
I see a young maid in her chamber napping,
And I know, that love at her heart is tapping ;
She dreams of a youth, and smiles in bliss,
As she pouts out her lips to receive a kiss.
But she shall not taste the gentle delight ;
For, I'll light on her lips, and *I'll bite, I'll bite !*

THE CONTEST UNEQUAL.—SYDNEY SMITH.

MR. Bailiff, I have spoken so often on this subject, that I am sure both you and the gentlemen here present, will be obliged to me for saying but little, and that favor I am as willing to confer, as you can be to receive it. I feel most deeply the event which has taken place, because, by putting the two houses of Parliament in collision with each other, it will impede the public business, and diminish the public prosperity. I feel it as a churchman, because I cannot but blush to see so many dignitaries of the church arrayed against the wishes and happiness of the people. I feel it more than all, because I believe it will sow the seeds of deadly hatred between the aristocracy and the great mass of the people. The loss of the bill I do not feel, and for the best of all possi-

ble reasons—because I have not the slightest idea that it is lost. I have no more doubt, before the expiration of the winter, that this bill will pass, than I have that the annual tax bills will pass, and greater certainty than this no man can have, for Franklin tells us, there are but two things certain in this world—death and taxes. As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt, of the lords to stop the progress of reform, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling the mop, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

PHAETHON, OR THE AMATEUR COACHMAN.—JOHN G. SAXE.

DAN Phaëthon,—so the histories run,—
Was a jolly young chap, and a son of the Sun;
Or rather of Phœbus,—but as to his mother,
Genealogists make a deuce of a pother,
Some going for one, and some for another!
For myself, I must say, as a careful explorer,
This roaring young blade was the son of Aurora!

Now old Father Phœbus, ere railways begun
 To elevate funds and depreciate fun,
 Drove a very fast coach by the name of 'The Sun';

Running, they say,

Trips every day,

(On Sundays and all, in a heathenish way,)

All lighted up with a famous array

Of lanterns that shone with a brilliant display,

And dashing along like a gentleman's 'shay',

With never a fare, and nothing to pay!

Now Phaëthon begged of his doting old father,

To grant him a favor, and this the rather,

Since some one had hinted, the youth to annoy,

That he was n't by any means Phœbus's boy!

Intending, the rascally son of a gun,

To darken the brow of the son of the Sun!

'By the terrible Styx!' said the angry sire,

While his eyes flashed volumes of fury and fire,

'To prove your reviler an infamous liar,

I swear I will grant you whate'er you desire!'

'Then by my head,'

The youngster said,

'I'll mount the coach when the horses are fed!—

For there's nothing I'd choose, as I'm alive,

Like a seat on the box, and a dashing drive!'

'Nay Phaëton don't—

I beg you won't,—

Just stop a moment and think upon't!

Your quite too young,' continued the sage,

'To tend a coach at your early age!

Besides, you see,

Twill really be

Your first appearance on any stage!

Desist, my child,

The cattle are wild,

And when their mettle is thoroughly 'riled',

Miss Prudence has just run away,
And Miss Steady assisted her flight.
But success to the fair—one and all—
No misapprehensions be making;
Though wrong the dear sex to miss-call,
There's no harm, I should hope, in mis-taking!

HOW TO SELL A HORSE.—ANON.

"MR. COPER, as kept the Red Lion Yard, in High street, was the best to sell a horse I ever know'd, sir, and I know'd some good 'uns, I have; but he *was* the best. He'd look at you as tho' butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and his small wall eyes seemed to have no more life in 'em than a dead whiting's. My master, Captain Simple, stood his hosses there; and, o' course, I saw a good deal of Mr. Coper. One day, a gent came to look at the stable, and see if he could buy a hoss. Coper saw in a minit that he knew nothing about horse-flesh, and so was uncommon civil. The first thing he showed him was a great grey coach-hoss, about seventeen hands and an inch, with a shoulder like a Erkilus."

"I suppose you mean Hercules?"

"I suppose I do, sir. The gent was a little man; so, o' course, the grey was took in agen, and a Suffolk punch cob, that 'ud a done for a bishop, was then run up the yard. But, lor! the little gent's legs 'ud never have been of any use to him; they'd a stuck out on each side, like a curricule-bar. So he wouldn't do. Coper show'd him three or four others, good things in their way, but not at all suited to the gent. At last Coper says to him, with a sort o' sigh, 'Well, sir, I'm afear'd we shan't make a deal of it to-day, sir. You're wery particular, as you've a right to be, and I'll look about; and if I can find one that I think 'll do, I'll call on you.' By this time he had walked the gent down the stable to opposite a stall where was a brown hoss, fifteen hands, or about. 'Now, there 'ud be the thing to suit you, sir,' says he; 'and I only wish I could find

one like him.' 'Why, can't I have him?' says the gent. 'Impossible!' says Coper. 'Why impossible?' says the gent. 'Because he's Mrs. Coper's hoss, and money wouldn't buy him of her. He's perfect, and she knows it.' 'Well,' says the gent, getting his steam up, 'I don't mind price!' 'What's money to peace of mind?' says Coper. 'If I was to sell that hoss, my Missus would worry my life out.' Well, sir, the more Coper made a difficulty of selling the hoss, the more the gent wanted to buy, till, at last, Coper took him to a coach-hoss, as tho' to be private, and said to him, in a whisper, 'Well, I tell you what I'll do; I'll take ninety pounds for him. Praps he's not worth that to everybody; but I think he is to you, who wants a perfect thing, and ready made for you.' 'You're very kind,' said the gent, 'and I'll give you a check at once.' 'But mind,' says Coper, 'you must fetch him away at night; for if my Missus saw him going out of the yard, I do believe she'd pull a life-guardsmen off him. How I shall pacify her, I don't know! Ninety pounds! Why, ninety pounds wont pay me for the rows, leave alone the hoss!'

"The gent quite thought Coper was repenting of the bargain, and so walked away to the little countin' house, and drew a check for the money. When he was gone, I bust out a laughin', because I know'd Mrs. Coper was as mild as a bran-mash, and 'ud never a' dared to blow up her husband. But Coper wouldn't have it—he looked as solem as truth. Well, sir, the hoss was fetched away that night."

"But why at night, Davis?"

"Because they shouldn't see his good qualities all at once, I suppose, sir; for he'd got the Devonshire coat of arms on his off knee."

"Devonshire coat of arms?"

"Yes, sir. You see, Devonshire's a very hilly country, and most of the hosses down there has broken knees; so they calls a speck the Devonshire coat of arms. Well, sir, as Mr. Coper's pet shied at everything and nothing, and bolted when he warn't a-shieing, the gent came back in about a week to Coper."

"'Mr. Coper,' says he, 'I can't get on with that hoss at all."

Perhaps I don't know how to manage him. He goes on so odd, that I'm afraid to ride him ; so I thought, as he was such a favorite with Mrs. Coper, you shall have him back again.'

" ' Not if you'd give me ninety pounds to do it,' says Coper, looking as tho' he was a going to bite the gent.

" ' Why not ?' says the gent.

" ' I wouldn't go through what I have gone through,' says Coper, hitting the stable door with his fist enough to split it, ' not for twice the money. Mrs. Coper never left off rowing for two days and nights ; and how I should a' stopped her, I don't know, if luck hadn't stood my friend. But I happened to meet with a hoss, the very moral of the one you've got, only perhaps just a leetle better ; and Mrs. C. took to him wonderful. I wouldn't disturb our domestic harmony by having that hoss of yourn back again, not for half the Bank of England.' Now, the gent was a wery tender-hearted man, and believed all that Coper told him, and kept the hoss. But what he did with him, I can't think ; for he was the wicousest screw as ever put his nose in a manger."

A DECEIVER DECEIVED.—HALL.

SIR CHRISTOPHER—QUIZ.

Sir Christopher. And so, friend Blackletter, you are just come from college.

Quiz. Yes, sir.

Sir Ch. Ah, Mr. Blackletter, I once loved the name of a college, until my son proved so worthless.

Quiz. In the name of all the literati, what do you mean ? You fond of books, and not bless your stars in giving you such a son !

Sir Ch. Ah, sir, he was once a youth of promise.—But do you know him ?

Quiz. What ! Frederick Classic ?—Ay, that I do—Heaven be praised !

Sir Ch. I tell you, Mr. Blackletter, he is wonderfully changed.

Quiz. And a lucky change for him. What! I suppose he was once a wild young fellow?

Sir Ch. No, sir, you don't understand me, or I don't you. I tell you, he neglects his studies, and is foolishly in love; for which I shall certainly cut him off with a shilling.

Quiz. You surprise me, sir. I must beg leave to undeceive you—you are either out of your senses, or some wicked enemy of his has, undoubtedly, done him this injury. Why, sir, he is in love, I grant you, but it is only with his book. He hardly allows himself time to eat; and as for sleep, he scarcely takes two hours in the twenty-four. This is a thumper; for the dog has not looked into a book these six months, to my certain knowledge. (*Aside.*)

Sir Ch. I have received a letter from farmer Downright this very day, who tells me he has received a letter from him, containing proposals for his daughter.

Quiz. This is very strange. I left him at college, as close to his books as—oh, oh—I believe I can solve this mystery, and much to your satisfaction.

Sir Ch. I should be very happy indeed if you could.

Quiz. Oh, as plain as that two and three are five. 'Tis thus: An envious fellow, a rival of your son's—a fellow who has not as much sense in his whole corporation, as your son has in his little finger—yes, I heard this very fellow ordering a messenger to farmer Downright with a letter; and this is, no doubt, the very one. Why, sir, your son will certainly surpass the Admirable Crichton. Sir Isaac Newton will be a perfect automaton, compared with him; and the sages of antiquity, if resuscitated, would hang their heads in despair.

Sir Ch. Is it possible that my son is now at college, making these great improvements?

Quiz. Ay, that he is, sir.

Sir Ch. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Oh, the dear fellow! the dear fellow!

Quiz. Sir, you may turn to any part of Homer, and repeat

one line—he will take it up, and, by dint of memory, continue repeating to the end of the book.

Sir Ch. Well, well, well! I find I was doing him great injustice. However, I'll make him ample amends. Oh, the dear fellow! the dear fellow! the dear fellow!—(*with great joy*)—he will be immortalized; and so shall I; for if I had not cherished the boy's genius in embryo, he would never have soared above mediocrity.

Quiz. True, sir.

Sir Ch. I cannot but think what superlative pleasure I shall have, when my son has got his education. No other man's in England shall be comparative with it—of that I am positive. Why, sir, the moderns are such dull, plodding, senseless barbarians, that a man of learning is as hard to be found as the unicorn.

Quiz. 'Tis much to be regretted, sir; but such is the lamentable fact.

Sir Ch. Even the shepherds, in days of yore, spoke their mother tongue in Latin; and now, *hic, hæc, hoc*, is as little understood as the language of the moon.

Quiz. Your son, sir, will be a phenomenon, depend upon it.

Sir Ch. So much the better, so much the better. I expected soon to have been in the vocative; for, you know, you found me in the accusative case, and that's very near it—ha! ha! ha!

Quiz. You have reason to be merry, sir, I promise you.

Sir Ch. I have, indeed. Well, I shall leave off interjections, and promote an amicable conjunction with the dear fellow. Oh! we shall never think of addressing each other in plaid English—no, no, we will converse in the pure classical language of the ancients. You remember the Eclogues of Virgil, Mr. Blackletter?

Quiz. Oh, yes, sir, perfectly; have 'em at my finger ends. Not a bit of a one did I ever hear of in my life. (*Aside.*)

Sir Ch. How sweetly the first of them begins!

Quiz. Very sweetly, indeed, sir. (*Aside.*) Bless me! I wish he would change the subject.

Sir Ch. "*Tytere tu patula recubans;*" faith, 'tis more musical than fifty hand-organs.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) I had rather hear a Jews-harp.

Sir Ch. Talking of music, though—the Greek is the language for that.

Quiz. Truly is it.

Sir Ch. Even the conjugations of the verbs far excel the finest sonata of Pleyel or Handel. For instance, "*tupto, tupso, tetupha.*" Can anything be more musical?

Quiz. Nothing. "Stoop low, stoop so, stoop too far."

Sir Ch. Ha! ha! ha! "Stoop too far!" That's a good one.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) Faith, I have stooped too far. All's over now, by Jupiter!

Sir Ch. Ha! ha! ha! a plaguy good pun, Mr. Blackletter.

Quiz. Tolerable. (*Aside.*) I am well out of that scrape, however.

Sir Ch. Pray, sir, which of the classics is your favorite?

Quiz. Why, sir, Mr. Frederick Classic, I think—he is so great a scholar.

Sir Ch. Po! po! you don't understand me. I mean, which of the Latin classics do you admire most?

Quiz. Hang it! what shall I say now? (*Aside.*) The Latin classics? Oh, really, sir, I admire them all so much, it is difficult to say.

Sir Ch. Virgil is my favorite. How very expressive is his description of the unconquerable passion of Queen Dido, where he says, "*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo!*" Is not that very expressive?

Quiz. Very expressive, indeed, sir. (*Aside.*) I wish we were forty miles asunder. I shall never be able to hold out much longer, at this rate.

Sir Ch. And Ovid is not without his charms.

Quiz. He is not, indeed, sir.

Sir Ch. And what a dear, enchanting fellow Horace is!

Quiz. Wonderfully so!

Sir Ch. Pray, what do you think of Xenophon?

Quiz. Who the plague is he, I wonder? (*Aside.*) Xenophon! Oh, think he unquestionably wrote good Latin, sir.

Sir Ch. Good Latin, man!—he wrote Greek—good Greek, you meant.

Quiz. True, sir, I did. Latin, indeed! (*In great confusion.*) I meant Greek—did I say Latin? I really meant Greek. (*Aside.*) Bless me! I don't know what I mean myself.

Sir Ch. Oh! Mr. Blackletter, I have been trying a long time to remember the name of one of Achilles' horses, but I can't for my life think of it. You doubtless can tell me.

Quiz. O yes, his name was—but which of them do you mean? What was he called?

Sir Ch. What was he called? Why, that's the very thing I wanted to know. The one I allude to was born of the Harpy Celæno. I can't, for the blood of me, tell it.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) Bless me! if I can either. (*To him.*) Born of the Harpy—oh! his name was—(*striking his forehead.*) Gracious! I forget it now. His name was—was—was—Strange! 'tis as familiar to me as my A, B, C.

Sir Ch. Oh! I remember—'twas Xanthus, Xanthus—I remember now—'twas Xanthus—plague o' the name!—that's it.

Quiz. Egad! so 'tis. "Thankus, Thankus"—that's it. Strange, I could not remember it! (*Aside.*) 'Twould have been stranger, if I had.

Sir Ch. You seem at times a little absent, Mr. Blackletter.

Quiz. Dear me! I wish I was absent altogether. (*Aside.*)

Sir Ch. We shall not disagree about learning, sir. I discover you are a man, not only of profound learning, but correct taste.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) I am glad you have found that out, for I never should. I came here to quiz the old fellow, and he'll quiz me, I fear. (*To him.*) O, by the by, I have been so confused—I mean, so confounded—pshaw! so much engrossed with the contemplation of the Latin classics, I had almost forgotten to give you a letter from your son.

Sir Ch. Bless me, sir! why did you delay that pleasure so long?

Quiz. I beg pardon, sir; here 'tis. (*Gives a letter.*)

Sir Ch. (*Puts on his spectacles and reads.*) "To Miss Clara."

Quiz. No, no, no—that's not it—here 'tis. (*Takes the letter, and gives him another.*)

Sir Ch. What! are you the bearer of love epistles, too, Mr. Blackletter?

Quiz. (*Aside.*) What a horrid blunder! (*To him.*) Oh, no, sir: that letter is from a female cousin at a boarding school to Miss Clara Upright—no, Downright—that's the name.

Sir Ch. Truly, she writes a good masculine list. Well, let me see what my boy has to say. (*Reads.*)

"Dear Father,—There is a famous Greek manuscript just come to light. I must have it. The price is about a thousand dollars. Send me the money by the bearer."

Short and sweet. There's a letter for you, in the true Lacedæmonian style—laconic. Well, the boy shall have it, were it ten times as much. I should like to see this Greek manuscript. Pray, sir, did you ever see it?

Quiz. I can't say I ever did, sir. (*Aside.*) This is the only truth I have been able to edge in yet.

Sir Ch. I'll just send to my bankers for the money. In the meantime, we will adjourn to my library. I have been much puzzled with an obscure passage in Livy. We must lay our heads together for a solution. But I am sorry you are addicted to such absence of mind, at times.

Quiz. 'Tis a misfortune, sir; but I am addicted to a greater than that, at times.

Sir Ch. Ah! what's that?

Quiz. I am sometimes addicted to an absence of body.

Sir Ch. As how?

Quiz. Why, thus, sir. (*Takes up his hat and stick, and walks off.*)

Sir Ch. Ha! ha! ha! that's an absence of body, sure enough—an absence of body with a vengeance! A very merry fellow this. He will be back for the money, I suppose, presently. He is, at all events, a very modest man, not fond of expressing his opinion—but that's a mark of merit.

PAIR'D, NOT MATCH'D.—HOOD.

OF wedded bliss	When we debate
Bards sing amiss,	It is my fate
I cannot make a song of it ;	To always have the wrong of it ;
For I am small,	For I am small,
My wife is tall,	And she is tall,
And that's the short and long	And that's the short and long
of it !	of it !

And when I speak,	For I am small,
My voice is weak,	And she is tall,
But hers—she makes a gong	And that's the short and long
of it ;	of it.

She has, in brief,	Against my life
Command in Chief,	She'll take a knife,
And I'm but Aide-de-camp	Or fork, and dart the prong
of it ;	of it ;
For I am small,	For I am small,
And she is tall,	And she is tall,
And that's the short and long	And that's the short and long
of it !	of it !

She gives to me	I sometimes think
The weakest tea,	I'll take to drink,
And takes the whole Sou-	And hector when I'm strong
chong of it ;	of it ;
For I am small,	For I am small,
And she is tall,	And she is tall,
And that's the short and long	And that's the short and long
of it !	of it !

She'll sometimes grip	O, if the bell
My buggy whip,	Would ring her knell,
And make me feel the thong	I'd make a gay ding dong
of it ;	of it ;

For I am small, And she is tall, And that's the short and long of it!	For I am small, And she is tall, And that's the short and long of it!
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MR. PICKWICK IN A DILEMMA.—DICKENS.

Mr. Pickwick's apartments in Goswell street, although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sitting-room was the first floor front, his bed-room the second floor front; and thus, whether he was sitting at his desk in the parlor, or standing before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits, in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare. His landlady, Mrs. Bardell—the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer—was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by steady and long practice into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a the offspring of Mrs. Bardell. The large man was always at home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlor; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behaviour on the morning previous to that which had been fixed upon for the journey to Eatonville, would have been

most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience, very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation, but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why, it's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question?"

"Well, but do you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends"—said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table; "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick, "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities; and has moreover a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell; the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him. "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it not very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshipped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose—a deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy to the Borough, to get him out of the way—how thoughtful—how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"Oh, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind sir."

"It'll save you a great deal of trouble, wont it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and, of course, I should take more trouble to please you than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick: "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure so you will."

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy"—said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart," interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in

a week, than he could ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh you dear"—said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"Oh you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck with a cataract of tears, and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick; "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider. Mrs. Bardell, don't—if any body should come"—

"Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically; "I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul;" and, with these words, Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing; for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situation until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but by degrees the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage, pervaded his partially developed mind, and considering Mr. Pickwick as the aggressor,

he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm, and the violence of his excitement allowed.

"Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick; "he's mad."

"What is the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy"—(here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the farther end of the apartment.) "Now help me to lead this woman down stairs."

"Oh, I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell faintly.

"Let me lead you down stairs," said the ever-gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir,—thank you," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And down stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive,"—said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned—"I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing!"

"Very," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behaviour was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick; he remarked their credulity. They evidently suspected him.

"There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman.

"It's the man I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick. "I sent for him to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

Mr. Snodgrass did as he was desired; and Mr. Samuel Weller forthwith presented himself.

PEDANTRY.—GEORGE COLMAN, JR.

DR. PANGLOSS AND LORD DUBERLY.

Lord D. Doctor, good morning—I wish you a *bon repos* !
Take a chair, doctor.

Pang. Pardon me, my lord; I am not inclined to be sedentary; I wish, with permission, "*erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*"—Ovid. Hem !

Lord D. *Tollory vultures* ! I suppose that *that* means you had rather stand ?

Pang. Fye ! this is a locomotive morning with me. Just hurried, my lord, from the Society of Arts; whence, I may say, "I have borne my blushing honors thick upon me."—Shakspeare. Hem !

Lord D. And what has put your honors to the blush this morning, doctor ?

Pang. To the blush ! A ludicrous perversion of the author's meaning—he, he, he ! hem ! You shall hear, my lord "Lend me your ears." Shakspeare again. Hem ! 'tis not unknown to your lordship, and the no less literary world, that the Caledonian University of Aberdeen long since conferred upon me the dignity of L. L. D. ; and, as I never beheld that erudite body, I may safely say they dubb'd me with a degree from sheer considerations of my celebrity.

Lord D. True.

Pang. For nothing, my lord, but my own innate modesty, could suppose that Scotch college to be swayed by one pound fifteen shillings and three pence three farthings, paid on receiving my diploma as a handsome compliment to the numerous and learned head of that seminary.

Lord D. Oh, no, it wasn't for the matter of money.

Pang. I do not think it was altogether the "*auri sacra fames.*"—Virgil. Hem ! But this very day, my lord, at eleven o'clock, A. M., the Society of Arts, in consequence, as they were pleased to say, of my merits—he, he, he ! my *merits*, my lord—have admitted me as an unworthy member ; and I have,

henceforward, the privilege of adding to my name the honorable title of *A double S*.

Lord D. And I make no doubt, doctor, but you have richly deserved it. I warrant a man doesn't get A double S tack'd to his name for nothing.

Pang. Decidedly not, my lord. Yes, I am now *artium societatis socius*. My two last publications did that business. "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*."—Horace. Hem!

Lord D. And what might them there two books be about, doctor?

Pang. The first, my lord, was a plan to lull the restless to sleep, by an infusion of opium into their ears. The efficacy of this method originally struck me in St. Stephen's chapel, while listening to the oratory of a worthy country gentleman.

Lord D. I wonder it wa'nt hit upon before by the doctors.

Pang. Physicians, my lord, put their patients to sleep in another manner. He, he, he! "To die—to sleep; no more."—Shakspeare. Hem! my second treatise was a proposal for erecting dove-houses, on a principle tending to increase the propagation of pigeons. This, I may affirm, has received considerable countenance from many who move in the circles of fashion. "*Nec gemere cessabit turtur*."—Virgil. Hem! I am about to publish a third edition, by subscription. May I have the honor to pop your lordship down among the pigeons?

Lord D. Aye, aye; down with me, doctor.

Pang. My lord, I am grateful. I ever insert names and titles at full length. What may be your lordship's sponsorial and patronymic appellations? (*Taking out his pocket-book.*)

Lord D. My what?

Pang. I mean, my lord, the designations given to you by your lordship's godfathers and parents.

Lord D. Oh! What? my Christian and surname? I was baptized Daniel.

Pang. "*Abolens baptismate labem*." I forgot where—no matter—hem! The Right Honorable Daniel—— (*Writing.*)

Lord D. Dowlas.

Pang. (*Writing.*) Dowlas—"filthy Dow!" hem! Shak-

speare. The Right Honorable Daniel Dowlas, Baron Duberly. And now, my lord, to your lesson for the day. (*They sit.*)

Lord D. Now for it, doctor.

Pang. The process which we are now upon is to eradicate that blemish in your lordship's language, which the learned denominate *cacology*, and which the vulgar call *slip-slop*.

Lord D. I'm afraid, doctor, my *cakelology* will give you a tolerable tight job on't.

Pang. "*Nil desperandum.*"—Horace. Hem! We'll begin in the old way, my lord. Talk on: when you stumble, I check. Where was your lordship yesterday evening?

Lord D. At a consort.

Pang. Umph! *tête-à-tête* with Lady Duberly, I presume.

Lord D. *Tête-à-tête* with five hundred people, hearing of music.

Pang. Oh! I conceive. Your lordship would say a concert. Mark the distinction. A *concert*, my lord, is an entertainment visited by fashionable lovers of harmony. Now, a *consort* is a wife.

Lord D. Humph! After all, doctor, I shall make but a poor progress in my vermicular tongue.

Pang. Your knowledge of our native, or *vernacular* language, my lord, time and industry may meliorate. *Vermicular* is an epithet seldom applied to tongues, but in the case of puppies who want to be worm'd.

Lord D. Ecod, then I an't so much out, doctor. I've met plenty of puppies since I came to town, whose tongues are so troublesome, that worming might chance to be of service. But, doctor, I've a bit of a proposal to make to you, concerning my own family.

Pang. Disclose, my lord.

Lord D. Why, you must know, I expect my son, Dicky, in town this here very morning. Now, doctor, if you would but mend his cakelology, mayhap it might be better worth while than the mending of mine.

Pang. I smell a pupil. (*Aside.*) Whence, my lord, does the young gentleman come?

Lord D. You shall hear all about it. You know, doctor, though I'm of good family distraction—

Pang. *Ex.*

Lord D. Though I'm of a good family extraction, 'twas but t'other day I kept a shop at Gosport.

Pang. The rumor has reached me. "*Fama volat viresque.*"

Lord D. Don't put me out.

Pang. Virgil. Hem! proceed.

Lord D. A tradesman, you know, must mind the main chance. So, when Dick began to grow as big as a porpus, I got an old friend of mine, who lives in Derbyshire, to take Dick 'prentice at half-price. He's just now out of his time; and I warrant him, as wild and as rough as a rock. Now, if you, doctor—if you would but take him in hand, and soften him a bit—

Pang. Pray, my lord—"to soften rocks."—Congreve. Hem! Pray, my lord, what profession may the Honorable Mr. Dowlas have followed?

Lord D. Who? Dick? He has served his clerkship to an attorney, at Castleton.

Pang. An attorney! Gentlemen of his profession, my lord, are very difficult to soften.

Lord D. Yes; but the pay may make it worth while. I'm told that Lord Spindle gives his eldest son, Master Drumstick's tutorer, three hundred a year, and, besides learning his pupil, he has to read my lord to sleep of an afternoon, and walk out with the lap-dogs and children. Now, if three hundred a year, doctor, will do the business for Dick, I shan't begrudge it you.

Pang. Three hundred a year! Say no more, my lord. L.L. D. A double S, and three hundred a year! I accept the office. "*Verbum sat.*"—Horace. Hem! I'll run to my lodgings—settle with Mrs. Suds—put my wardrobe into a——no, I've got it all on, and— (*Going.*)

Lord D. Hold, hold! not so hasty, doctor; I must first send you for Dick, to the Blue Boar.

Pang. The Honorable Mr. Dowlas, my pupil, at the Blue Boar.

Lord D. Aye, in Holborn. As I aint fond of telling people good news beforehand, for fear they may be baulked, Dick knows nothing of my being made a lord.

Pang. Three hundred a year!

“I’ve often wished that I had, clear
For life—six” no; three—
——“Three hundred.”

Lord D. I wrote to him just before I left Gosport, to tell him to meet me in London with—

Pang. Three hundred pounds a year!—Swift. Hem!

Lord D. With all speed upon business, d’ye mind me.

Pang. Dr. Pangloss, with an income of!—no lap-dogs, my lord?

Lord D. Nay, but listen, doctor; and as I didn’t know where old Ferret was to make me live in London, I told Dick to be at the Blue Boar this morning, by the stage-coach. Why, you don’t hear what I’m talking about, doctor.

Pang. Oh, perfectly, my lord—three hundred—Blue Boars—in the stage-coach!

Lord D. Well, step into my room, doctor, and I’ll give you a letter which you shall carry to the inn, and bring Dick away with you. I warrant the boy will be ready to jump out of his skin.

Pang. Skin? jump! Bless me! I’m ready to jump out of mine! I follow your lordship—oh, doctor Pangloss. Where is your philanthropy now. I attend you my lord! “*Æquam memento.*”—Horace. *Servare mentem*—hem! bless me, I’m all in a fluster, L. L. D. A. double S., and three hundred a—I attend your lordship.

DO AS OTHER PEOPLE DO.—ANON.

One Richard Daw, as stories go,
A grocer lived in Peter’s Row—
His wife, in true domestic style,
Poor Mister Daw would oft revile;

For ever wanting something new,
She'd cry, ' Now, Dear, I wish that you
Would do as other people do.

There's Mrs. Brown, she keeps a car,
And drives about both near and far—
To Donnybrook, the Rock, and stay
Just now and then, a night at Bray.
Then since we all want something new,
My dearest Daw, I wish that you,
Would do as other people do.

' What now,' says Daw, ' what want you next ?'
' Nay, Daw, my love, now don't be vex'd,
You know we live in dirt and filth—
A country house would save my health—
And here's a spot with charming view—
Dear Darling Dick, I know that you
Will do as other people do.'

The house was bought—a gardener hir'd,
And friends of coming never tir'd—
Dinners and suppers—port and punch—
And droppers in must have a lunch.
And when poor Daw impatient grew,
' Dicky, my sweet !' she cried—' sure you,
Must do as other people do !'

But now Dick's cash ran very brief,
And so he turn'd another leaf—
The gardener went—the car was sold—
The furniture all turn'd to gold.
' O, Daw !' she cried, ' what shall we do !'
' Indeed,' says Daw, ' You know that you
Must do as other people do.'

Poor Mister Daw, from change of life,
Soon lost his angel of a wife,
And now, retrieving his affairs,
Most christian-like his loss he bears.

And when you ask him, 'How do you do?'
Dick cries, 'Indeed, to tell you true,
I do as other people do !

JOHN LITTLEJOHN.—CHARLES MACKAY.

John Littlejohn was staunch and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong ;
He gave good weight, and paid his way,
He thought for himself, and said his say.
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
Instead of silver, a coin of brass,
He took his hammer, and said with a frown :—
" The coin is spurious—Nail it down !"

John Littlejohn was firm and true,
You could not cheat him in " two and two " ;
When foolish arguers, might and main,
Darkened and twisted the clear and plain.
He saw through mazes of their speech
The simple truth beyond their reach ;
And crushing their logic, said, with a frown :—
" Your coin is spurious—Nail it down !"

John Littlejohn maintained the right,
Through storm and shine in the world's despite :
When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dosed him with arguments, learned by rote,
Or by coaxing, threats or promise tried
To gain his support to the wrong side,
" Nay, nay," said John, with an angry frown,
" Your coin is spurious—Nail it down !"

When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine,
That nobles alone were fit to rule,
That the poor were unimproved by school,

That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great,
John shook his head, and said with a frown :—
“ *The coin is spurious—Nail it down !*”

When told that events might justify
A false and crooked policy,
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude,
That a lie, if white, was a small offence,
To be forgiven by men of sense,
“ *Nay, nay,*” said John, with a sigh and frown,
“ *The coin is spurious—Nail it down !*”

Whenever the world our eyes would blind
With false pretences of such a kind,
With humbug, cant or bigotry,
Or a specious, sham philosophy,
With wrong dressed up in the guise of right,
And darkness passing itself for light,
Let us imitate John, and exclaim with a frown :—
“ *The coin is spurious—Nail it down !*”

BURNT AIGLE AND MRS. RADFORD; OR, THE VALUE OF
TIME.—MRS. S. C. HALL.

ONE of the most amusing and acute persons I remember—and in my very early days I knew him well—was a white-headed lame old man, known in the neighborhood of Killaggin by the name of Burnt Eagle, or, as the Irish peasants called him, “Burnt Aigle.” His descent proclaimed him an Irishman, but some of his habits were not characteristic of the country, for he understood the value of money, and that which makes money—Time. He certainly was not of the neighborhood in which he resided, for he had no “people,” no uncles, aunts, or cousins. What his real name was I never

heard; but I remember him since I was a very little girl, just old enough to be placed by my nurse on the back of Burnt Eagle's donkey. At that time he lived in a neat, pretty little cottage, about a mile from our house: it contained two rooms; they were not only clean but well furnished; that is to say, well furnished for an Irish cottage.

The little patch of ground this industrious old man had, after incredible labor, succeeded in forming over the coat of sward that covered the sand, was in front of Crab Hall. The donkey had done his best to assist a master who had never given him an unjust blow: the fence was formed round the little inclosure of gray granite, which some convulsion of nature had strewed abundantly on the strand; these stones the donkey drew up when his day's work was ended, three or four at a time. Even this inclosure was perfected, and a very neat *gate* of basket-work, with a latch outside and a bolt in, hung opposite the cottage door, before Burnt Eagle had laid down either the earth or manure on his plot of ground.

"Why, thin, Burnt Aigle, dear," said Mrs. Radford, the net-maker's wife, as, followed by seven lazy, dirty, healthy children, she strolled over the sand-hills one evening to see what the poor bocher* was doing at the place, "that was good enough for Corney, the crab-catcher, without alteration, dacent man! for twenty years. Why, thin, Burnt Aigle dear, what are ye slaving and fencin at?"

"Why, I thought I told ye, Mrs. Radford, when I taught ye the tight stitch for a shrimp-net, that I meant to make a garden here; I understand flowers, and the gentry's ready to buy them; and sure, when once the flowers are set, they'll grow of themselves while I'm doing something else. Isn't it a beautiful thing to think of that! how the Lord helps us to a great deal, if we only do a *little* towards it!"

"How do you make that out?" inquired the net-maker.

Burnt Eagle pulled a seed-pod from a tuft of beautiful sea-pink. "All that's wanted of us," he said, "is to put such as this in the earth at first, and doesn't God's goodness do all the rest?"

* A lame man.

"But it would be 'time enough,' sure, to make the fence whin the ground was ready," said his neighbor, reverting to the first part of her conversation.

"And have all the neighbors' pigs right through it the next morning?" retorted the old man laughing; "no, no, that's not *my* way, Mrs. Radford."

"Fair and aisy goes far in a day, masther Aigle," said the gossip, lounging against the fence, and taking her pipe out of her pocket.

"Do you want a coal for you pipe, ma'am?" inquired Burnt Aigle.

"No, I thank ye kindly; its not out I see," she replied, stirring it up with a bit of stick previous to commencing the smoking with which she solaced her laziness.

"That's a bad plan," observed our friend, who continued his labor as diligently as if the sun was rising instead of setting.

"What is, Aigle dear?"

"Keeping the pipe a-light in yer pocket, ma'am; it might chance to burn ye, and its sure to waste the tobacco.

"Augh!" exclaimed the wife, "what long heads some people have! God grant we may never want the bit o' tobacco. Sure it would be hard if we did, we're bad off enough without that."

"But if ye *did*, ye know, ma'am, ye'd be sorry ye wasted it; wouldn't ye?"

"Och, Aigle dear, the poverty is bad enough whin it comes, not to be looking out for it."

"If you expected an inimy to come and burn your house." ("Lord defend us!" ejaculated the woman), "what would you do?"

"Is it what would I do? bedad, that's a quare question. I'd prevint him to be sure."

"And *that's* what I want to do with the poverty," he answered, sticking his spade firmly into the earth; and, leaning on it with folded arms, he rested for a moment on his perfect limb, and looked earnestly in her face. "Ye see every one on *the sod*—green though it is, God bless it—is some how or other

born to some sort of poverty. Now, the thing is to go past it, or undermine it, or get rid of it, or prevent it."

"Ah, thin, how?" said Mrs. Radford.

"By forethought, prudence; never to let a farthing's worth go to waste, or spend a penny if we can do with a half-penny. Time makes the most of us—we ought to make the most of him; so I'll go on with my work, ma'am if you please; I can work and talk at the same time."

Mrs. Radford looked a little affronted; but she thought better of it, and repeated her favorite maxim, "Fair and aisy goes far in a day."

"So it does ma'am; nothing like it; its wonderful what a dale can be got on with by it keeping on, on, and on, always at something. When I'm tired at the baskets, I take a turn at the tubs; and when I am wearied with them, I tie up the heath—and sweet it is sure enough; it makes one envy the bees to smell the heather! And when I've had enough of that, I get on with the garden, or knock bits of furniture out of the timber the sea drifts up after those terrible storms."

"We burn that," said Mrs. Radford.

"There's plenty of turf and furze to be had for the cutting; it's a sin, when there's so much furniture wanting, to burn any timber—barring chips," replied Eagle.

"Bedad, I don't know what ill luck sea-timber might bring," said the woman.

"Augh! augh! the worst luck that ever came into a house is idleness, except, may be extravagance."

"Well, thin, Aigle dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Radford, "what's come to ye to talk of extravagance? What in the world have poor crathurs like us to be extravagant with?"

"Yer time," replied Burnt Eagle with particular emphasis, yer time."

"Ah, thin, man, sure it's 'time enough' for us to be thinking of that when we can get *anything* for it

"*Make anything of it*, ye mean, ma'am: the only work it will ever do of itself, if it's let alone, will be destruction."

THE THREATENED INVASION.—ANON.

WHAT ! will you invade us, then, beautiful France ?
And will you come over to teach us to dance ?
Has *Louis* declared so ? has gentle *Guizot* ?
Or is it the *furor* of Butcher *Bugeaud* ?

Will he come on a steam bridge of fearful dimensions ?
Or will he throw over a bridge of suspension ?
Oh ! do let us know if he means to throw over
A bridge of suspension from Calais to Dover !

Will his troops land at Deal—all alive, not a *man* ill ;
Or will his steam navy sweep all down the channel ?
Will their hopes never waver, their hearts never bend,
Till they land, irresisted, at gallant Gravesend ?

The Marshal's a bright one as ever was sunn'd on ;
Pray, mayn't we consider him almost in London ?
Won't he coop us alive in our dungeons and towers,
And give us a roasting for forty-eight hours !

Do say, when he once lands his troops from the main,
Will he come by the road—will he travel by train ;
And did he send forward an order from Calais,
To get him clean quarters in Buckingham Palace

Our army are traitors—our navy is done—
And they both have agreed to be beaten like fun ;
Not a man-of-war's seen on the waves now to dance,
But has made up its mind to be taken to France.

We've got no militia—and pray ye, or urge ye
Ye won't get a bit of fight out of the clergy ;
While the whole of the lawyers have packed up their rags,
And are hiding their heads in their very blue bags !

Then, as for the people—Bugeaud you may come !
They are poltroon, pacific, low-spirited, dumb ;
So my blood-thirsty Marshal you'll have no occasion,
To take too much pains with your British invasion !

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.—HAWTHORNE.

NOON, by the north clock! noon by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meetings, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the mall, at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tip top of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the

hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is in your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto, nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food, for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-bye; and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my

hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied! Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable bows, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strown earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it, from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dripping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey a-foot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity—whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterwards—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath-days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his bason here, and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to heaven by its waters and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all

sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birth-place of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place—and then another, and still another—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle.

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP—(*Continued.*)

BUT I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me, also, to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces, which you would present,

without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm, amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician, whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream, that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and brew-houses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then, Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then, Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the phrenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity

of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem ! Dry work, this speechifying ; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir ! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated, by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen ; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends, I know they are—who, nevertheless by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town Pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy bottle ? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slap dash into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people ? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock ! Nay, then, if the dinner bell begins to speak,

I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing the water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your pitcher, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—"Success to the Town Pump!"

JOHN BULL AND THE PHIAL—ANON.

JOHN BULL was sick, and taking whey,
(*Whig's* the true name of the solution,)
In hopes his fever to allay

And mend his shattered constitution,
When Mr. King, the apothecary,
One morning in a strange vagary,
That moved his patient's deep amazement,
Toss'd all his potions from the casement,
And placing in their stead a phial,

Exclaimed—"take this—you've no idea
What good 'twill do; a single trial

Will show you 'tis a panacea
For every ill—so make no faces,
But swallow it without grimaces."
Said John, when Galen left the room,
Eyeing the draught—"Excuse me, sir,
If I'm too bold—may I presume,
Good Mr. Bottle Conjurer!

Just to inquire your nostrum's nature?"

"Most worthy sir," a voice replied,
Insinuating, soft, and placid,

"Throw every prejudice aside,
And hear me—I am Prussic Acid.
Ever, so help me Bob! your fervent
And most obsequious humble servant.

Nay, start not thus with looks of terror ;
Alas, what an illiberal folly 'tis,
To think I have not seen the error
Of all my deleterious qualities.
Yes—always friendly to expedients,
I have reformed and changed my state,
And being mixed with new ingredients,
Such as corrosive sublimate,
Hemlock, arsenic, and some others,
Worthy of such worthy brothers.
All my diagnostics deadly
Have vanished in this precious medley ;
Wherefore my firm belief and trust is,
(Pursued the glossing, wheedling phial,)
That you in candid sense of justice,
Will give us one and all a trial.”
“ Trial,” cried Bull, with face of scarlet,
“ Out of my sight, cajoling varlet !
You and your ratsbane coadjutors
Presume to come to *me* as suitors !
Do *you*, convicted, old offenders,
Set up for constitution-menders ?
You, whose whole nature is at strife
With every principle of life !
Trial, indeed ! I'll try to throttle
Your poisoned throats, and break your bottle,
So quit my sight, and tell your mixer,
However he may fume and storm,
He must return to the elixir,
That's labelled with the word ‘ Reform.’ ”

THE LAND VERSUS THE SEA.—ANON.

OH ! give me to tread the steadfast Earth,
With a firm step bold and free :

For surely a rood of land is worth
More than an acre of sea :
The pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
Lieth all too deep for me.

The tiller I leave where the fierce winds blow,
And I'll be a tiller of ground :
The only bark that I wish to know,
Is the bark of my faithful hound :
For the pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
Lieth all too deep for me.

A summer-day's cruise 'neath a squalless sky
Is doubtless a right merry thing,
As swiftly past Cape and headland we fly,
On our sea-gull's snowy wing ;
Yet the pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
Lieth all too deep for me.

Though to woo the sea may be full of bliss,
Whilst her voice is sweet and low,
Yet her wavelet lips seem meeting your kiss
When you reel to the might of a blow.
Oh ! the pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
Lieth all too deep for me.

Then the night-capped waves grow wild in their glee,
And the wooer grows queerish and pale ;
And the *tribute* he offers his mistress, the sea,
It seemeth of little avail :
Ah ! the pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
Lieth all too deep for me.

The perfumed Earth for a bride I take,
And our nuptial couch of flowers
Shall be placed by the brink of some reedy lake,
Where Nature rules the Hours ;
For the pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
Lieth all too deep for me.

There the music tones of each brooklet and bird,
 And the wind through the old woods sweeping,
 In our leafy home shall alone be heard,
 While our tryste we are fondly keeping :
 Ah ! the pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea.
 Lieth all too deep for me :

Then give me to tread the steadfast Earth,
 With a firm step bold and free ;
 For surely a rood of land is worth
 More than an acre of sea ;
 The pleasure that lies in the deep, deep sea,
 Lieth all too deep for me.

THE ART OF PUFFING.—R. B. SHERIDAN.

PUFF, DANGLE AND SNEER.

Puff. My dear Dangle, how is it with you ?

Dang. Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr. Puff to you.

Puff. Mr. Sneer is this ? Sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honor of knowing—a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendent judgment—

Sneer. Dear sir—

Dang. Nay, don't be modest, Sneer : my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.

Sneer. His profession !

Puff. Yes, sir ; I make no secret of the trade I follow—among friends and brother authors. Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *viva voce*. I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric ; or, to speak more plainly, a professor of the art of puffing, at your service, or anybody else's.

Sneer. Sir, you are very obliging ! I believe, Mr. Puff, I have often admired your talents in the daily prints.

Puff. Yes, sir; I flatter myself I do as much business in that way as any six of the fraternity in town. Very hard work all the summer. Friend Dangle! never worked harder!

Sneer. But I should think, Mr. Puff, that authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.

Puff. Why, yes, but in a clumsy way. Besides, we look on that as an encroachment, and so take the opposite side. I dare say, now, you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends. No such thing. Nine out of ten, manufactured by me in the way of business.

Sneer. Indeed!—

Puff. Even the auctioneers, now—the auctioneers, I say, though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit theirs! Take them out of their stands, and they are as dull as catalogues. No, sir;—’twas I first enriched their style—’twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other, like the bidders in their own auction-rooms! From me they learned to inlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor. By me, too, their inventive faculties were called forth. Yes, sir, by me they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil—or, on emergencies, to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage, without the assistance of a neighbor; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!

Dang. I am sure you have done them infinite service; for now, when a gentleman is ruined, he parts with his house with some credit.

Sneer. But pray, Mr. Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way?

Puff. Egad, sir, sheer necessity—the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention. You must know, Mr. Sneer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement,

my success was such, that, for some time after, I led a most extraordinary life indeed.

Sneer. How, pray?

Puff. Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

Sneer. By your misfortunes?

Puff. Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer. From sickness and misfortunes!

Puff. Hark ye! By advertisements, "To the charitable and humane!" and "To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!"

Sneer. Oh, I understand you.

Puff. And, in truth, I deserved what I got; for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time. Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes. Then, sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all both times. I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs. That told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about collecting the subscriptions myself.

Dang. Egad! I believe that was when you first called on me—

Puff. What! in November last? O no. I was, when I called on you, a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend. I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption. I was then reduced to—O no—then I became a widow, with six helpless children, after having had eleven husbands, who all died, leaving me in depths of poverty.

Sneer. And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt.

Puff. Why, yes. Well, sir, at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my

conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishment, through my favorite channels of diurnal communication ;—and so, sir, you have my history.

Sneer. Most obligingly communicative, indeed ; and your confession, if published, might certainly serve the cause of true charity, by rescuing the most useful channels of appeal to benevolence from the cant of imposition. But surely, Mr. Puff, there is no great mystery in your present profession ?

Puff. Mystery ! Sir, I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

Sneer. Reduced to rule ?

Puff. O lud, sir ! you are very ignorant, I am afraid. Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts. The principal are : the puff direct—the puff preliminary—the puff collateral—the puff collusive—and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of letter to the editor, occasional anecdote, impartial critique, observation from correspondent, or advertisement from the party.

Sneer. The puff direct I can conceive.

Puff. O yes, that's simple enough. For instance, a new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theatres. The author—suppose Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dapper, or any particular friend of mine. Very well. The day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received. I have the plot from the author, and only add—Characters strongly drawn—highly colored—hand of a master—fund of genuine humor—mine of invention—neat dialogue—attic salt ! Then, for the performance—Mr. Dodd was astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry ! That universal and judicious actor, Mr. Palmer, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the Colonel ; but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. King ! Indeed, he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience ! As to the scenery—the miraculous powers of Mr. De Louthburgh's pencil are

universally acknowledged! In short, we are at a loss which to admire most—the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!—

Sneer. That's pretty well, indeed, sir.

Puff. O! cool—quite cool—to what I sometimes do.

Sneer. And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?

Puff. O lud! yes, sir. The number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed.

Sneer. Well, sir, the puff preliminary?

Puff. O that, sir, does well in the form of a caution.

Dang. Egad, Sneer, you will be quite an adept in business.

Puff. Now, sir, the puff collateral is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote:—Yesterday, as the celebrated George Bon-Mot was sauntering down St. James' street, he met the lively Lady Mary Myrtle, coming out of the Park. "Why, Lady Mary, I'm surprised to meet you in a white jacket; for I expected never to have seen you but in a full-trimmed uniform and a light-horseman's cap!" "Indeed, George, where could you have learned that?" "Why," replied the wit, "I just saw a print of you in a new publication called the Camp Magazine; which, by-the-bye, is a very clever thing, and is sold at No. 3, on the right hand of the way, two doors from the printing office, the corner of Ivy lane, Paternoster row, price only one shilling!"

Sneer. Very ingenious indeed!

Puff. But the puff collusive is the newest of any; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility. It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets. An indignant correspondent observes, that the new poem called Beelzebub's Cotillon, or Proserpine's *Fête Champêtre*, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read! The severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking! And as there are many descriptions in it too warmly colored for

female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion, is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age!—Here, you see, the two strongest inducements are held forth: first, that nobody ought to read it; and, secondly, that everybody buys it; on the strength of which, the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he had sold ten of the first.

Dang. Ha! ha! ha! Egad, I know it is so.

Puff. As to the puff oblique, or puff by implication, it is too various and extensive to be illustrated by an instance. It branches into so many varieties, that it is the last principal class of the art of puffing—an art which, I hope, you will now agree with me, is of the highest dignity.

THE PEEPING LADIES.

A VERY fat elderly lady
 Made a charge against widow O'BRADY;
 With tongue, nails, and fists,
 They entered the lists,
 And she brought her complaint to the CADDY.

The name of this elderly lady,
 Assaulted by Mrs. O'Brady,
 Was JESSY MACFARLANE,
 That "wandering darling,"
 Whose praises are chanted on May-day.

They had both come to London a-shopping,
 And now for a little were stopping,
 To mind their affairs,
 Up three pair of stairs,
 In elegant chambers at Wapping.

They liv'd there like folks of condition,
 In absolute juxta-position;

Between them there stood,
Made of nothing but wood,
A remarkably slender partition.

But each would have reckon'd it sneakin
The other's regards to be seeking;
In the yard, on the stairs,
And returning from pray'rs,
They constantly pass'd without speaking.

In the wall was a hole very cunning,
Whither often each lady was running,
And on tip-toe would creep,
At her neighbor to peep,—
A thing more vexatious than dunning!

One day, when a storm was a-brewing,
The ladies their work were pursuing,
Each thought the rough day
Would pass smoothly away,
If she peep'd at what t'other was doing.

Their eyes glar'd with sudden ferocity,
And lit up their long animosity;
At the same moment, each
Made the very same speech,
Upbraiding such *mean* curiosity.

"Now, madam, you're caught past denying;
What could the mean creature be spying?
I went but to see
If you then look'd at me,
For I thought you were given to prying."

Macfarlane exceeded in clamor;
'Twas O'Brady's misfortune to stammer,
So—not caring a fig,
For cap, bonnet, or wig—
She belabor'd her head with a hammer.

Though the tongue of Macfarlane was longest,
 The arm of O'Brady was strongest,
 With hard words and hard blows,
 Ugly names, bloody nose,
 I cannot say which was the wrongest.

The magistrate, fam'd for good breeding,
 Of both heard the eloquent pleading,
 Then mildly propos'd,
 That the hole should be clos'd,
 Such disputes unavoidably feeding.

The law ever walks circumspectly,
 And condemning the peep-hole correctly,
 Stopp'd it up with a cork,
 But, behold ! with a fork
 Each dame made a new one directly.

CALLING UP A TRAVELLER.—J. POOLE.

* * * * *

I returned to Reeve's Hotel, College Green, where I was lodging. * * * * *

The individual who, at this time, so ably filled the important office of "Boots," at the hotel was a character. Be it remembered that, in his youth, he had been discharged from his place for omitting to call a gentleman who was to go by one of the morning coaches, and who, in consequence of such neglect, missed his journey. This misfortune made a lasting impression on the intelligent mind of Mr. Boots.

"Boots," said I, in a mournful tone, "you call me at four o'clock."

"Do 'ee want to get up, zur?" inquired he, with a broad Somersetshire twang.

"Want it, indeed ! no ; but I must."

"Well, zur, I'll *carl*'ee ; if you be as sure to get up as I be

to carl'ee, you'll not knoa what two minutes arter vore means in your bed. Sure as ever clock strikes, I'll have 'ee out, danged if I doant! Good night, zur:—"and *exit* Boots.

"And now I'll pack my portmanteau."

It was a bitter cold night, and my bed-room fire had gone out. Except the rush candle, in a pierced tin box, I had nothing to cheer the gloom of a very large apartment, the walls of which (now dotted all over by the melancholy rays of the rushlight, as they struggled through the holes of the box) wore a dark brown wainscot—but one solitary wax taper. There lay coats, trowsers, linen, books, papers, dressing materials, in dire confusion, about the room. In despair, I sat me down at the foot the bed, and contemplated the chaos around me. My energies were paralyzed by the scene. Had it been to gain a kingdom, I could not have thrown a glove into the portmanteau; so resolving to defer the packing till to-morrow, I got into bed.

My slumbers were fitful—disturbed. Horrible dreams, assailed me. Series of watches each pointing to the hour of FOUR, passed slowly before me—then, time-pieces—dials of a larger size—and, at last, enormous steeple-clocks, all pointing to FOUR, FOUR, FOUR.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,"

and endless processions of watchmen moved along, each mournfully dinning in my ears, "Past four o'clock." At length I was attacked by the nightmare. Methought I was an hourglass—old Father Time bestrode me—he pressed upon me with unendurable weight—fearfully and threateningly did he wave his scythe above my head—he grinned at me—struck me three blows, audible blows, with the handle of his scythe, on my breast—stooped his huge head, and shrieked in my ear—

"Vore o'clock, zur; I zay it be vore o'clock."

It was the awful voice of Boots.

"Well, I hear you," groaned I.

"But I don't hear you. Vore o'clock, zur."

"Very well, very well, that 'll do."

"Beggin' your pardon, but it woan't do zur. 'Ee must get up—past vore, zur."

And here he thundered away at the door; nor did he cease knocking till I was fairly up, and had shown myself to him in order to satisfy him of the fact.

"That'll do, zur; 'ee toald I to carl 'ee, and I ha' carl 'ee properly."

I lit my taper at the rushlight. On opening the window shutter, I was regaled with the sight of a fog, a parallel to which London itself, on one of its most perfect November days, could scarcely have produced. A dirty, drizzling rain was falling. My heart sank within me. It was now twenty minutes past four. I was master of no more than forty disposable minutes, and, in that brief space, what had I to do. The duties of the toilet were indispensable—the portmanteau must be packed—and, run as fast as I might, I could not get to the coach-office in less than ten minutes. Hot water was a luxury not to be procured at that villainous hour, not a human being in the house (nor, do I firmly believe in the universe entire) had risen—my unfortunate self, and my companion in wretchedness, poor Boots, excepted. The water in the jug was frozen; but, by dint of hammering upon it with the handle of the poker, I succeeded in enticing out about as much as would have filled a tea-cup. Two towels which had been left wet in the room, were standing on a chair, bolt upright, as stiff as the poker itself, which you might about as easily have bent. The tooth-brushes were riveted to the glass in which I had left them, and of which (in my haste to disengage them from their strong hold) they carried away a fragment; the soap was cemented to the dish, my shaving brush was a mass of ice. In short, more appalling Discomfort had never appeared on earth. I approached the looking-glass. Even had all the materials for the operation been tolerably thawed, it was impossible to use a razor by such a light.

"Who's there?"

"Now, if 'ee please, zur; no time to lose; only twenty-five minutes of vive."

I lost my self-possession—I have often wondered *that* morning did not unsettle my mind.

There was no time for the performance of anything like comfortable toilet. I resolved therefore to defer it altogether till the coach should stop to breakfast. "I'll pack my portmanteau; that *must* be done." In went whatever happened to come first to hand. In my haste, I had thrust in, among my own things, one of my host's frozen towels. Every thing must come out again.

"Who's there?"

"Now, zur; 'ee'll be too late, zur!"

"Coming!"

Everything was now gathered together—the portmanteau would not lock. No matter, it must be content to travel to town in a *dishabille* of straps. Where were my boots? In my hurry, I had packed away both pair. It was impossible to travel to London, on such a day, in slippers. Again was everything to be done.

"Now, zur, coach be going."

The most unpleasant part of the ceremony of hanging (scarcely excepting the closing act) must be the hourly notice given to the culprit of the exact length of time he has to live. Could any circumstance have added much to the miseries of my situation, most assuredly it would have been those unfeeling reminders.

"I'm coming," again replied I, with a groan. "I have only to pull on my boots."

They were both left-footed! Then I must open my portmanteau again.

"Please zur—"

"What in the name of —— do you want now?"

"Coach be gone, please zur."

"Gone! Is there no chance of overtaking it?"

"Bless 'ee! noa zur; not as Jem Robbins do be five miles off by now."

"You are certain of that?"

"I warrant 'ee, zur."

At this assurance I felt a throb of joy, which was almost a compensation for all my sufferings past.

"Boots," said I, "you are a kind-hearted creature, and I will give you an additional half-crown. Let the house be kept perfectly quiet, and desire the chambermaid to call me —"

"At what o'clock, zur?"

"This day three months at the earliest."

A PARODY*—THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! Oh me! oh me!
The pail—be quick! I quail—I'm sick!
I'm sick as I can be;
I cannot sit—I cannot stand:
I prithee, steward, lend a hand!
To my cabin I'll go, to my berth will I hie,
And like a cradled infant lie.

I'm on the sea—I'm on the sea!
I am where I would never be,
With the smoke above and the steam below,
And sickness wheresoe'er I go:
If a storm should come, no matter I wot;
To the bottom I'd go as soon as not.

I love—oh! how I love to ride
In a neat post chaise, with a couple of bays,
And a pretty girl by my side!
But, oh! to swing amidst fire and foam,
And be steamed like a mealed potato at home,
And to feel that no soul cares more for your woe
Than the paddles that clatter as onward they go!

* On Barry Cornwall's popular song, "The Sea! The Sea!" &c.

The ocean's wave I ne'er moved o'er,
But I love my donkey more and more,
 And homeward flew to her bony back,
 Like a truant boy to his mother's sack;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was—an ass, to go to sea!

QUIN AND FOOTE.—ANON.

As Quin and Foote
One day walked out,
 To view the country round,
In merry mood,
They chatting stood,
 Hard by the village pound.

Foote from his poke
A shilling took,
 And said, "I'll bet a penny,
In a short space,
Within this place,
 I'll make this piece a guinea."

Upon the ground,
Within the pound,
 The shilling soon was thrown:
"Behold," says Foote,
"The thing's made out,
 For there is one pound one!"

"I wonder not,"
Says Quin, "that thought
 Should in your head be found,
Since that's the way
Your debts you pay—
 One shilling in the pound!"

THE DUSTMAN'S SOLILOQUY, OR THE DISADVANTAGES
OF A VULGAR FAMILY.

OH dear! vot a miserable feller I is, to be sure; and all through my vulgar family! My vife is as *ignorant* as a *hoss*, and my children as stupid as *hasses*! I'm disgraced in all the *purlite* circles by their ill-*hiterate* behavior; and although I vollops 'em all twenty times a day, lor bless ye! vy, it makes no more impression on 'em than so many brick valls. They says they von't study the *purlite harts*, cos they're so common. Vy, vat do you think o' my vife? Vy, when I fust set up my carriage, I vos invited out to dine vith the Markus o' Killcoobery; but my vife and darters wouldn't ride in a carriage. They said as how they didn't like the wehicle, a'cause it hadn't the harms of our family on it—a dust-hill and big salmon. So, in spite of all her ixposterlations, they persisted in borrowing Sam Muck, the scavenger's cart, and got Sam to drive 'em all to the Markus's. My eyes! how every von did stare! and I blushed like a pickled cabbage. But, lor bless ye! my sons vere jist as bad; for they would insist upon riding on the box vith my coachman, and they smoked short pipes all the vay; and the werry fust question my son, Master Augustus Alexander, put to the Marchioness vos, vvhich she usually smoked, the cigars or the cigarets? Lor, lor! how they did disgrace me! My vife and darters cut away, as if they hadn't had any wittles for a year. They collared hole joints o' meat out of the dishes at once, and gnawed away at them in their hands; and vhen Lady Skilligulee axed Master Augustus to hand her the wing of a fowl, he took up a hole fowl in his dirty, greasy hand, and slapped it into her plate. After that, he viped his mouth on her beautiful crimson satin dress; and Master Eugene amused himself by licking all the plates and dishes on the table. Oh dear! I thought I should have svowned vith shame. Vell, arter dinner, ve sat down to a friendly *tater tate*. "Pray, madam," says the Marchioness to my vife, "do you admire the classics?" "Oh," says my vife, "you must talk to my old man about the classes, cos he vas brought up in the

national school, and has had a liberal edification." "Pray, sir," inquired the Markus o' my son Augustus, "what science do you most admire?" "Vot science, my tulip?" replied Augustus, "vy, the hart of snow-balling, or the gymnasticating—von, two, three, and your eye's out." And vith that he hit the poor Markus sich a blow in the head, that he sent him sprawling under the table. The room was all in an uproar; the ladies screamed, my vife and darters laughed; I almost fainted, and vith difficulty apologized. Harmony being restored, I proposed that they should examine the accomplishments of Master Eugene, cos he had got some larning, and I hoped he vould, some day or other, become a shining character. "Master Eugene," said I, "go to the Markus, and answer the questions he'll put to you like a man." Master Eugene wiped his nose on the cuff of his coat, and obeyed. "Pray, Master Eugene," said the Markus, "which is the capital of Turkey?" "Edinburgh," replied Eugene. "What king did Oliver Cromwell behead?" "William the Conqueror." "What king reigned before George the First?" "George the Second." "What is a quadruped?" "A large fish." "What are you—vegetable, animal, or mineral?" "I'm a wegitable." "What is a cow cabbage?" "Vy, a mineral." The company all laughed outright, and I vos so ashamed that I didn't know vot to do. Then ve vent to harmony; and vhen my vife vos called on to sing, vot do you think she gave 'em? Vy, the "Literary Dustman."

MISTER BOLT, THE BOLT-MAKER —ANON.

ONE Mister *Bolt*, a stupid dolt,
A man who once was well off;
But having made a wretched *bolt*,
His business quickly fell o .
Things got so bad, he lost all hope,
And soon a scrape he run in ;

By *bolting* with a *bolt* of rope,
From near the *Bolt* and Tun Inn.
Now down Fleet street, he *bolted* fast,
This precious *bolting* fellow ;
'Till being sought, and nearly caught,
He *bolted* down a cellar.
The man who owned this *bolt* of rope,
Was not to be thus colted ;
So making a tremendous *bolt*—
Bolt after him, he *bolted*.

Now Mister *Bolt*, the *bolt* he dropp'd,
And then began to *bolt* fast ;
And as the ropeman *bolted* in,
He made a *bolt* to *bolt* past.
But in a plug stuck Mister *Bolt*,
When he was caught and jolted ;
For in a cab they took him, and
To Hatton Garden *bolted*.

Now being *bolted* in the dock,
The man would not be colted ;
So *bolting Bolt*, who stole the *bolt*,
To Brixton soon was *bolted*.
Then being *bolted* safe in gaol,
Though much against his will, sirs ;
This *Bolt*, he *bolted* up and down,
For three months on the mill, sirs.

BEGINNING OF A BAD CITIZEN.—ANON.

Child. Mother, I want a piece of cake.

Mother. I haven't got any ; it's all gone.

Child. I know there's some in the cupboard ; I saw it when you opened the door.

Mother. Well, you don't need any now ; cake hurts children.

Child. No; it don't. (*Whining.*) I do want a piece; Mother, mayn't I have a piece?

Mother. Be still; I can't get up now; I'm busy.

Child. (*Crying aloud.*) I want a piece of cake; I want a piece of cake.

Mother. Be still, I say; I shan't give you a bit, if you don't leave off crying.

Child. (*Still crying.*) I want a piece of cake; I want a piece of cake.

Mother. (*Rising hastily and reaching a piece.*) There, take that and hold your tongue. Eat it up quick; I hear Ben coming. Now, don't tell *him* you've had any.

Enter BEN.

Child. (*to Ben.*) I've had a piece of cake; you can't have any!

Ben. Yes I will; mother, give me a piece.

Mother. There, take that; it seems as if I never could keep anything in the house. You see, sir, (*to the child*) if you get anything another time.

Exit MOTHER and BEN. Enter little Sister.

Child. Jane, I've had a piece of cake.

Jane. Have you? Oh! I want some too.

Child. Well, you bawl; mother'll give it to you. I did.

HOW TO MAKE LODGINGS PAY DOUBLE.—J. M. MORTON.

MR. BOX, MR. FOX AND MRS. BOUNCER.

Fox. I've half a mind to register an oath that I'll never have my hair cut again! (*His hair is very short.*) I look as if I had just been cropped for the militia! And I was particularly emphatic in my instructions to the hair-dresser, only to cut the ends off. He must have thought I meant the other ends! Never mind—I shan't meet anybody to care about so early. Eight o'clock, I declare! I haven't a moment to lose. Fate has placed me with the most punctual, particular, and

peremptory of hatters, and I must fulfil my destiny. (*Knock.*)
Open locks, whoever knocks!

Enter MRS. BOUNCER.

Mrs. B. Good morning, Mr. Fox. I hope you slept comfortable, Mr. Fox?

Fox. I can't say I did, Mrs. B. I should feel obliged to you, if you could accommodate me with a more protuberant bolster, Mrs. B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a half of feathers at each end, and nothing whatever in the middle.

Mrs. B. Anything to accommodate you, Mr. Fox.

Fox. Thank you. Then, perhaps, you'll be good enough to hold this glass, while I finish my toilet.

Mrs. B. Certainly. (*Holding glass before Fox, who ties his cravat.*) Why, I do declare, you've had your hair cut.

Fox. Cut! It strikes me I've had it mowed! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I'm sufficiently conscious of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. (*Puts on his coat.*) Now for my hat. (*Puts on his hat, which comes over his eyes.*) That's the effect of having one's hair cut. This hat fitted me quite tight before. Luckily I've got two or three more. (*Puts on hat.*) Now I'm off! By-the-bye, Mrs. Bouncer, I wish to call your attention to a fact that has been evident to me for some time past—and that is, that my coals go remarkably fast—

Mrs. B. Lor, Mr. Fox!

Fox. It is not only the case with the coals, Mrs. Bouncer, but I've lately observed a gradual and steady increase of evaporation among my candles, wood, sugar, and lucifer matches.

Mrs. B. Lor, Mr. Fox! you surely don't suspect me?

Fox. I don't say I do, Mrs. B.; only I wish you distinctly to understand, that I don't believe it's the cat.

Mrs. B. Is there anything else you've got to grumble about sir?

Fox. Grumble! Mrs. Bouncer, do you possess such a thing as a Dictionary?

Mrs. B. No sir.

Fox. Then I'll lend you one—and if you turn to the letter G, you'll find "Grumble, verb neuter—to complain without a cause." Now that's not my case, Mrs. B., and now that we are upon the subject, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke?

Mrs. B. Why—I suppose the chimney—

Fox. The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco. I'm speaking of tobacco smoke, Mrs. B. I hope, Mrs. Bouncer, *you're* not guilty of cheroots or Cubas?

Mrs. B. Not I, indeed, Mr. Fox.

Fox. Nor partial to a pipe?

Mrs. B. No, sir.

Fox. Then, how is it that—

Mrs. B. Why—I suppose—yes—that must be it—

Fox. At present I am entirely of your opinion—because I haven't the most distant particle of an idea what you mean.

Mrs. B. Why the gentleman who has got the attics, is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth—and there he sits, with his feet on the mantel-piece—

Fox. The mantel-piece! That strikes me as being a considerable stretch, either of your imagination, Mrs. B., or the gentleman's legs. I presume you mean the fender or the hob.

Mrs. B. Sometimes one, sometimes t'other. Well, there he sits for hours, and puffs away into the fire-place.

Fox. Ah, then you mean to say, that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going *up* the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking the contrary direction?

Mrs. B. Why—

Fox. Then, I suppose the gentleman you are speaking of, is the same individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I'm going down, and going down stairs when I'm coming up!

Mrs. B. Why—yes—I—

Fox. From the appearance of his outward man, I should un-

hesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

Mrs B. Yes sir—and a very respectable young gentleman he is.

Fox. Well, good morning, Mrs. Bouncer !

Mrs. B. You'll be back at your usual time, I suppose, sir ?

Fox. Yes—nine o'clock. You needn't light my fire in future, Mrs. B.—I'll do it myself. Don't forget the bolster !

Mrs. B. He's gone at last ! I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr. Box would come in before Mr. Fox went out. Luckily, they've never met yet—and what's more, they're not very likely to do so ; for Mr. Box is hard at work in a newspaper office all night, and does n't come home till the morning, and Mr. Fox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night ; so that I'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a capital idea of mine—that it was ! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all, let me put Mr. Fox's things out of Mr. Box's way. I really must beg Mr. Box not to smoke so much. I was so dreadfully puzzled to know what to say when Mr. Fox spoke about it. Now, then, to make the bed—and don't let me forget that what's the head of the bed for Mr. Fox, becomes the foot of the bed for Mr. Box—people's tastes do differ so.

Box. (Without.) Pooh—pooh !—Why don't you keep your own side of the staircase, sir ?

Mrs. B. Oh, Mr. Box !

(Going.)

Box. Stop ! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up stairs when I'm going down ?

Mrs B. (Confused.) Oh—yes—the gentleman in the attic, sir.

Box. Oh ! There's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats—white hats and black hats—hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims—hats with naps, and hats without naps—in short, I have come to the conclusion, that he must be indi-

vidually and professionally associated with the hatting interest.

Mrs. B. Yes sir. And, by-the-bye, Mr. Box, he begged me to request of you, as a particular favor, that you would not smoke quite so much.

Box. Did he? Then you may tell the gentle hatter, with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining parish.

Mrs. B. Oh, Mr. Box! You surely wouldn't deprive me of a lodger?

Box. It would come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer, because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe out, I shall give you warning at once.

Mrs. B. Well, Mr. Box—do you want anything more of me?

Box. On the contrary—I've had quite enough of you!

(Goes out slamming door after her.)

Box. It's quite extraordinary, the trouble I always have to get rid of that singular old woman! Now, let me see—shall I take my nap before I swallow my breakfast, or shall I take my breakfast before I swallow my nap—I mean, shall I swallow my nap before—no—never mind! I've got a rasher of bacon somewhere—*(Feeling in his pockets)*—I've the most distinct and vivid recollection of having purchased a rasher of bacon—Oh, here it is—*(Produces it, wrapped in paper, and places it on the table)*—and a penny roll. The next thing is to light the fire. Where are my lucifers? *(Looking on mantel-piece, and taking box, opens it.)* Now 'pon my life, this is too bad of Bouncer—this is, by several degrees, too bad! I had a whole box full, three days ago, and now there's only one! I'm perfectly aware that she purloins my coals and my candles, and my sugar—but I did think—oh, yes, I did think that my lucifer matches would be sacred! I'm certain Mrs. Bouncer has been using my gridiron! The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odor of red herrings! *(Places gridiron on fire, and then, with a fork, lays rasher of*

bacon on the gridiron.) How sleepy I am, to be sure! I'd indulge myself with a nap if there was anybody here to superintend the turning of my bacon. (*Yawning again.*) Perhaps it will turn itself. I must lie down—so, here goes.

Enter Fox, hurriedly.

Fox. Well, wonders will never cease! Conscious of being eleven minutes and a half behind time, I was sneaking into the shop, in a state of considerable excitement, when my venerable employer, with a smile of extreme benevolence on his aged countenance, said to me—"Fox, I shan't want you to-day—you can have a holiday."—Thoughts, of "Gravesend and back—fare, One Shilling," instantly suggested themselves, intermingled with visions of "Greenwich for Fourpence!" However I must have my breakfast first—that'll give me time to reflect. I've bought a mutton chop, so I shan't want any dinner. (*Puts chop on table.*) Good gracious! I've forgot the bread. Hollow! what's this? A roll, I declare! Come, that's lucky! Now, then, to light the fire. Hollow—(*Seeing the lucifer-box on table.*)—who presumes to touch my box of lucifers? Why, it's empty! I left one in it—I'm certain I did. Why, the fire is lighted! Where's the gridiron? *On the fire, I declare!* And what's that on it? Bacon? Bacon it is! Well, now, 'pon my life, there is a quiet coolness about Mrs. Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. She takes my last lucifer—my coals, and my gridiron, to cook her breakfast by! No, no—I can't stand this! Come out of that. (*Pokes fork into bacon, and puts it on a plate on the table, then places his chop on the gridiron.*) Now, then, for my breakfast things. (*Goes out, slamming the door after him.*)

Box. (*Suddenly showing his head from behind the curtains.*) Come in, if it's you, Mrs. Bouncer. I wonder how long I've been asleep? Goodness gracious, my bacon! (*Leaps off bed, and runs to the fireplace.*) Holloa! what's this? A chop! Whose chop? Mrs. Bouncer's, I'll be bound. She thought to cook her breakfast while I was asleep—with *my* coals, too, and my gridiron! Ha, ha! But where's my bacon?

(*Seeing it on table.*) Here it is. Well, 'pon my life, Bouncer's going it. And shall I curb my indignation? Shall I falter in my vengeance? No! (*Digs the fork into the chop, opens window, and throws chop out—shuts window again.*) So much for Bouncer's breakfast, and now for my own! (*With the fork he puts the bacon on the gridiron again.*) I may as well lay my breakfast things.

Fox. (*Putting his head in quickly.*) Come in—come in. (*Opens door, enters with a small tray, on which are tea things, and suddenly recollects.*) Oh, goodness, my chop! (*Running to fireplace.*) Holloa! what's this? The bacon again! Oh, pooh! Bless me, I can't stand this. Who are you, sir?

Box. If you come to that, who are *you*?

Fox. What do you want here, sir?

Box. If you come to that, what do *you* want?

Fox. Go to your attic, sir—

Box. *My* attic, sir? *Your* attic, sir!

Fox. Printer, I shall do you a frightful injury, if you don't instantly leave my apartment.

Box. *Your* apartment? You mean *my* apartment, you contemptible hatter, you!

Fox. *Your* apartment? Ha, ha! Come, I like that! Look here, sir. (*Produces a paper out of his pocket.*) Mrs. Bouncer's receipt for the last week's rent, sir—

Box. (*Produces a paper, and holds it close to Fox's face.*) Ditto, sir!

Both. Mrs. Bouncer!

MRS. BOUNCER *runs in at door, F.*

Mrs. B. What is the matter? (*Fox and Box seize Mrs. Bouncer by the arm, and drag her forward.*)

Box. Instantly remove that hatter!

Fox. Immediately turn out that printer!

Mrs. B. Well—but, gentlemen—

Fox. Explain! (*Pulling her round to him.*)

Box. Explain! (*Pulling her round to him.*) Whose room is this?

Fox. Yes, ma'am, whose room is this?

Box. Doesn't it belong to me?

Mrs. B. No!

Fox. There! You hear, sir, it belongs to me!

Mrs. B. No—it belongs to both of you!

Fox and Box. Both of us?

Mrs. B. Oh, dear, gentlemen, don't be angry—but, you see, this gentleman—(*pointing to Box*)—only being at home in the day time, and that gentleman—(*pointing to Fox*)—at night, I thought I might venture, until my little back second floor room was ready—

Fox and Box. (*Eagerly.*) When will your little back second floor room be ready?

Mrs. B. Why, to-morrow—

Fox. I'll take it!

Box. So will I!

Mrs. B. Excuse me; but if you both take it, you may just as well stop where you are.

Fox and Box. True.

Fox. I spoke first, sir—

Box. With all my heart, sir. The little back second floor room is yours, sir—now, go—

Fox. Go? Pooh, pooh!

Mrs. B. Now, don't quarrel, gentlemen. You see, there used to be a partition here—

Fox and Box. Then put it up!

Mrs. B. Nay, I'll see if I can't get the other room ready this very day. Now, *do* keep your tempers.

THE COLD-WATER MAN.—SAXE.

THERE lived an honest fisherman,

I knew him passing well—

Who dwelt hard by a little pond,

Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod ;
So *even* ran his *line* of life,
His neighbors thought it *odd*.

For science and for books, he said,
He never had a wish ;
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a "school" of fish.

This single-minded fisherman
A double calling had,—
To tend his flocks, in winter-time,
In summer, fish for shad.

In short this honest fisherman,
All other toils forsook ;
And though no vagrant man was he,
He lived by "*hook* and *crook*."

All day that fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he ;
His *angles* all were *right* ;
And, when he scratched his aged *poll*,
You'd know he got a *bite*.

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine ;
He found the most convenient way,
Was just to "*drop a line*."

And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,
If made to speak to-day,
Would own with grief, this angler had
A mighty "*taking way*."

One day, while fishing on the log,
 He mourned his want of luck,—
 When, suddenly, he felt a bite,
 And jerking—caught a *duck*!

Alas! that day, the fisherman
 Had taken too much grog;
 And being but a landsman, too,
 He couldn't "*keep the log*."

In vain he strove with all his might,
 And tried to gain the shore;—
 Down, down he went to feed the fish
 He'd *baited* oft before!

The moral of this mournful tale
 To all is plain and clear:—
 A single "drop too much" of rum,
 May make a watery *bier*.

And he who will not "sign the pledge,"
 And keep his promise fast,
 May be, in spite of fate, a *stark*
Cold-water man, at last.

HOW MICHAEL FAGAN CURED HIS PIG.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, docthur."

"Ah! Michael, how are you."

"It's very well I am mesel', docthur; but perhaps ye'll be tellin' a poor man wot he'll be doin' for the pig, sure?"

"Pig!" exclaimed the doctor, with a smile. "What pig? and what's the matter with him?"

"Sure, he's very bad indade, so he is. A cowl'd, docthur. Snaizing and barking the head off him a'most, and I'd like to know what I'll be doin' wuth him?"

"Well, really, Michael, I can't say. I'm not a pig doctor, at any rate!"

"It's mesel' as could say that, sure. But s'p'osin' it were *a baby*, instead—the sweet craithur—what would I be doin' wuth him for the cowld he has?"

"Well," continued the doctor, considerately, "if it were a child, Michael, perhaps I should recommend a mustard poultice for his back, and that his feet be placed in hot water."

"It's much obleeged to you, docthur, I am," responded Mike, as the physician passed along; and he entered his domicil.

"Biddy," he added, addressing his good woman, "we'll cure the pig, so we will." And in a little time the snaizing porker was enveloped in a strong mustard poultice, from his ears to his tail! Notwithstanding his struggles and his wheezings, and torture from the action of the unyielding plaster, a tub of almost boiling water was prepared, and into it poor piggy was soused above his knees. The result may be easily conceived!

Next morning, bright and early, Michael stood at his little gate once more, awaiting the coming of the doctor, who soon made his appearance, as usual.

"Good morning, Mike; how's the pig?"

"O, be garrah, docthur! It was mighty oncivil in ye to be trating a neighbor *that way*, so it was."

"Why, what has happened, Michael?"

"Happened—is it! I put the poultis on the pig, so I did—an' he squailed bloody murther to be sure; an' the wull came off his back, from nape to dock."

"What?"

"An thin I put the swait baist's feet into the hot wathur, as ye bid me do, an' be jabers! in five minutes *the hoofs drapt clain off o' him intircly, too! so they did.*"

SIGNS OF A STORM.—ANON.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the grass is low;

The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in haloes hid her head ;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see ! a rainbow spans the sky !
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the light-red pimpernel.
Hark ! how the chairs and tables crack !
Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;
Her corns with shooting pains torment her,
And to her bed untimely sent her ;
Loud quack the ducks, the sea-fowls cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine !
The busy flies disturb the kine ;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings !
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws ;
The smoke from chimneys right ascends,
Then spreading back to earth it bends ;
The wind unsteady, veers around,
Or setting in the south is found ;
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the cautious flies.
The glow-worms, numerous, clear and bright,
Illumed the dewy hill last night ;
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Like quadruped, stalk o'er the green.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays ;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dress'd ;
The sky is green, the air is still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill ;

The dog, so alter'd in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast.
Behold the rooks, how odd their flight !
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
The tender colts on back do lie,
Nor heed the trav'ler passing by ;
In fiery red the sun did rise,
Then wades through clouds to meet the skies.
Twill surely rain—we see't with sorrow—
No working in the fields to-morrow.

SPEECH OF BUZFUZ, IN THE CASE OF BARDELL *VERSUS*
PICKWICK.—DICKENS.

You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen of the jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, gentlemen, is a widow—yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, some time before his death, became the father, gentleman, of a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell street ; and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription : “ Apartments, furnished, for a single gentleman. Inquire within.” Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—all was confidence and reliance. “ Mr. Bardell,” said the widow, “ was a man of honor,—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word,—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver,—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman/himself ; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort and consolation :—in single gentle-

men I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections ; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse, (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen,) the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long ? No. The serpent was on the watch ; the train was laid ; the mine was preparing ; the sapper and miner was at work ! Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days—three days, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within ; he took the lodgings ; and on the very next day, he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions ; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villany. I say systematic villany, gentlemen ; and when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in his discharge of his duty, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down ; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or be he defendant ; be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and

prepared it for wear when it came home; and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that on many occasions he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpence, to her little boy. I shall prove to you that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage; previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract. And I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning, he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—"Garraway's, twelve o'clock.—Dear Mrs. B.: Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops!—gracious fathers!—and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. "Dear Mrs. B.: I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression—"Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan." The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, *who does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole

of this transaction, but whose speed will be now very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you.

But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined; and it is no figure of speech to say that her "occupation is gone" indeed. The bill is down; but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass; but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house: even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded, when his mother weeps. But Pickwick, gentlemen—Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made! Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him—the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen!

THE MERCHANT'S CAREER.—ANON.

"TARE and tret
Gross and net
Box and hogshead, dry and wet
Ready made,
Of every grade,
Wholesale, retail, will you trade?

Goods for sale,
Roll or bale,
Ell or quarter, yard or nail:

Every dye,
Will you buy?
None can sell as cheap as I !

Thus each day
Wears away,
And his hair is turning gray !
O'er his books
He nightly looks
Counts his gains and, bolts his locks.

By and by
He will die,—
But the ledger book on high
Shall unfold
How he sold,
How he got and used his gold !”

EDITORIAL PERPLEXITIES.—ANON.

AN editor sat on a lofty stool,
A very long pen was stuck in his ear :
Before him productions from rogue and fool,
In hieroglyphics not over clear.
He opened one, and he opened all,
More like a machine than a man
(How imperturbable editors are !)
And thus the medley ran :—

“Are you for taking the duty off tea ?”
“What's the age of the Pope ?”
“When will next Good Friday be ?”
“Are you pretty well off for soap ?”
“Oblige me by stating the longest night.”
“Did Shelley make a will ?”

"Misther Heedetur, sur, who von the fight,
The Nobbler or Brummagem Bill?"

"Is bone-dust really made into bread?"

"Are the Jumpers increasing in Wales?"

"Where is it that angels fear to tread?"

"Have you tried the patent scales?"

"What color was Polyphemus's eye?"

"Was the great Alexander a Spartan?"

"When may an oyster be said to die?"

"Who's the oft-mentioned Betty Martin?"

Now entered the office an inky youth,
A mass of most picturesque splashing,
'Twould have done him good, a dive after truth,
If but for the sake of the washing.
Awaiting the editor's orders he stood!
No emotion his tattooed face tinted;
Comets and corns were the same to him—
He did not care what was printed.

The editor handed the boy a list
That would cover a drawing-room floor,
And said, "Just insert these initials and say,
We have answered these questions before.
Then he savagely fell to biting his pen
(An unsatisfactory ration),
And said to the boy, "You can state again
The amount of our circulation."

'The editor sat on his lofty stool,
Before him a sheet of foolscap lay;
So many subjects claimed his pen,
That he doubted what to say.
On a sudden he thought of the starving world,
And advised a plan to feed her:
He dashed his pen in the pliant ink—
Buy the paper, and study the "leader."

THE UNPRINCIPLED LAWYER.—G. W. LOVELL.

JACK SPRIGGS AND MR. BRANDON.

SCENE—*A Street.*—JACK SPRIGGS, *alone.*

Spr. More dirty work for poor Jack Spriggs! It's very odd, but nobody ever gives me a respectable job! It's hard—extremely hard, upon my life it is! And what is a man to do that is born with refined tastes, educated in expensive habits, tortured with elegant desires, and can only earn eighteen shillings a week at regular work? Stop, here he comes. Defendant going to enter an appearance. Sergeant Spriggs retained for the plaintiff.

Enter BRANDON.

Ah, how d'ye do, Mr. Brandon? delighted to see you!—delighted to be allowed by my benignant fate, so early an opportunity of expressing my sympathy with your capricious fortune!

Bra. When I wish for sympathy, sir, I'll not forget to send for you.

Spr. (Detaining him.) Eh, stop—stop—stop!—you arn't offended, are you? I would not offend you for the world—upon my life I would not! Bless you, I'm a good-natured, well-meaning fellow, that never hurt the feelings of anybody. Why, I could tell you of men, that after my professionally lodging them in Newgate, have been the best personal friends with me in the world!

Bra. When I owe you the same obligation, sir, I may claim a similar privilege. (*Haughtily.*) But I can postpone the pleasure till then.

Spr. Oh, come, nonsense!—don't take it so high and mighty. Bless you, I don't think a bit the worse of you for it.

Bra. For it!—for what, sir?

Spr. Come, come, now—that's too good—hang it!—Why, everybody's talking about it already; and I bet you five shillings it will be in the papers to-morrow. (*Aside.*) Took it to the Post, and Herald, myself, this afternoon.

Bra. Would you tell me, sir, that this wicked lie is being circulated?

Spr. Which lie? That you had committed suicide?

Bra. Which lie, sir?

Spr. Now, don't call me *sir*. It sounds so formal and unfriendlike. Nobody ever calls Jack Spriggs, "sir," except when he is serving a notice or a distress.

Bra. Answer my question. Is the vile fabrication current, that I attempted the abduction of Miss Hardman?

Spr. Oh, that it is, upon my word—upon my honor! Had it from all the servants of the house. Slight discrepancy in the evidence, to be sure. The coachman, footman, and groom, say one thing; the cook, both the house maids, and the lady's-maid, say another.

Bra. Sir, it is as false as—

Spr. That's enough, that's enough! Don't trouble yourself for a simile. I believe you, my dear Mr. Brandon—I believe you, sir. Your word, that's enough for me. The best-informed people are sometimes in error. I've known even a newspaper mistaken. But your word, sir—your word—I'm quite satisfied—verdict, not guilty. Allow me to shake hands with you on your acquittal.—You leave this court, sir, with an unblemished—

Bra. Psha!—But the scoundrel who has thus dared to assail my character—

Spr. Oh, don't fret about a little misunderstanding—all will blow over; old Hardy will relent—take you back again—

Bra. Never! not though upon his bended knees he sued me to return! The wild bird who has chafed so long against the wires, when once his cage is opened, will not be so easily lured back again. Tell him, I only feel that I am free.

Spr. I say, though,—there's a little trough in the cage where the wild bird finds some seed when he is hungry; I've known him miss that very much when he has flown away. Poor thing! sometimes found starved to death a day or two after—eh?—Don't take it ill; I take an interest in you—upon

my life I do—you've been ill used—very! But, I say, how do you mean to live? You'll forgive my liberty.

Bra. I have youth, health, strength, energy—the world before, and heaven above me!

Spr. Generalities, my dear sir—pleasing generalities. But people don't live by generalities—must stoop to details. See a good dinner all very clear at a glance—that's a generality; but can't fill your stomach except you fix on your dish and take a mouthful at a time—that's a detail, eh? Where will you begin? what's your first dish?

Bra. I have not yet given this a thought.

Spr. (*Aside.*) Hem!—I suspected as much.—Professions now are genteel—very; but don't begin to pay till about five-and-forty. It's a long fast from your age till then. Trade wants capital—or credit—afraid you have not got either.

Bra. But I have my education—my talents—my pen.

Spr. (*Shaking his head.*) Pen! Pen! Could get you writing perhaps in our office—seven shillings a-week, and find everything yourself, except your stool. Ah! I was afraid you would not like that.

Bra. I meant no slavish pen that plies for hire, but that which makes immortal—literature.

Spr. Easy writing—very hard publishing though. The booksellers won't, and you can't. Might write, perhaps, for the magazines and annuals, gratis, if the Duke of This, and Lady Agnes That, and the Honorable Mr. T'other, left you any room: and if you kept it up well for a dozen years or so, you might begin to get known, and perhaps a bookseller would publish for you, then, and share the profits—when you could find them.

Bra. But I have learning, and can communicate the knowledge I have acquired—a tutor—

Spr. Better be a footman. He has companions, the tutor has none. The kitchen is too low for him, and the drawing-room too high: and so he flits about by himself in the dusk, like a bat, because he is neither exactly a bird nor a beast.

Bra. Your arguments are sufficiently discouraging; yet I

have such a fund of hope and energy within, that, let me but remove this weight of calumny that presses on my name, and all the rest seems light and easy.

Spr. Hem! but that's difficult, sir, very; particularly if the papers have got it. Could not undertake to get it contradicted, except as an advertisement—special paragraph—cost a good deal, and nobody believe it, then. You see a bit of scandal is public property, interests everybody. The contradiction is private property, interests nobody but the one person, and spoils a good story besides. Nothing exciting in a contradiction—could not undertake it without—I say, you won't think me impertinent, but have you got any—(*Slapping his breeches pocket*)—any of the ready?

Bra. Some ten or twelve pounds.

Spr. (*Aside.*) Ten or twelve pounds!—Quite a little fortune! My dear sir, my dear Mr. Brandon, this requires every attention. When Mr. Oddington heard the report—

Bra. Mr. Oddington! How! Would you tell me it has reached there?

Spr. Bless your heart, the very first place it went to! That's what I say, you see; the first report is always interesting.—A deputation of Mr. Hardman's servants waited on Mr. Oddington's household—

Bra. This is beyond endurance! I'll fly there this instant.

Spr. (*Shakes his head.*) No go! Did not I mention it? The doors are ordered to be shut against you.

Bra. Condemned without a hearing! I'll—

Spr. Now stop, now stop! you're so impetuous. I had a thought—but you make me quite nervous.

Bra. What is it?

Spr. There you go—no patience—you're putting it all out of my head—(*Aside.*) Ten or twelve pounds! What a comfortable little sum!

Bra. But your thought?

Spr. Bless me, how it's escaping me! Very odd; but when I want to think, I'll tell you what, I'm always obliged to do—

Bra. This is torture !

Spr. First I dine. I never can think, do you know, before dinner. By-the-bye, have you dined yet? That's a capital house at the corner !

Bra. (*Impatiently.*) Psha ! I shall go mad !

Spr. No, don't ! because, when you know what Miss Mortimer said—

Bra. Miss Mortimer ! has she too heard of this villainous invention ?

Spr. Did not I tell you? Bless my heart, there's my throat again ! The most extraordinary complaint in my throat, when I talk much ! I can't speak another word till I've swallowed an oyster, and you have not dined, you say ?

Bra. You shall eat, drink, and swill—only tell me what Miss Mortimer—

Spr. Upon my life, it's too bad ; I would not, on any account, let you pay, only it is not a credit house ; and changing my trousers, I have left my purse at home.

Bra. I will pay anything—give anything ! Put me out of this suspense.

Spr. It's really extraordinary—hem !—hem !—all here ! (*Putting his hand to his throat.*) All round !—It's only just at the corner.

Bra. Tell me, but in one word—

Spr. I can't—upon my life, I can't speak a word—my throat is getting in such a state—I can't utter a single syllable, till I've—There, you see—that's the house—I'll introduce you. (*Going.*)

Bra. But, Miss Mortimer—

Spr. The doctors say it's the uvula.

Bra. Hang your uvula !

Spr. Oysters, I think, you said, for a whet to begin with ? (*Exit.*)

Bra. (*Following.*) Scoundrel !—tell me what Elinor—
what Miss Mortimer— (*Rushes after him.*)

THE GLUTTON.—ANON.

A DUCK, who had got such a habit of stuffing,
That all the day long she was panting and puffing,
And, by every creature, who did her great crop see,
Was thought to be galloping fast for a dropsy,

One day, after eating a plentiful dinner,
With full twice as much as there should have been in her,
While up to her eyes in the gutter a roking,
Was greatly alarmed by the symptoms of choking.

Now there was an old fellow, much famed for discerning,
(A drake, who had taken a liking for learning,)
And high in repute with his feathery friends,
Was called Dr. Drake ;—for this doctor she sends.

In a hole of the dunghill was Dr. Drake's shop,
Where he kept a few simples for curing the crop ;
Some gravel and pebbles, to help the digestion,
And certain famed plants of the doctor's selection.

So taking a handful of comical things,
And brushing his topple and pluming his wings,
And putting his feathers in apple-pie order,
Set out, to prescribe for the lady's disorder.

" Dear sir," said the duck, with a delicate quack,
Just turning a little way round on her back,
And leaning her head on a stone in the yard,
" My case, Dr. Drake, is exceedingly hard

" I feel so distended with wind, and opprest,
So squeamish and faint,—such a load at my chest ;
That I'm anxious to get some doctor, or wizard
To spirit away these pains in my gizzard."

" Give me leave," said the doctor, with medical look,
As her flabby cold paw in his fingers he took ;—

"By the feel of your pulse—your complaint, I've been thinking,
Is caused by your habits of eating and drinking."

"O no, sir, believe me," the lady replied,
(Alarmed for her stomach as well as her pride),

"I am sure it arises from nothing I eat,
For I rather suspect I got wet in my feet."

"I've only been roking a bit in the gutter,
Where the cook had been pouring some cold melted butter,
And a slice of green cabbage, and scraps of cold meat,
Just a trifle or two—that I thought I could eat."

The doctor was just to his business proceeding,
By gentle emetics, a blister, and bleeding,
When all on a sudden she rolled on her side,—
Gave a horrible quackle—a struggle—and died !

Her remains were interred in a neighboring swamp,
By her friends, with a great deal of funeral pomp ;
But I've heard this inscription her tombstone was put on,
"Here lies Mrs. Duck, the notorious glutton."
And all the young ducklings are brought by their friends
To learn the disgrace in which gluttony ends.

BEHIND AND BEFORE.—AUTHOR OF 'PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

BEFORE and behind—*before and behind !*

'Twere *well* if we often felt *inclined*

To keep these *two little words* in *mind*

That are pregnant with *joy* or *sorrow* :

Many a tale of *weal* or of *woe*

This brace of *significant* syllables show,

From which we may *all*, as through life we go,

Instruction and *warning* borrow.

For instance—look at the gaudy *screen*,
Which stands the *bar* and the *street* between,
To prevent *Death's doings* from being *seen*

By the *passers-by* on the paving :
Before it, Sobriety gravely goes
With its cheek of bloom, and its lip of rose ;
Behind it, *Drunkenness* brews its woes,
Bodies and souls depraving.

" *Before* and *behind* ! *behind* and *before* ! "

I heard a *toper* once *muttering* o'er
The *words* ;—and a *rueful phiz* he wore
As he chimed the syllables over ;
Before I drank of the *liquid flame*,
I had *health* and *wealth* and a *right good name*,
I knew *not sorrow, disease, and shame* ;
In fact, I was *living in clover*.

Before the screen I'd a *purse well lined*—
A *contented heart* and a *cheerful mind* ;
I had pleasures *before* I went *behind*,
Before—but ah ! *never* after ;
Behind it, my *money* went day by day,
My *pleasures*, like summer-birds, *flew* away ;
Behind it I darkened the *mental ray*
And shrieked out my *mirthless laughter*.

Behind, behind, and nothing *before*
But a *prison cell* or a *workhouse* door,
And a bundle of *rags* on a *creaking floor*,
In lieu of *flock* or of *feather* ;
Behindhand with *payments* when bills were *due* ;
Behindhand with *cash* and with *credit* too ;
Before no *fire* when the fingers were *blue*
In the *keen December* weather !

Before the *bar* but *behind* the *times* ;
Behindhand when sounded the *early chimes*,

When *Industry* wakens, and *toils*, and *climbs*
Up the rugged ascent of *Duty* :
Behindhand when *little ones* cried for *bread* ;
Behindhand with *board*, and bereft of *bed* ;
 But *before* me a *Wife* with a drooping head,
 Whose *anguish* had *marred* her beauty.

Trouble and turmoil, and torture and gloom !
Behind, all *light*, and *before*, no bloom ;
 With no *Angel* sitting upon the tomb,
 To rob it of *half* its *terrors* ;
Behindhand, when *Sabbath* bells stirred the air ;
 Before no *altar*, to offer there
 The *incense* of *praise*, and the voice of *prayer*,
 For *pardon* of sins and errors.

Before the *Judge* ; and *before* one *knows*,
Knocked down by the *law's* tremendous blows,
 And *behind* the *bars*, which in dismal rows,
 Stand in front of our *human cages* ;
Behind the dismal *curtain* which hangs,
 Where *Remorse*, the devil, infixes his fangs,
 Inflicting on *Earth* infernal pangs,
 As *instalments* of Satan's wages.

Behindhand always, and *want* before,
 And a surly voice crying out "*no more* !" *!*
 For the *Rumseller* never chalks up a score,
 When he knows the *last cent's* expended.
 No eye to *pity*—no hand to *save*,
 As the *victim* is tossed upon misery's wave,
 Leaving nothing behind when he seeks the grave,
 But the *tale* of a tragedy *ended*.

Behind his coffin no *mourners* go,
 And when the clods on his corse they throw,
 Folks cry—" *I thought it would be just so* "—
 Then that the *Toper* fell to *thinking* :—

Oh I never felt so *behind* before,
Said he, as he turned from the bar-room door ;
And memory painted the smiles he wore
 Before he had taken to *drinking*.

Behind—oh ! the drink has left *nothing* behind,
But a *breaking heart* and a *clouded mind*,
And a *serpent* round all *life's flowers* entwined,
 And a *horrible shadow* o'er me.
But I'll *quit* the cup, and no more be seen
Where the Rumseller plies his vocation *mean*,
And blinded no more *behind* the screen,
 Have a *sun-bright path* before me.

We may wisdom learn from the *simplest* thing,
If *Reason* will only *expand* her wing,
E'en where *Error* lies coiled with its venomous sting,
 And it's not *very hard* to find it ;
A simple *contrast* like this may teach,
As well as an *eloquent Temperance speech* ;
So *before* the screen let me *beg* and *beseech*
 You *never* to go *BEHIND* it.

THE MILITIA GENERAL.—THOMAS CORWIN.

SIR, we all know the military studies of this military gentleman before he was promoted. I take it to be beyond a reasonable doubt that he had perused with great care the title-page of "*Baron Steuben*." Nay, I go *further* ; I venture to assert, without vouching in the *least* from personal knowledge, that he has prosecuted his researches so far as to be able to know that the *rear* rank stands right behind the *front*. *This*, I think, is fairly inferable from what I understood him to say of the two lines of encampment at Tippecanoe. We *all*, in fancy, now see the gentleman in that most dangerous and glorious event in the life of a militia general on the peace establishment—a *parade day* ! that day, for which all the *other*

days of his life seem to have been made. We can see the troops in motion—umbrellas, hoes and axe-handles, and other deadly implements of war, overshadowing all the field—when, lo! the leader of the host approaches! “Far off his coming shines.” His *plume*, which, after the fashion of the great Bourbon, is of awful length, reads its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighboring hen-roosts. Like the great Suwaroff, he seems somewhat careless in forms or points of dress; hence his epaulets *may* be on his shoulders, back, or sides, but still *gleaming, gloriously gleaming*, in the sun. *Mounted* he is, too, let it not be forgotten. Need I describe to the colonels and generals of this honorable House the steed which heroes bestride on these occasions? No! I see the memory of other days is with you. You see before you the military gentleman mounted on his crop-eared, bushy-tailed mare, for height just fourteen hands, “all told,” yes, sir, *there* you see his “steed that laughs at the shaking of the spear,” *that* is his war-horse, “whose neck is clothed with thunder.” Mr. Speaker, we have glowing descriptions in history of Alexander the Great, and his war-horse Bucephalus, at the head of the invincible Macedonian phalanx; but, sir, such are the improvements of *modern* times, that every one must see that our militia general, with his crop-eared mare, with bushy tail, would totally frighten off a battle-field a *hundred Alexanders*. The general, thus mounted and equipped, is in the field, and ready for action. On the eve of some desperate enterprize, such as giving order to shoulder arms, it may be, there occurs a *crisis*, one of those accidents of war which no *sagacity* could foresee nor prevent. A cloud rises and passes over the sun. Here is an occasion for the display of that *greatest* of all traits in the history of a commander—the tact which enables him to seize upon and turn to good account unlooked-for events as they arise. Now for the caution wherewith the Roman Fabius foiled the skill and courage of Hannibal. A *retreat* is ordered, and troops and general, in a twinkling, are found safely bivouacked in a neighboring grocery. But even *here*, the general *still* has room for the execution of

heroic deeds. Hot from the field, and chafed with the heroic events of the day, your general unsheaths his trenchant blade, eighteen inches in length, as you will remember, and with *energy* and remorseless *fury* he slices the water-melons that lie in heaps around him, and shares them with his surviving friends. Others of the sinews of war are not wanting here. Whiskey, Mr. Speaker, that great leveller of modern times, is here also, and the shells of the water-melons are filled to the brim. Here again, Mr. Speaker, is shown how the extremes of barbarism and civilization meet. As the Scandinavian heroes of old, after the fatigues of war, drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies, in Odin's halls, so now our *militia* general and his forces, from the skulls of the melons thus vanquished, in copious draughts of whiskey assuage the heroic fires of their souls, after a parade day.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.—Roscoe.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the butterfly's ball and the grasshopper's feast ;
The trumpeter, *gadfly*, has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass by the side of the wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages has stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the *beetle* so blind and so black,
Who carried the *emmet*, his friend, on his back ;
And there was the *gnat*, and the *dragonfly* too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the *moth* in his plumage of down,
And the *hornet* with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the *wasp*, his companion, did bring ;
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

And the sly little *dormouse* crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother the *mole* ;
And the *snail*, with his horns peeping out from his shell,
Came from a great distance,—the *length of an ell*.

A *mushroom* their table, and on it was laid
A *water-dock leaf*, which a table-cloth made ;
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the *bee* brought his honey to crown the repast.

There close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The *frog* from a corner looked up to the skies ;
And the *squirrel*, well pleased such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in the tree.

Then out came the *spider*, with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the *tight line* ;
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle, oh ! shocking to tell !
From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin *fell* ;
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then a *grasshopper* came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing :
He took but three leaps and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his *own* praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the *snail* did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance ;
But they all laughed so loud that he pulled in his head,
And went to his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the *glow-worm*, came out with his light :
Then home let us hasten while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for *you* and for *me*.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD HORSE.—DR. LADD.

LET no facetious mortal laugh,
To see a horse's epitaph :
Lest some old steed, with saucy phiz,
Should have the sense to laugh at his ;
As well he might ; for prove we can,
The courser equal to the man.

This horse was of supreme degree,
At least no common steed was he.
He scorn'd the tricks of sly trepanners,
And never horse had better manners.
He scorn'd to tell a lie, or mince
His words, by clipping half their sense :
But if he meant to show you why,
He'd out with't, let who would be by.
And (how can man the blush restrain ?)
Ne'er took his Maker's name in vain !
A better servant horse was never,
His master own'd, that he was clever.
Then to his equals all obliging,
To his inferiors quite engaging ;
A better Christian, too, I trow,
Than some denominated so.
In him we the good father find,
The duteous son, the husband kind :
The friend sincere—tho' not to brag,—
The honest and well-meaning nag.

Then let those fools who vainly laugh,
To see a horse's epitaph,
Go, grope among the human dust,
And find an epitaph more just.

ELECTION TIMES.—ANON.

LIBERTY and independence! Vote for Humdrum—he is the man of the people, and not only the man of the people, but—Hold your noise! Vote for Larkins. I say, where have you been? I have been chalking up Humdrum at a shilling a wall. Oh, you precious rascal! it was but last week I saw you chalking up “No Humdrum!” you han’t no conscience. Conscience! I never heard of conscience at an election; but as it happens, I have a conscience, for I never chalked up both together—I always chalked up Humdrum on one side, and No Humdrum on the other. Make way, there, for a committee man! Where’s the printer’s devil? Let me read the bill. “Query. Who would make the bread a shilling a loaf—Larkins. Who would brew beer from leather aprons—Larkins. Who would make coffee from coffin boards—Larkins. Who would put his own father on the tread-mill—Larkins.” There, let’s have five hundred of that pulled off directly. Come, boy, right away! Them’s the questions to turn the day, and make Mr. Hamilton Humdrum the most popular of candidates! Silence! here’s an elector going to speak. “Gentlemen, I mean to say that I affirm this and no more, and I think as he won’t, which is he as refuses as I do nor I won’t, nor I never will give my vote to no man in a breathing existence of living unless he will always say no when the other party says yes. Bravo, Larkins! Sir, I wait upon you and beg the favor of your vote and interest for Mr. Humdrum. I won’t vote for he. May I ask you why. Because I hates a man that would turn everything into money. What’s that! Oh, he has only got a rap on the head from a rabbit pole. It’s only an election squib. A cracker, I should think. I say, paper-hanger, where have you been? I’ve been canvassing all down the next street. Indeed! how many yards did it take, pray. We demand a show of hands. Hands up! There, Mr. High Bailiff—there’s a show of hands! what do you think of them. Never saw a dirtier collection. Shame, shame, shame! There’s a dog been thrown on the ticket box—

what are we to consider that? Why, *dog-matical*! I say, we've been canvassing, and hard work we've had of it! We have got Dixon, and Howson, and Simpson, and Richardson, and Thomson, and Sampson, and Gilson, and Johnson, and Jackson. but cannot make anything of Nixon. No! send him a rocking-horse; that will do it—a little bribery goes a great way! My father would come and vote for you, Mr. Larkins, but he hasn't got never a hat, and he cannot come without one. Mr. Larkins, send him your's. Certainly, with a great deal of pleasure. Here, my little man, run home with it. I hope you marked that transaction, Mr. Winterblossom. I did; and shall not fail to take advantage of it at the proper opportunity. Silence, for a speech from Mr. Terence o'Bother.—“Gentlemen, I must tell you, that by giving your votes to Humdrum, you will make for yourselves a never-dying wreath of odoriferous flowers of sublunary glory, like the primitive tints of the glorious rainbow. When the elections shall no more remain, and your member is shaking the senate with the effulgence and earthquake of his omnipotent eloquence, you will then, with your wives and children, all turn round and hug one another, that you have such an efficient and magnanimous representative. You will see him make himself a monument out of the people's fond hearts—he will sit in the arm-chair of their affections, he will be clothed in the garments of their good opinion, he will put his foot upon the neck of corruption, and make a watch-chain of the manacles of freedom. Vote for him, then—huzza!” Mr. Kilcoobery, you promised me to vote for Larkins, and you have just voted for the rival candidate. Upon my word, sir, I have a right to do as I like. No you haven't, and I say that I suspect you of bribery. Upon my conscience I never had anything at all at all from the candidate but a hare, and that was so very high I could not eat it! Aye, all bribery and *corruption*. Vote for Larkins! Silence for a speech—hear him—hear Larkins! “Gentlemen, do not vote for my opponent—he is rich, and is not the man to care for you. Does the man of money care for the distresses of you, of your wives,

or your children? Let us think of the rich man sitting on his recumbent sofa, with his velvet cap and gold tassel on his head—with his leopard skin morning gown upon his back, and his red slippers on his feet, drinking his chocolate out of the best china, and stirring it with a spoon impressed with a hand and dagger for his arms—he can care nothing about you. While he can walk in his orange groves, what does he care for them that sleep under the hay-rick? While he can eat his venison and currant jelly sauce, what does he care for them that's eating bread and hard cheese? Now I comes to the poor man—it is he that feels for all things. The worm and the hedgehog excite his sensibility—he walks upon a moor without a penny in his pocket, and he must feel for him who can't afford to pay coach hire." Vote for Larkins! he is a philanthropist—he feels, in the divine words of the inspired poet, for "all women, sick persons, and young children." Vote for Larkins! he will repeal duties upon soap, tea, and treacle. Every man must impress his heart with the seal and sealing-wax of bright red gratitude for his attempts in the senate, when he shall sit there. Let's shout, then, Larkins for ever!

PASSION FOR ARGUMENT.—GEORGE COLMAN, JR.

SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE, HUMPHREY DOBBINS AND FREDERICK.

Sir R. I tell you what, Humphrey Dobbins—there isn't a syllable of sense in all you have been saying; but, I suppose, you will maintain that there is?

Dob. Yes.

Sir R. Yes! Is that the way you talk to me, you old boar? What's my name?

Dob. Robert Bramble.

Sir R. Ar'n't I a baronet—Sir Robert Bramble, of Blackberry Hall, in the county of Kent? 'Tis time you should know it; for you have been my clumsy, two-fisted valet-de-chambre these thirty years. Can you deny that?

Dob. Umph!

Sir R. Umph! What do you mean by umph? Open the rusty door of your mouth, and make your ugly voice walk out of it. Why don't you answer my question?

Dob. Because, if I contradicted you there, I should tell a lie; and whenever I agree with you, you are sure to fall out.

Sir R. Humphrey Dobbins, I have been so long endeavoring to beat a few brains into your pate, that all your hair has tumbled off it, before I can carry my point.

Dob. What then? Our parson says, my head is an emblem of both our honors.

Sir R. Ay, because honors, like your head, are apt to be empty.

Dob. No; but if a servant has grown bald under his master's nose, it looks as if there was honesty on one side, and regard for it on t'other.

Sir R. Why, to be sure, old Humphrey, you are as honest a—Pshaw! the parson means to palaver us!—But, to return to my position—I tell you, I don't like your flat contradiction.

Dob. Yes you do.

Sir R. I tell you, I don't. I only love to hear men's arguments, and I hate their flummery.

Dob. What do you call flummery?

Sir R. Flattery, you blockhead!—a dish too often served up by paltry poor men to paltry rich ones.

Dob. I never serve it up to you.

Sir R. No, indeed! you give me a dish of a different description.

Dob. Umph! What is it?

Sir R. Sour krout, you old crab.

Dob. I have held you a stout tug at argument this many a year.

Sir R. And yet I never could teach you a syllogism. Now, mind: when a poor man assents to what a rich man says, I suspect he means to flatter him. Now, I am rich, and hate flattery; *ergo*, when a poor man subscribes to my opinion, I hate him.

Dob. That's wrong.

Sir R. Very well—*negatur*. Now, prove it.

Dob. Put the case so, then: I am a poor man—

Sir R. You lie, you dog! You know you shall never want while I have a shilling.

Dob. Bless you!

Sir R. Pshaw! Proceed.

Dob. Well, then, I am a poor—I must be a poor man now, or I shall never get on.

Sir R. Well, get on—be a poor man!

Dob. I am a poor man, and I argue with you, and convince you, you are wrong: then you call yourself a blockhead, and I am of your opinion. Now, that's no flattery.

Sir R. Why, no; but when a man's of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument, and that puts an end to conversation; so I hate him for that. But where's my nephew, Frederick?

Dob. Been out these two hours.

Sir R. An undutiful cub! Only arrived from Russia last night; and though I told him to stay at home till I rose, he's scampering over the fields like a Calmuc Tartar.

Dob. He's a fine fellow.

Sir R. He has a touch of our family. Don't you think he's a little like me, Humphrey?

Dob. Bless you, not a bit: you are as ugly an old man as ever I clapped my eyes on.

Sir R. Now, that's impudent! But there's no flattery in it, and it keeps up the independence of argument. His father, my brother Job, is of as tame a spirit—Humphrey, you remember my brother Job?

Dob. Yes; you drove him to Russia, five and twenty years ago.

Sir R. (*Angrily.*) I drove him!

Dob. Yes, you did: you would never let him be at peace in the way of argument.

Sir R. At peace! Bless you, he would never go to war.

Dob. He had the merit to be calm.

Sir R. So has a duck-pond. He was a bit of still life; a chip; weak water-gruel; a tame rabbit, boiled to rags, without sauce or salt. He received men's arguments with his mouth open, like a poor's-box gaping for half-pence; and, good or bad, he swallowed them all, without any resistance. We couldn't disagree, and so we parted.

Dob. And the poor, meek gentleman went to Russia for a quiet life.

Sir R. A quiet life! Why, he married the moment he got there; tacked himself to the shrew relict of a Russian merchant; and continued a speculation with her in furs, flax, pot-ashes, tallow, linen and leather. And what's the consequence? Thirteen months ago, he broke. Poor Job! now he's in distress, I mustn't neglect his son.

(Frederick is heard singing without.)

Dob. Here comes his son—that's Mr. Frederick.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fre. Ah! my dear uncle, good morning! Your park is nothing but beauty.

Sir R. Who bid you caper over my beauty? I told you to stay in doors till I got up.

Fre. Eh? Egad, so you did. I had as entirely forgotten it as—

Sir R. And, pray, what made you forget it?

Fre. The sun.

Sir R. The sun?—He's mad! You mean the moon, I believe.

Fre. Oh, my dear sir! you don't know the effect of a fine spring morning upon a young fellow just arrived from Russia. The day looked bright—trees budding—birds singing—the park was gay—so, egad! I took a hop, step, and a jump, out of your old balcony; made your deer fly before me like the wind; and chased them all round the park to get an appetite, while you were snoring in bed, uncle!

Sir R. Ah! so the effect of an English sun upon a young Russian, is to make him jump out of a balcony, and worry my deer?

Fre. I confess it had that influence upon me.

Sir R. You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle, unless you think the sun likely to leave you a fat legacy.

Fre. Sir, I hate fat legacies.

Sir R. Sir, that's mighty singular. They are pretty solid tokens of kindness, at least.

Fre. Very melancholy tokens, uncle; they are the posthumous despatches Affection sends to Gratitude, to inform us we have lost a generous friend.

Sir R. (*Aside.*) How charmingly the dog argues!

Fre. But I own my spirits ran away with me this morning. I will obey you better in future; for they tell me you are a very worthy, good sort of old gentleman.

Sir R. Now, who had the familiar impudence to tell you that?

Fre. Old Rusty, there.

Sir R. Why, Humphrey, you didn't?

Dob. Yes, but I did, though.

Fre. Yes, he did; and, on that score, I shall be anxious to show you obedience;—for 'tis as meritorious to attempt sharing in a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast high, uncle; a mean mind levels its dirty assiduities at the pocket.

Sir R. (*Embracing him.*) Jump out of every window I have in my house! hunt my deer into high fevers, my fine fellow! Ay, sir, this is spunk and plain speaking. Give me a man who is always plumping his dissent to my doctrine smack in my teeth!

Fre. I disagree with you there, uncle.

Dob. So do I.

Fre. You, you forward puppy! If you were not so old, I'd knock you down.

Sir R. I'll knock you down, if you do! I won't have my servants thumped into dumb flattery.

Dob. Come, you're ruffled. Let's go to the business of the morning.

Sir R. Hang the business of the morning! Don't you see we're engaged in discussion? I hate the business of the morning!

Dob. No you don't.

Sir R. And why not?

Dob. Because 'tis charity.

Sir R. Psha!—Well, we musn't neglect business. If there be any distresses in the parish, read the morning list, Humphrey.

Dob. (*Taking out a paper, and looking over it.*) Jonathan Huggins, of Muck Mead, is put into prison.

Sir R. Why, 'twas but last week, Gripe, the attorney, recovered two cottages for him by law, worth sixty pounds.

Dob. And charged a hundred and ten for his trouble. So seized the cottages for part of his bill, and threw Jonathan in gaol for the remainder.

Sir R. A harpy!—I must relieve the poor fellow's distress.

Fre. And I must kick his attorney.

Dob. (*Looking at the list.*) The curate's horse is dead.

Sir R. Psha! there's no distress in that.

Dob. Yes there is, to a man who must go twenty miles every Sunday to preach three sermons, for thirty pounds a year.

Sir R. Why won't Punmock, the vicar, give him another nag?

Dob. Because 'tis cheaper to get another curate ready mounted.

Sir R. What's the name of the black pad I purchased last Tuesday at Tunbridge?

Dob. Beelzebub.

Sir R. Send Beelzebub to the curate, and tell him to work him as long as he lives.

Fre. And if you have a tumble-down nag, send him to the vicar, to give him a chance of breaking his neck.

Sir R. What else?

Dob. Somewhat out of the common. There's one Lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer and a widower, come to lodge at Farmer Harrowby's, in the village. He's plaguy poor

indeed, it seems, but more proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

Fre. That sounds like a noble character.

Sir R. And so he sends to me for assistance?

Dob. He'd see you hanged first! Harrowby says, he'd sooner die than ask any man for a shilling. There's his daughter, and his dead wife's aunt, and an old corporal that has served in the wars with him; he keeps them all upon his half-pay.

Sir R. Starves them all, I am afraid, Humphrey.

Fre. (*Crossing.*) Uncle, good morning.

Sir R. Where are you running now?

Fre. To talk to Lieutenant Worthington.

Sir R. And what may you be going to say to him?

Fre. I can't tell till I encounter him; and then, uncle, when I have an old gentleman by the hand, who is disabled in his country's service, and struggling to support his motherless child, a poor relation, and a faithful servant, in honorable indigence, impulse will supply me with words to express my sentiments. (*Hurrying off.*)

Sir R. Stop, you rogue!—I must be before you in this business.

Fre. That depends upon who can run fastest. So start fair, uncle; and here goes! (*Exit hastily.*)

Sir R. Stop! why, Frederick!—A jackanapes! to take my department out of my hands! I'll disinherit the dog for his assurance!

Dob. No you won't.

Sir R. Won't I? Hang me, if I—but we'll argue that point as we go. Come along, Humphrey! (*Exeunt.*)

ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.—HOOKS.

How hard, when those who do not wish to lend, thus lose,
 their books,
 Are snared by anglers,—folks that fish with literary Hooks,—

Who call and take some favorite tome, but never read it
through ;—

They thus complete their set at home, by making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft, last winter sore was shaken ;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left, nor could I save my
"Bacon" ;

And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last, like Hamlet, backward go ;
And, as the tide was ebbing fast, of course I lost my "Rowe".

My "Mallet" served to knock me down which makes me thus
a talker ;

And once when I was out of town, my "Johnson" proved a
"Walker".

While studying o'er the fire one day, my "Hobbes", amidst
the smoke,

They bore my "Colman" clean away, and carried off my
"Coke".

They picked my "Locke", to me far more than Bramah's pat-
ent worth,

And now my losses I deplore, without a "Home" on earth.

If once a book you let them lift, another they conceal,

For though I caught them stealing "Swift", as swiftly went
my "Steele".

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf, where late he stood elated ;

But what is strange, my "Pope" himself is excommunicated.

My little "Suckling" in the grave is sunk to swell the ravage ;

And what was Crusoe's fate to save, 'twas mine to lose,—a
"Savage".

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put my frozen hands upon,
Though ever since I lost my "Foot", my "Bunyan" has been
gone.

My "Hoyle" with 'Cotton' went oppressed ; my "Taylor"
too, must fail ;

To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest, in vain I offered
"Bayle".

I Prior sought, but could not see the "Hood" so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee", O! where was my
"Leigh Hunt"?

I tried to laugh, old care to tickle, yet could not "Tickle"
touch;

And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle";—and surely
Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed, my sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid", nor even use my
"Hughes";

My classics would not quiet lie, a thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry, my "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away; I suffer from these shocks,
And though I fixed a lock on "Gray", there's gray upon my
locks;

I'm far from "Young", am growing pale, I see my "Butler"
fly;

And when they ask about my ail, 'tis "Burton" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns, and thus my griefs
divide;

For O! they cured me of my "Burns", and eased my "Aken-
side".

But all I think I shall not say, nor let my anger burn,
For, as they never found me "Gay", they have not left me
"Sterne".

MAGPIE AND MONKEY.—YRIAL

"Dear madam, I pray," quoth a magpie one
To a monkey, who happened to come in her
"If you'll but come with me
To my snug little home in the trunk of a tree,
I'll show you such treasures of art and vertu,
Such articles, old, mediæval, and new,

As a lady of taste and discernment like you
Will be equally pleased and astonished to view ;—
In an old oak-tree hard by I have stowed all these rarities ;
And if you'll come with me, I'll soon show you where it is."

The monkey agreed at once to proceed,
And hopping along at the top of her speed,
To keep up with the guide, who flew by her side,
As eager to show as the other to see,
Presently came to the old oak-tree ;
When from a hole in its mighty bole,
In which she had cunningly hidden the whole,
One by one the Magpie drew,
And displayed her hoard to the monkey's view :
A buckle of brass, some bits of glass,
A ribbon dropped by a gypsy lass ;
A tattered handkerchief edged with lace,
The haft of a knife, and a tooth-pick case ;
An inch or so of Cordelia's rope,
A very small cake of Castilian soap,
And a medal blessed by the holy Pope ;
Half a cigar, the neck of a jar,
A couple of pegs from a cracked guitar ;
Beads, buttons and rings, and other odd things,
And such as my hearers would think me an ass, if I
Tried to enumerate fully or classify.

At last, having gone, one by one, through the whole,
And carefully packed them again in the hole,
Alarmed at the pause, and not without *caus*,
The Magpie looked anxiously down for applause.
The monkey, meanwhile, with a shrug and a smile,
Having silently eyed the contents of the pile,
And found them, in fact, one and all, very vile,
Resolved to depart ; and was making a start,
When, observing the movement with rage and dismay,
The Magpie addressed her, and pressed her to stay :

"What, sister, I pray, have you nothing to say,
In return for the sight that I have shown you to-day?
Not a syllable?—hey? I'm surprised!—well I may,—
That so fine a collection, with nothing to pay,
Should be treated in such a contemptuous way.
I looked for applause, as a matter of right,
And certainly thought that you'd prove more polite."

At length when the Magpie had ceased to revile,
The monkey replied, with a cynical smile:
"Well, Ma'am, since my silence offends you," said she,
"I'll frankly confess that such trifles possess,
Though much to your taste, no attraction to me;
For though, like yourself, a collection of pelf,
Such trash, ere I'd touch it, might rot on a shelf;
And I'd not by Saint Iago, out of my way go
A moment to pick up so vile a farrago.
In the digging of roots, and the priggings of fruits,
I strictly confine my industrial pursuits;
And whenever I happen to find or to steal
More than will serve for a moderate meal,—
For my appetite's small, and I don't eat a deal,—
In the pouches or craws which hang from my jaws,
And which I contract or distend at my pleasure,
I safely deposit the rest of my treasure,
And carry it home to be eaten at leisure.
In short, Ma'am, while you collect rubbish and rags,—
A mass of chifferie not worth possessing,—
I gather for use and replenish my bags
With things that are really a comfort and blessing,—
A reserve, if I need them, for future subsistence,
Adapted to lengthen and sweeten existence.

The Monkey's reply—for I must, if I'm able,
Elicit some practical hint from the fable—
Suits the Magpie, and suits just as well any
Quarterly, monthly, or weekly miscellany,

Whose contents exhibit so often a hash,
Oddly compounded of all kinds of trash,
That I wonder, whenever I chance to inspect them,
How editors have the bad taste to select them.

WHITTling—REV. J. PIERPONT.

The Yankee boy, before he's sent to school
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby ;
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned until he can whet it ;
And in the education of the lad
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.

Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
His chestnut whistle, and his shingle dart,
His elder pop-gun with its hickory rod,
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone,
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin ;
Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"
Full rigged with raking masts, and timbers staunch,
And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch.

Thus by his genius and his jack-knife driven
Ere long he'll solve you any problem given ;

Make any jim-crack, musical or mute,
A plough, a coach, an organ or a flute ;
Make you a locomotive or a clock,
Cut a canal, or build a floating-dock,—
Or lead forth Beauty from a marble block ;—
Make anything, in short, for sea or shore,
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four ;—
Make it, said I ?—Ay, when he undertakes it,
He'll make the thing and the machine that makes it.

And when the thing is made,—whether it be
To move on earth, in air, or on the sea ;
Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
Or, upon land to roll, revolve, or slide ;
Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,
Whether it be a piston or a spring,
Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,
The thing designed shall surely come to pass ;
For, when his hand's upon it, you may know
That there's go in it, and he'll make it go.

A SHORT SERMON ON MALT.—ANON.

MR. DODD was a minister who lived many years ago a few miles from Cambridge ; and having several times been preaching against drunkenness, some of the Cambridge scholars (conscience which is sharper than a thousand witnesses, being their monitor) were very much offended, and thought he made reflections on them. Some time after, Mr. Dodd was walking towards Cambridge, and met some of the gownsmen, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. As soon as he came up, they accosted him with, "Your servant, sir !" He replied, "Your servant, gentlemen." They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late ? He answered in the

affirmative. They then told him they had a favor to beg of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them *there*, from a text they should choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately (in a hollow tree which stood by the road side) from the word MALT. He then began, "Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man—come at a short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit—Beloved, my text is *Malt*. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—M A L T

M is Moral.

A is Allegorical.

L is Literal.

T is Theological.

"The Moral, is to teach you rustics good manners; therefore, M, my Masters; A, All of you; L, Leave off; T, Tippling.

"The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of, and another meant. The thing spoken of is Malt; the thing meant is the spirit of Malt; which you rustics make M, your Meat; A, your Apparel; L, your Liberty; and T, your Trust.

"The Literal is, according to the letters; M, Much; A, Ale; L, Little; T, Trust.

"The Theological is according to the effects it works in some, M, Murder; in others, A, Adultery; in all, L, Looseness of life; and in many, T, Treachery.

"I shall conclude the subject, *First*, by way of exhortation. M, my Masters; A, All of you; L, Listen; T, To my Text. *Second*, by way of Caution. M, My Masters; A, All of you; L, Look for T, Truth. *Third*, by way of communicating the Truth, which is this: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of

reason; the robber's agent; the alehouse's benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbor's scoff; a walking swill-bowl; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man!"

THE NOSE VERSUS THE EYES.—COWPER.

BETWEEN nose and eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set then unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause,
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While Chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the nose has had spectacles always to wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the nose is!—in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your worship a moment suppose,
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again,)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray, who would, or who could, wear spectacles again?"

"On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles were plainly made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how,)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light, or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

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A POLITICIAN.—G. A. STEVENS.

THIS was one of those many thousand individuals who swarm in and about London, whose times and minds are divided between the affairs of state and the affairs of a kitchen. He was anxious after venison and politics ; he believed every cook to be a great genius ; and to know how to dress a turtle, comprehended all the arts and sciences together. He was always hunting after newspapers, to read about battles ; and imagined soldiers and sailors were only made to be knocked on the head, that he might read an account of it in the papers. He read every political pamphlet that was published on both sides of the question, and was always on his side whom he read last. And then he'd come home in a good or ill temper, and call for his night-cap, and pipes and tobacco, and send for some neighbors'to sit with him, and talk politics together.

“ How do you do, Mr. Costive ? Sit down, sit down. Ay, these times are hard times ; I can no more relish these times than I can a haunch of venison without sweet sauce to it ; but, if you remember, I told you we should have warm work of it when the cook threw down the Kian pepper. Ay, ay ; I think I know a thing or two ; I think I do—that's all. But, lud, what signifies what one knows ? They don't mind me. You know, I mentioned at our club the disturbances in America, and one of the company took me up, and said, ‘ What signifies

America, when we are all in a *merry cue*?" So they all fell a laughing. Now, there's Commons made Lords, and there's Lords made the Lord knows what; but that's nothing to us; they make us pay our taxes; they take care of that; ay, ay, they are sure of that. Pray, what have they done for these twenty years last past? Why, nothing at all; they have only made a few turnpike roads, and kept the partridges alive till September; that's all they have done for the good of their country. There were some great people formerly, that lov'd their country—that did everything for the good of their country. There were your Alexander the Great—he lov'd his country; and Julius Cæsar lov'd his country; and Charles of Sweden lov'd his country; and Queen Semiramis—she lov'd her country more than any of 'em; for she invented solomon-gundy: that's the best eating in the whole world. Now, I'll show you my plan of operations, Mr. Costive. We'll suppose this drop of punch here to be the main ocean, or the sea—very well; these pieces of cork to be our men-of-war—very well. Now, where shall I raise my fortifications? I wish I had Mr. Major Moncrieff here; he's the best in the world at raising a fortification. Oh! I have it. (*Breaks the pipes.*) We'll suppose them to be all the strong fortified places in the whole world; such as Fort Omoa, Tilbury Fort, Bergen op Zoom, and Tower-ditch, and all the other fortified places all over the world. Now, I'd have all our horse-cavalry wear cork waistcoats, and all our foot-infantry should wear air jackets. Then, sir, they'd cross the sea before you could say Jack Robinson. And where do you think they should land, Mr. Costive? Whisper me that. Ha! What?—when?—how? You don't know. How should you! Was you ever in Germany or Bohemia? Now, I have—I understands jography. Now, they should land in America, under the line, close to the south pole;—there they should land, every mother's babe of 'em. Then there's the Catabaws, and there's the Catawaws! there's the Cherokees, and there's the ruffs and rees;—they are the four great nations. Then I takes my Catabaws all across the continent, from Jamaica to Bengal; then they should go to

the Mediterranean. You know where the Mediterranean is?—No, you know nothing. I'll tell you; the Mediterranean is the metropolis of Constantinople. Then I'd send a fleet to blockade Paris till the French King had given up Paul Jones. Then I'd send for General Clinton and Colonel Tarleton; and—Where was I, Mr. Costive? With Tarleton. Thank ye; so I was. But you are so dull, Mr. Costive, you put me out. Now, I'll explain the whole affair to you; you shan't miss a word of it. Now, there is the King of Prussia, and the Empress of Russia, and the nabob of Arest, and the King of the Hottentots, are all in the Protestant interest: they make a diversion upon all the chain of Tartary's back settlements. Then Sir Guy Carleton comes with a *circumbendibus*, and retakes all the islands, Rhode Island and all, and takes 'em *here* and *there*, and *there* and *here*, and *everywhere*. There is the whole affair explained to you at once.

MONEY MAKES THE MAN.—EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

ALFRED EVELYN; Mr. SHARP, *a lawyer, writing at a desk*; Mr. CRIMSON, *the portrait painter*; Mr. GRAB, *the publisher*; Mr. TABOURET, *the upholsterer*; Mr. PATENT, *the coach-maker*; and Mr. FRANTZ, *the tailor*.

Pat. (To Frantz, showing a drawing.) Yes sir; this is the Evelyn vis-a-vis! No one more the fashion than Mr. Evelyn. Money makes the man, sir.

Frantz. But de tailor, de schneider, make de gentleman!

Door at the back thrown open.—Enter EVELYN.

Eve. A levee, as usual. Good day. Ah, Tabouret, your designs for the draperies; very well. And what do you want, Mr. Crimson?

Crim. Sir, if you'd let me take your portrait, it would make my fortune. Every one says you're the finest judge of paintings.

Eve. Of paintings! of paintings! Are you sure I'm a judge of paintings?

Crim. Oh, sir, didn't you buy the great Correggio for £4,000?

Eve. True—I see. So £4,000 makes me an excellent judge of paintings. I'll call on you, Mr. Crimson. Good day. Mr. Grab—oh, you're the publisher who once refused me £5 for my poem? you are right: it was sad doggrel.

Grab. Doggrel! Mr. Evelyn, it was sublime! But times were bad then.

Eve. Very bad times with me.

Grab. But now, sir, if you give the preference, I'll push it, sir—I'll push it! I only publish for poets in high life, sir; and a gentleman of your station ought to be pushed!—£500 for the poem, sir!

Eve. £500 when I don't want it, where £5 once would have seemed a fortune.

“Now I am rich, what value in the lines!
How the wit brightens—how the sense refines!”

(*Turns to the rest who surround him.*)

Pat. (*Showing drawing.*) The Evelyn vis-à-vis!

Frantz. (*Opening his bundle and with dignity.*) Sare, I have brought de coat—the great Evelyn coat.

Eve. Oh, go to—that is, go home!—Make me as celebrated for vis-à-vis, salvers, furniture, and coats, as I already am for painting, and shortly shall be for poetry. I resign myself to you—go!

(*Exeunt Patent, &c.*)

Enter STOUT.

Eve. Stout, you look heated!

Stout. I hear you have just bought the great Groginhole property.

Eve. It is true. Sharp says it's a bargain.

Stout. Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Grogin-hole, can't live another month—but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals! The patriot Popkins intends to start for the boro' the instant Hopkins is dead!—your interest

will secure his election!—now is your time!—put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment!—By all that is bigoted here comes Glossmore!

Enter GLOSSMORE; SHARP still at his desk.

Gloss. So lucky to find you at home! Hopkins of Grogin-hole, is not long for this world. Popkins, the brewer, is already canvassing underhand (so very ungentlemanlylike!) Keep your interest for young Lord Cipher—a valuable candidate. This is an awful moment—the CONSTITUTION depends on his return! Vote for Cipher!

Stout. Popkins is your man!

Eve. (Musingly.) Cipher and Popkins—Popkins and Cipher! Enlightenment and Popkins—Cipher and the constitution! I AM puzzled! Stout, I am not known at Grogin-hole.

Stout. Your *property's* known there!

Eve. But purity of election—independence of votes—

Stout. To be sure: Cipher bribes *abominably*. Frustrate his schemes—preserve the liberties of the borough—turn every man out of his house who votes against enlightenment and Popkins!

Eve. Right!—down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except *our* liberty! That *is* liberty!

Gloss. Cipher has a stake in the country—will have £50,000 a-year—Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of £50,000 a-year will be affected by the motion.

Eve. Right: for as without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law!—That *is* law!

Stout. Popkins is all for economy—there's a sad waste of the public money—they give the Speaker £5,000 a-year, when I've a brother-in-law who takes the chair at the vestry, and who assures me confidentially he'd consent to be Speaker for half the money!

Gloss. Enough, Mr. Stout. Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake for a leveller.

Stout. And too much sense for a bigot.

Eve. Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all!—Did you ever play at *battledore*?

Both. Battledore!

Eve. Battledore!—that is, a contest between two parties: both parties knock about something with singular skill—something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the by-standers! how noisy the *battledores*! But when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing but cork and feather! Go and play by yourselves,—I'm no hand at it!

Stout. (*Aside.*) Sad ignorance!—Aristocrat!

Gloss. Heartless principles!—Parvenu!

Stout. Then you don't go *against* us?—I'll bring Popkins to-morrow.

Gloss. Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you.

Stout. I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era in history. (*Exit.*)

Gloss. I must be off to the club—the eyes of the country are upon Grogenhole. If Cipher fail, the constitution is gone! (*Exit.*)

Eve. (*At table.*) Sharp, come here, (*Sharp advances,*) let me look at you! You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest; but what is honesty?—where does it exist?—in what part of us?

Sharp. In the heart, I suppose.

Eve. Mr. Sharp, it exists in the pocket! Observe! I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both; the man there—the gold here—! Now, there is many a man in yonder streets, honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form—imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that little coin! Is that the fault of the man?—no! it is the fault of mankind! God made man—Sir, behold what mankind have made a god! When I was poor I hated the world; now I am rich I despise it. Fools—knaves—hypocrites!

SATIRICAL ELEGY ON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

—SWIFT.

HIS Grace! Impossible! What—dead!
Of old age, too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all?
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now;
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time, in conscience, he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff.
Behold! his funeral appears;
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honors in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.

Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state,—
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a duke,
From all his ill-got honors flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

THE USEFUL YOUNG MAN.

WHAT! make myself useful!—indeed, ma'am, I can't—
'Tis not my vocation, and really I shan't.
What! come when I'm call'd, and do just as desir'd,
Then take myself off when no longer requir'd,
Run, jump, fetch and carry, live but to obey,
Then barely be thank'd, and kick'd out of the way!
That forms, I assure you, no part of my plan—
Indeed, ma'am, I am not a useful young man.

I know how they're used by the merciless fair—
'Tis Tom, pray, come here; or 'tis Tom, pray, go there;
Or Tom, my good creature, just pop on your hat,
And borrow me this thing, or purchase us that;
Or make yourself useful, and change us this book;
Or write us a passage from Moore's Lalla Rookh;
Or I know you'll oblige us to fasten this fan;—
Oh, dear! what a drudge is a useful young man!

But endless his ills when he goes to a rout,—
La! Mary, my dear, there's Miss Cross sitting out;
Do find her a swain;—then they look the beaux o'er,
And the useful young man's trotted up to the bore;
Or, while snuffing the candles, the good-natured pet
Is dragged from the tea-room to make up a set,
Where turban'd old ladies will dance if they can,
While they snap, sneer, and snarl, at the useful young man.

When the party breaks up and the dancing is done,
'Midst the last dying flashes of folly and fun,
Should some bright-eyed girl have to go home alone,
By some rude, selfish fellow she's seized, ten to one;
While the useful young man shivers off through the snow,
With some ugly old maid that's a long way to go;
For such are the ladies that always trepan
That poor helpless victim, the useful young man!

OPERA SINGERS AND DANCERS.—ANON.

MAINTAINED by the public in all the luxury of extravagance; while in the back ground are a maimed soldier and sailor, who were asking alms, and thrown down by the insolence of the opera-singer's carriage driver; yet the sailor lost his arm with the gallant Captain Decatur, and the soldier left his leg on the plains of Mexico. Instead of paying five dollars to see a man stand on one leg—would it not be better employed were it given to a man who had but one leg to stand on? But, while these dear creatures condescend to come over here, to sing to us for the trifling sum of eight or ten thousand dollars yearly, in return for such their condescension, we cannot do too much for them, and that is the reason why we do so little for our own people. This is the way we reward those who only bring folly into the country, and the other is the way and the only way, with which we reward our brave defenders. Fancy you hear the *divine* strains of Signor Squallo—

Come, Carro, come attend affetuoso,
 English be dumb, your language is but so so;
 Adagio is piano, allegro must be forte,
 Go wash my neck and sleeves, because this shirt is dirty.
 Mon charmant, prenez guarda,
 Mind what your signor begs,
 Ven you vash, don't scrub so harda,
 You may rub my shirt to rags.
 Vile you make de vater hotter—
 Uno solo I compose.
 Put in de pot de nice sheep's trotter,
 And de lee-tle petty toes;
 De petty toes are lee-tle feet,
 De lee-tle feet not big,
 Great feet belong to de grunting hog,
 De petty toes to de leetle pig.
 Come, daughter, dear, carissima anima mea,
 Go boil de kittle, make me some green tea a,

Ma bella dolce sogno,
Vid de tea, cream, and sugar bono,
And a leetle slice
Of bread and butter nice.
A bravo bread, and butter
Bravissimo—imo.

KILLING A BLUE BOTTLE.

At Neufchatel, in France, where they prepare
Cheeses that set us longing to be mites,
There dwelt a farmer's wife, famed for her rare
Skill in these small quadrangular delights,
Where they were made, they sold for the immense
Price of three sous a-piece ;
But as salt-water made their charms increase,
In England the fix'd rate was eighteen-pence.

This damsel had to help her on the farm,
To milk her cows and feed her hogs,
A Gascon peasant, with a sturdy arm
For digging or for carrying logs,
But in his noddle weak as any baby,
In fact a gaby,
And such a glutton when you came to feed him,
That Wantley's dragon, who 'ate barns and churches.
As if they were geese and turkies,'
(Vide the Ballad,) scarcely could exceed him.
One morn she had prepared a monstrous bowl
Of cream, like nectar,
And wouldn't go to church (good careful soul)
Till she had left it safe with a protector ;
So she gave strict injunctions to the Gascon,
To watch it while his mistress was to mass gone.

Watch it he did—and never took his eyes off,
But licked his upper, then his under lip,
And doubled up his fist to drive the flies off,
Begrudging them the smallest sip,
Which if they got,
Like my Lord Salisbury, he heaved a sigh,
And cried,—“ O happy, happy fly,
How I do envy your lot !”
Each moment did his appetite grow stronger ;
His bowels yearn'd ;
At length he could not bear it any longer,
But on all sides his looks he turn'd,
And finding that the coast was clear, he quaff'd
The whole up at a draught.

Scudding from church, the farmer's wife flew to the dairy ;
But stood aghast, and could not, for her life,
One sentence mutter,
Until she summon'd breath enough to utter
“ Holy St. Mary !”
And shortly, with a face of scarlet,
The vixen (for she was a vixen) flew
Upon the varlet,
Asking the when, and where, and how, and who,
Had gulph'd her cream, nor left an atom ;
To which he gave not separate replies,
But with a look of excellent digestion
One answer made to every question,
“ The Flies !”

“ The flies, you rogue !—the flies, you greedy dog
Behold your whiskers still are covered thickly ;
Thief—liar—villain—gormandizer—hog !
I'll make you tell another story quickly.”
So out she bounced, and brought, with loud alarms,
Two stout Gens-d'Armes,

Who bore him to the judge—a little prig,
 With angry bottle-nose
 Like a red cabbage-rose,
 While lots of white ones flourish'd on his wig.

Looking at once both stern and wise,
 He turn'd to the delinquent,
 And 'gan to question him and catechise
 As to which way the drink went :
 Still the same dogged answers rise,
 " The flies, my Lord—the flies, the flies !"
 " Psha !" quoth the Judge, half peevish and half pompous
 " Why you're *non compos*.
 You should have watched the bowl, as she desired,
 And so killed the flies you stupid clown."

" What ! is it lawful then ?" the dolt inquir'd,
 " To kill the flies in this here town ?"
 " You silly ass—a pretty question this !
 Lawful ? you booby !—to be sure it is.
 You've my authority, where'er you meet 'em,
 To kill the rogues, and, if you like it, eat 'em."
 " Zooks !" cried the rustic, " I'm right glad to hear it.

" Constable, catch that thief ! may I go hang
 If yonder blue-bottle (I know his face)
 Isn't the very leader of the gang
 That stole the cream ;—let me come near it !"—
 This said he started from his place,
 And aiming one of his sledge-hammer blows
 At a large fly upon the Judge's nose
 The luckless blue-bottle he smash'd
 And gratified a do-~~le~~ grudge ;
 For the same catap ~~completely~~ smash'd
 The bott' ~~se~~ ~~ng~~ to the Judge.

RAPs ON THE LAPSTONE.—G. W. BUNGAY.

OLD Crispin wore a paper cap,
 And an apron made of leather ;
 He sat upon his bench to rap
Soles (not spirits) hours together.

He said his *last* days were his best,
 Though he *felt* the thread unwinding ;
 His heart *waxed* warm within his vest,
 And what he *closed* was *binding*.

When others spoke of this world's *weal*,
 Crispin pointed to an *upper* ;
 He had the wondrous skill to *heel*,
 But gave his *earthly awl* for supper.

He *heeled* more than the doctors did,
 And helped the *soles* more than the preacher ;
 For a *quid pro quo* he gave a *quid*,
 And used the *strap* more than the teacher.

Aye, Crispin was a good old man,
 Yet sometimes he would *bristle* ;
 But do the very best we can,
 " *A pig's tail will not make a whistle.*"

UNFORTUNATE ATTEMPT AT COURTING.—ANON.

ABOUT the year 1794, a German recently imported into Bristol, happened to hear of Mrs. B., a wealthy widow, and thought it would be a good speculation to offer himself to the lady's notice, as well qualified to succeed the late Mr. B. He accordingly waited on the lady with that intention ; but having no great familiarity with the English language, he provided himself with a copy of a German and English dictionary, and on being announced to the lady, determined to deliver his proposal,

with this introductory sentence—"Madam, having heard that Mr. B., late your husband, is dead;"—but coming to the word, "gestorben," dead, he was at a loss for the English equivalent; so hastily pulling out his dictionary, (a huge octavo,) he turned to the word "sterben", to die, and there found—But what he found will be best collected from the dialogue which followed, as reported by the lady:—

German. Madam, haaffing heard dat Mein Herr B., late your man, is—(these words he kept chiming as if to himself, until he arrived at No. 1 of the interpretation of "sterben", when he roared out in high glee at his discovery) is—dat is, has *kicked de bucket*.

Widow. (With astonishment.) Kicked the bucket, sir,—what?

German. Ah, ah! alway Ich make mistake. I vou'd haaf said (beginning again with the same solemnity of tone) since dat Mein Herr B., late your man, haaf—*hopped de twig*—which words he screamed out with delight, certain that he had now hit the nail upon the head.

Widow. Upon my word, sir, I'm at a loss to understand you; "kicked the bucket," and "hopped the twig"!

German. (Perspiring with panic.) Ah, madam, von, two, tree, ten tousand pardon! Vat sad, vicked dictionary, I haaf dat always bring me in trubble; but now you sall hear, (and then recomposing himself solemnly for the third effort, he began as before) madam, since I did hear, or vas hearing, dat Mein Herr B., late your man, haaf, (with a triumphant shout,) haaf, I say, *gone to Davy's locker*—

Further he would have gone; but the widow could stand no more.

TOBY TOSSPOT.—COLMAN.

ALAS! what pity 'tis that regularity,
Like Isaac Shove's is such a rarity,

But there are swilling wights in London town
Termed—jolly dogs,—choice spirits—*alias* swine,
Who pour in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throat a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus run on,
Dozing with headaches till the afternoon,
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney,—Toby Tossplot hight——
Was coming from the Bedford late at night:
And being Bacchi plenus,—full of wine,
Although he had a tolerable notion
Of aiming at progressive motion,
'Twasn't direct——'twas serpentine.
He worked with sinuosities, along,
Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming through a cork,
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong—a fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon a shining on Shove's brass plate,
When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"
And being civil beyond measure,
"Ring it!" says Toby—"Very well;
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."
Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk that almost jerked it down.

He waited full two minutes—no one came;
He waited full two minutes more;—and then,
Says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame;
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal 'woke Isaac in a fright,
Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,
Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length, he wisely to himself doth say,—calming his fears,—
“Tush! ’tis some fool has rung and run away;”
When peal the second rattled in his ears!

Shove jumped into the middle of the floor;
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirred,
He groped down stairs, and opened the street-door,
While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askant,—
And saw he was a strapper stout and tall,
Then put this question;—“Pray, sir, what d’ye want?”
Says Toby,—“I want nothing, sir, at all.”

“Want nothing!—Sir, you’ve pulled my bell, I vow,
As if you’d jerk it off the wire.”
Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—
“I pulled it, sir, at your desire.”

“At mine!”—“Yes, yours; I hope I’ve done it well;
High time for bed, sir: I was hastening to it;
But if you write up—‘Please ring the bell,’
Common politeness makes me stop and do it.”

FRANK HAYMAN.—TAYLOR.

FRANK Hayman dearly loved a pleasant joke,
And after long contention with the gout,
A foe that oft besieged him, sallied out
To breathe fresh air, and appetite provoke.
It chanced as he was strolling void of care,
A drunken porter passed him with a hare;
The hare was o’er his shoulder flung,
Dangling behind in piteous plight,
And as he crept in zigzag style,
Making the most of every mile,
From side to side poor pussy swung,
As if each moment taking flight.

A dog who saw the man's condition,
A lean and hungry politician,
On the lookout, was close behind—
A sly and subtle chap,
Of most sagacious smell,
Like politicians of a higher kind,
Ready to snap
At anything that fell.

The porter staggered on, the dog kept near,
Watching each lucky moment for a bite,
Now made a spring, and then drew back in fear,
While Hayman followed, tittering at the sight.
Through many a street our tipsy porter goes,
Then 'gainst a cask in solemn thought reclined ;
The watchful dog the happy moment knows,
And Hayman cheers him on not far behind.

Encouraged thus—what dog would dare refrain?
He jumped and bit, and jumped and bit, and jumped and
bit again ;
Till having made a hearty meal
He careless turned upon his heel,
And trotted at his ease away, .
Nor thought of asking—" what's to pay ?"

And here some sage, with moral spleen may say,
" This Hayman should have driven the dog away !
The effects of vice the blameless should not bear,
And folks that are not drunkards lose their hare "
Not as unfashionably good,
The waggish Hayman laughing stood,
Until our porter's stupor o'er
He jogged on tottering as before,
Unconscious of any body kind
Had eased him of his load behind ;—
Now on the houses bent his eye,
As if his journey's end were nigh,

Then read a paper in his hand,
And made a stand.—
Hayman drew near with eager mien,
To mark the closing of the scene,
His mirth up to the brim ;
The porter read the address once more,
And hickuped, " where 's one Hayman's door ?
I've got a hare for him !"

FOOLISH SON AND MORE FOOLISH MOTHER.

GEORGE COLMAN, JR.

LADY DUBERLY, DR. PANGLOSS AND DICKY.

Lady D. And how does my lord come on with his learning, doctor ?

Pang. Apt, very apt, indeed, for his age. Defective in nothing now but words, phrases, and grammar.

Lady D. I wish you could learn him to follow my example, and be a little genteel ; but there is no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, they say.

Pang. Time may do much. But, as to my lord, everybody hasn't your ladyship's exquisite elegance. " My soul, a lie."—Shakspeare. Hem ! *(Aside.*

Lady D. A mighty pretty spoken man !—And you are made tutor, I'm told, doctor, to my Dicky ?

Pang. That honor has accrued to your obsequious servant, Peter Pangloss. I have now the felicity of superintending your ladyship's Dicky.

Lady D. I must not have my son thwarted, doctor ; for when he has his way in everything, he's the sweetest temper'd youth in Christendom.

Pang. An extraordinary instance of mildness !

Lady D. Oh, as mild as mother's milk, I assure you. And what is he to learn, doctor ?

Pang. Our readings will be various : logic, ethics and

mathematics; history, foreign and domestic; geography, ancient and modern; voyages and travels; antiquities, British and foreign; natural history; natural and moral philosophy; classics; arts and sciences; belles lettres and miscellanies.

Lady D. Bless me! 'tis enough to batter the poor boy's brains to a mummy.

Pang. "A little learning—"

Lady D. Little? A load!

Pang. "Is a dangerous thing."—Pope. Hem!

Lady D. And you have left out the main article.

Pang. What may your ladyship mean?

Lady D. Mean! Why, dancing, to be sure.

Pang. Dancing? Dr. Pangloss, the philosopher, teach to dance?

Lady D. Between whiles, you might give Dick a lesson or two in the hall. As my lord's valet plays on the kit, it will be quite handy to have you both in the house, you know.

Pang. With submission to your ladyship, my business is with the head, and not the heels of my pupil.

Lady D. Fiddle faddle! Lady Betty tells me that the heads of young men of fashion, now-a-days, are by no means overloaded. They are all left to the barber and dentist.

Pang. 'Twould be daring to dispute so self-evident an axiom. But, if your ladyship—

Lady D. Look ye, doctor;—he must learn to dance and jabber French; and I wouldn't give a brass farden for anything else. I know what's elegance;—and you'll find the gray mare the better horse, in this house, I promise you.

Pang. Her ladyship is paramount. "*Dux famina facti.*"—Virgil. Hem! (Aside.

Lady D. What's your pay here, Mr. Tutorer?

Pang. Three hundred pounds per annum:—that is—six—no, three—no—ay—no matter:—the rest is between me and Mr. Dowlas. (Aside.

Lady D. Do as I direct you in private, and, to prevent words, I'll double it.

Pang. Double it! What, again! Nine hundred per

annum! (*Aside.*) I'll take it. "Your hand; a covenant."—Shakspeare. Hem! Bless me, I've got beyond the reading, at last!

"I've often wished that I had, clear,
For life"—

(*Lord D speaks without.*)

I hear, my lord—

"Nine hundred pounds a year."—

Swift. Hem!

Enter LORD DUBERLY and DICK DOWLAS.

Lord D. Come along, Dick! Here he is again, my lady. Twist, the tailor, happen'd to come in promiscuously, as I may say, and—

Pang. Accidentally, my lord, would be better.

Lord D. Ay, accidentally—with a suit of my Lord Dock-tail's under his arm; and, as we was in a bit of a rumpus to rig out Dick, why—

Pang. Dress, not rig—unless metaphorically.

Lord D. Well—to dress out—why, we—hump! doctor, don't bother—in short, we popp'd Dick into 'em; and, Twist says, they hit to a hair.

Dick. Yes, they are quite the dandy—aren't they, mother? This is all the go, they say—cut straight—that 's the thing—square waist—wrap over the knee, and all that. Slouch is the word now, you know.

Lady D. Exceeding genteel, I declare! Turn about, Dick. They don't pinch—do they?

Dick. Oh no! just as if I'd been measured.

Lord D. Pinch? Why, my lady, they sit like a sack. But why don't you stand up? The boy rolls about like a porpus in a storm.

Dick. That's the fashion, father!—that's modern ease. Young Vats, the beau brewer, from the borough, brought it down, last Christmas, to Castleton. A young fellow is nothing now without the Bond street roll, a tooth-pick between his

teeth, and his knuckles cramm'd into his coat pocket. Then away you go, lounging lazily along. Ah, Tom! What! Will rolling away, you see! How are you, Jack? What! my little Dolly!—that's the way—isn't it, mother?

Lady D. The very air and grace of our young nobility!

Lord D. Is it? Grace must have got plaguy limber and lopt, of late. There's the last Lord Duberly's father, done in our dining-room, with a wig as wide as a wash-tub, and stuck up as stiff as a poker. He was one of your tip-tops, too, in his time, they tell me; he carried a gold stick before George the First.

Lady D. Yes; and looks, for all the world, as straight as if he had swallowed it.

Lord D. No matter for that, my lady. What signifies dignity without its crackeristick? A man should know how to bemean himself, when he is as rich as Pluto.

Pang. Plutus, if you please, my lord. Pluto, no doubt, has disciples, and followers of fashion; but Plutus is the ruler of riches:—"Ἀλημύτηρ μὲν Πλοῦτον ἐγείνατο."—Hesiod. Hem!

Lord D. There, Dick! d'ye hear how the tutorer talks? Odd rabbit, he can ladle you out Latin by the quart; and grunts Greek like a pig. I've gin him three hundred a year, and settled all he's to larn you. Ha'n't I doctor?

Pang. Certainly, my lord. "Thrice to thine—"

Dick. Yes, we know all about that. Don't we, doctor?

Pang. Decidedly—"and thrice to thine—"

Lady D. Aye, aye; clearly understood. Isn't it, doctor?

Pang. Undoubtedly—"And thrice again to make up nine."—Shakspeare. Hem! (*These three quotations aside.*)

A SONG OF THE RAILROAD.—C. T. WOLFE.

THROUGH the mold and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,

By the margin of the lake,
 O'er the river through the brake,
 O'er the bleak and dreary moor,
 On we hie with screech and roar !

Splashing ! flashing !

Crashing ! dashing !

Over ridges,
 Gullies, bridges !
 By the bubbling rill,
 And mill—

Highways,
 Byways,
 Hollow hill—

Jumping—bumping—
 Rocking—roaring

Like forty thousand giants snoring !

By the lonely hut and mansion,
 By the ocean's wide expansion—
 Where the factory chimneys smoke,
 Where the foundry bellows croak—

Dash along !

Slash along !

Crash along !

Flash along !

On ! on ! with a jump,

And a bump,

And a roll !

Hies the fire-fiend to its destined goal !

O'er the aqueduct and bog,
 On we fly with ceaseless jog ;
 Every instant something new,
 Every instant lost to view ;

Now a tavern—now a steeple—

Now a crowd of gaping people—

Now a hollow—now a ridge—

Now a crossway—now a bridge—

Grumble—stumble—
Rumble—tumble—
Fretting—getting in a stew !
Church and steeple, gaping people—
Quick as thought are lost to view !
Everything that eye can survey,
Turns hurly-burly, topsy-turvy !
Each passenger is thumped and shaken,
As physic is when to be taken.

By the foundry, past the forge,
Through the plain and mountain gorge,
Where the cathedral rears its head,
Where repose the silent dead !
Monuments amid the grass,
Flit like spectres as you pass !
If to hail a friend inclined—
Whish ! whirr ! ka-swash ! he's left behind !
Rumble, tumble, all the day,
Thus we pass the hours away.

THE FARMER AND THE LAWYER.—HORACE SMITH.

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas, who was esteemed a mighty wit, upon the strength of a chance hit, amid a thousand flippancies, and his occasional bad jokes in bullying, bantering, browbeating, ridiculing, and maltreating women, or other timid folks, in a late cause resolved to hoax a clownish, Yorkshire farmer,—one who by his uncouth look and gait appeared expressly *meant* by Fate for being quizzed and played upon. So having tipped the wink to those in the back rows, who kept their laughter bottled down until our wag should draw the cork, he smiled jocosely on the clown, and went to work. “ Well, Farmer Numbskull, how go *calves* at York ? ” “ Why, not, sir, as they do wi’ *you*, but on *four* legs instead of *two*. ” “ Officer ! ” cried the legal elf, piqued at the laugh

against himself, "do pray keep silence down below there. Now look at me, clown; attend! have I not *seen* you somewhere, friend?" "Yes, very like; I often *go* there." "Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic!" the counsel cried, with grin sardonic; "I wish I'd *known* this prodigy, this genius of the clods, when I on circuit was at York residing. Now, farmer, do *for once* speak *true*; *mind*, you're on *oath*, so tell me *you*, who doubtless think yourself so *clever*, are there as many *fools* as ever in the West Riding?" "Why, no, sir; no; we've got our *share*, but not so many as when *you* were there."

THE MORALIST'S.—ANON.

So prone are all men to debate,
And warn us of the wiles of fate—
So eager to condemn the crimes
That blot these unregenerate times—
I sometimes fancy that I meet
A moralist in every street;
But mark his *life*—that surest test—
You'll catch them tripping like the rest,
And half the follies they condemn
Is plainly visible in them;
The truth of which remark to show,
I have a tale quite *apropos*.

Over a glass of Burton's *lest*,
Tim thus his loving friend address'd:
"Well, Peter, 'tis a shameful sin
That Dick should swill such seas of gin;
Oft from the tavern drunk he reels,
Tag, rag, and bobtail at his heels.
Now, for *my* part, I cannot think
What makes the man so fond of drink."
"Nor I," said Peter, with a groan—
"'Tis vastly wonderful, I own;

But, bless me ! what a change appears
 Within the space of forty years !
 The world grows more deprav'd, I'm sure !
 Heav'n knows, 'twas *bad* enough before."

" True," answered Tim, " good Peter, true ;
 But see, the bottle stands with *you*."

" Besides," said Peter, " of all crimes
 That mar these dissipated times,
 Dick's favorite is the greatest pest,
 And makes more fools than all the rest.
 The man addicted, Tim, to drinking,
 Will daily find his credit sinking ;
 His reputation soon decays,
 And mis'ry on his bosom preys,
 Till, wasted by disease and pain,
 Death ends his transitory reign."

" E'en so," cried Tim, and fill'd his glass,
 " Dick's crimes all other crimes surpass.
 I *scorn* the man, who, void of shame,
 With such base stigmas marks his name,
 And, careless of a future state,
 Thus trifles with the shafts of fate.
 But see, my friend ! the wine is out !
 You'll *wet* the other eye, no doubt.
 We well may sit a *little* later,
 So bring *another* bottle, waiter."

Thus long, in many a speech sublime,
 They painted Dick's besetting crime,
 Till drunk as drills, and scarcely able
 To see distinctly o'er the table ;
 And, heedless what each other said,
 The roaring sinners reel'd to bed.
 The very fault they thus condemn,
 Dick, the next evening, found with *them* ;
 Whilst Peter gravely rail'd at Tim,
 Who rail'd as heartily at *him*.

ELEGY ON MRS. BLAIZE.—GOLDSMITH.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind ;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning,
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaus and more ;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all ;
The doctors found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

BATTLE OF THE KEGS.—F. HOPKINSON.

GALLANTS, attend, and hear a friend,
Thrill forth harmonious ditty :
Strange things I'll tell, which late befel
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on log of wood,
And saw a sight surprising.

As in a maze, he stood to gaze,
(The truth can't be denied, sir)
He spied a score of KEGS or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
Wide ope'd his eyes, in great surprise;
Then said—"Some mischief's brewing.

"These KEGS now hold the rebels bold,
"Pack'd up like pickled herring ;
"And they're come down, t' attack the town
"In this new way of ferry'ng."

The soldier flew—the sailor too—
And, scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news ;
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted :
And some ran here, and some ran there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some "Fire !" cried ; which some denied,
Some said the earth did quake :

And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran as if their necks to break.

Sir William* he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring ;
Nor dreamt of harm, as he lay warm
Within his pleasant mooring.

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter :
He rubs both eyes ; and boldly cries,
“ Why, mercy ! what's the matter ? ”

At his bed-side, he then espied
Sir Erskine† at command, sir ;
Upon one foot, he had one boot,
And t' other in his hand, sir.

“ Arise ! arise ! ” sir Erskine cries :
“ The rebels—more's the pity—
“ Without a boat, are all on float,
“ And rang'd before the city.

“ The motley crew, in vessels new,
“ With Satan for their guide, sir,
“ Pack'd up in bags, or wooden KEGS,
“ Come driving down the tide, sir.

“ Therefore, prepare for bloody war :
“ These KEGS must all be routed :
“ Or surely we despised shall be,
“ And British courage doubted.”

The royal band now steady stand,
All rang'd in dread array, sir.
With stomachs stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

* Sir William Howe.

† Sir William Erskine.

The cannons roar, from shore to shore ;
The small arms make a rattle,
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel * vales, the rebel dales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter :
"Why sure," thought they, "there's a mighty fray
"Mongst folks above the water."

The KEGS, 'tis said, though strongly made
Of *rebel* staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conqu'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night, those men of might
Display'd amazing courage ;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Upon those wicked KEGS, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

* The British officers were so fond of the word *rebel*, that they often applied it most absurdly.

ORATOR PUFF.—THOMAS MOORE.

MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking thus, and the other down so ;
In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.

Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough.

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
" My voice is for war," asked him, " Which of them pray ?"

Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
" Sinking fund," the last words as his noddle came down.

Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough.

" Oh ! save !" he exclaim'd, in his he-and-she-tones,
" Help me out ! help me out !—I have broken my bones !"
" Help you out !" said a Paddy, who passed, " what a bother !
Why, there's two of you there ; can't you help one another ?"

Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough.

LIVING UP FIVE PAIR OF STAIRS.—ANON.

SUCH a thing as true bliss in this life is a bubble,
For all the world over man's weigh'd down by trouble :
'Tis true there are some who are favor'd by fate,
But still more or less woe on all doth await.

Some grievance or other our peace is destroying,
Though each person thinks his own case most annoying—
But listen to me while my sad muse declares,
The horrors of living up five pair of stairs ;
Hear how multitudes suffer from *living too high*,
In tenements built up almost to the sky.

As your wife and your daughters are quietly sitting
At dinner, or tea, or sewing, or knitting,
They're rous'd by a knock—one runs down but to find
A fellow loud bawling:—" Scissors to grind !"
She scarcely gets back, when the bell her ear catches,
She runs down again—there's a beggar with matches !
And so all day long with their various wares,
Those street-traders bring her down five pair of stairs.

The house that you live in, is aged and hoary,
And as you are dwelling upon the fifth story,
When a shower comes on, you must tug with a mop,
For the snow and the rain both come in at the top.
And on some windy night when a deep sleep you're all in,
You're suddenly woke by the house top a falling ;
Fate only kills you, all the others it spares,
Who were not residing up five pair of stairs.

From slumber you're roused by loud knocking and ringing,
Which causes you quick from your bed to be springing ;
To get on your clothes you are all in a worry,
But a second peal forces you down in a hurry.
You open the door to see who it is dunning,
But the rascal who rung, is fast away running,
With a laugh loud and hearty along as he tears,
At dragging you naked down five pair of stairs.

Some morning while sitting at home at your leisure,
You say to yourself " I'll be my own glazier !
The windows are dirty—I'll give them a dust,"
So outside on the ledge soon your body you thrust,

But straining too high your foot makes a stumble,
And into a passing mud cart down you tumble ;
But 'scape just with life, blaming poverty's snares,
That found you a lodging up five pair of stairs !

FOLLIES OF LATE COURTSHIP.—DAVID GARRECK.

BATES, THOMAS AND WHITTLE.

Bates. Mr. Thomas, I am glad to see you: upon my word, you look charmingly—you wear well Mr. Thomas.

Tho. Which is a wonder, considering how times go, Mr. Bates—they'll wear and tear me too, if I don't take care of myself; my old master has taken the nearest way to wear himself out, and all that belongs to him.

Bates. Why surely this strange story about town is not true, that the old gentleman has fallen in love?

Tho. You never saw such an altered man in your born days! he's grown young again; he frisks, and prances, and runs about, as if he had a new pair of legs—he has left off his brown camlet surtout, which he wore all the summer, and now, with his hat under his arm, he goes open-breasted, and he dresses, and powders, and smirks, so that you would take him for the mad Frenchman in Bedlam—something wrong in his upper story—Would you think it?—he wants me to wear a cue?

Bates. Then he is far gone indeed!

Tho. As sure as you are there, Mr. Bates, a cue!—we have had sad work about it—I made a compromise with him to wear these ruffled shirts which he gave me; but they stand in my way—I am not so listless with them—though I have tied up my hands for him, I won't tie up my head, that I am resolved.

Bates. This it is to be in love, Thomas!

Tho. He may make free with himself, he shan't make a fool of me—he has got his head into a bag, but I won't have a pig-tail tacked to mine—and so I told him——

Bates. What did you tell him?

Tho. That as I and my father, and his father before me, had worn their own hair as heaven had sent it, I thought myself rather too old to set up for a monkey at my time of life, and wear a pig-tail—he, he, he!—he took it.

Bates. With a wry face, for it was wormwood.

Tho. Yes, he was frumped, and called me old blockhead, and would not speak to me the rest of the day—but the next day he was at it again—he then put me into a passion—and I could not help telling him, that I was an Englishman born, and had my prerogative as well as he; and that as long as I had breath in my body I was for liberty, and a straight head of hair.

Bates. Well said, Thomas—he could not answer that.

Tho. The poorest man in England is a match for the greatest, if he will but stick to the laws of the land, and the statute books, as they are delivered down to us from our forefathers.

Bates. You are right—we must lay our wits together, and drive the widow out of your old master's head.

Tho. With all my heart—nothing can be more meritorious—marry at his years! what a terrible account would he make of it, Mr. Bates! Let me see—on the debtor side sixty-five—and per contra creditor, a buxom widow of twenty-three!

Bates. And so he would, Mr. Thomas—what have you got in your hand?

Tho. A pamphlet, my old gentleman takes in—he has left off buying histories and religious pieces by numbers, as he used to do: and since he has got this widow in his head, he reads nothing but Cupid's Revels, Call to Marriage, Love in the Suds, and such like tender compositions. (*Exit THOMAS.*)

Bates. There he comes, with all his folly about him.—

Whit. (*Without.*) Where is he? where is my good friend?

Enter WHITTLE.

Ha! here he is—give me your hand.

Bates. I am glad to see you in such spirits, my old gentleman.

Whit. Not so old neither. No man ought to be called old, friend Bates, if he is in health, spirits, and—

Bates. In his senses—which I should rather doubt, as I never saw you half so frolicsome in my life.

Whit. Never too old to learn, friend; and if I don't make use of my own philosophy now, I may wear it out in twenty years. I have been always bantered as of too grave a cast. You know, when I studied at Lincoln's Inn, they used to call me Young Wisdom.

Bates. And if they should call you Old Folly, it will be a much worse name.

Whit. No young jackanapes dares to call me so, while I have this friend at my side. (*Touches his sword.*)

Bates. A hero, too! What, in the name of common sense, has come to you, my friend? High spirits, quick honor, a long sword, and a bag! You want nothing but to be terribly in love, and then you may sally forth Knight of the Woful Countenance. Ha, ha, ha!

Whit. Mr. Bates, the ladies, who are the best judges of countenances, are not of your opinion; and unless you'll be a little serious, I must beg pardon for giving you this trouble, and I'll open my mind to some more attentive friend.

Bates. Well, come; unlock, then, you wild, handsome, vigorous, young dog, you—I will please you, if I can.

Whit. I believe you never saw me look better, Frank, did you?

Bates. O yes, rather better forty years ago.

Whit. What! when I was at Merchant Tailors' School?

Bates. At Lincoln's Inn, Tom.

Whit. It can't be—I never disguise my age; and next February I shall be fifty-four.

Bates. Fifty-four! Why, I am sixty, and you always licked me at school—though I believe I could do as much for you now; and, ecod! I believe you deserve it too.

Whit. I tell you I am in my fifty-fifth year.

Bates. O, you are—let me see—we were together at Cambridge, Anno Domini twenty-five, which is near fifty years

ago. You came to the college, indeed, surprisingly young; and, what is more surprising, by this calculation you went to school before you was born,—you was always a forward child.

Whit. I see there is no talking or consulting with you in this humor; and so, Mr. Bates, when you are in a temper to show less of your wit, and more of your friendship, I shall consult with you.

Bates. Fare you well, my old boy—young fellow, I mean. When you have done sowing your wild oats, and have been blistered into your right senses; when you have half killed yourself with being a beau, and return to your woollen caps, flannel waistcoats, worsted stockings, cork soles, and galoches, I am at your service again. So, *bon jour* to you, Monsieur Fifty-four. Ha, ha! (*Exit.*)

Whit. He has certainly heard of my affair. But he is old and peevish; he wants spirits and strength of constitution to conceive my happiness. I am in love with the widow, and must have her. Every man knows his own wants.* Let the world laugh, and my friends stare!—let 'em call me imprudent and mad, if they please! I live in good times, and among people of fashion; so none of my neighbors, thank Heaven, can have the assurance to laugh at me.

THE PLEASURES OF A PIC-NIC PARTY.—HOOD.

IF sick of home and luxuries,
You want a new sensation,
And sigh for the unwonted ease
Of *unaccommodation*—
If you would taste as amateur,
And vagabond beginner,
The painful pleasures of the poor,
Get up a pic-nic dinner.

Presto!—'tis done!—away you start,
All frolic, fun, and laughter;

The servants and provision cart
 As gaily trotting after.
 The spot is reach'd—when all exclaim,
 With many a joyous antic—
 “How sweet a scene! I'm glad we came!
 How rural! how romantic!”

Half starved with hunger, parch'd with thirst,
 All haste to spread the dishes,
 When, lo! 'tis found the ale had burst
 Among the loaves and fishes!
 Over the pie a sudden hop
 The grasshoppers are skipping;
 Each roll 's a sponge, each loaf a mop,
 And all the meat is dripping!

Bristling with broken glass, you find
 ● Some cakes among the bottles—
 Which those may eat who do not mind
 Excoriated throattles!
 The biscuits now are wiped and dried,
 When squalling voices utter—
 “Look! look! a toad has got astride
 Our only pot of butter!”

Your solids in a liquid state,
 Your cooling liquids heated,
 And ev'ry promis'd joy by fate
 Most fatally defeated.
 All, save the serving-men, are soured—
 They smirk—the cunning sinners—
 Having, before they came, devoured
 Most comfortable dinners!

Still you assume, in very spite,
 A grim and gloomy sadness;
 Pretend to laugh—affect delight—
 And scorn all show of sadness!

While thus you smile, but storm within,
 A storm without comes faster,
 And down descends, in deafening din,
 A deluge of disaster.

'Tis *saue que peut*—the fruit desert
 Is fruitlessly deserted ;
 And homeward now you all revert,
 Dull, desolate, and dirtied !
 Each gruffly grumbling, as he eyes
 His soaked and sullen brother—
 “ If these are *pic-nic* pleasantries,
 Preserve me from another !”

THE BUTTERFLY BEAU.—ANON.

I'm a volatile thing, with exquisite wing,
 Sprinkled o'er with the tints of the rainbow ;
 All the butterflies swarm to behold my sweet form,
 Though the grubs may all vote me a *vain* beau.
 I my toilet go through with rose-water dew,
 And each blossom contributes its essence ;
 Then—all fragrance and grace, not a plume out of place,
 I adorn the gay world with my presence—
 In short, you must know,
 I'm the butterfly *beau*.

At first I enchant a fair *Sensitive* plant,
 Then I flirt with the *Pink* of perfection ;
 Then I seek a sweet *Pea*, and I whisper, “ For thee
 I have long felt a strong predilection” :
 A *Lily* I kiss, and exult in my bliss,
 But I very soon search for a *new* lip ;
 And I pause in my flight, to exclaim with delight—
 “ O, how dearly I *love* you, my *Tulip* !”
 In short, you must know,
 I'm the butterfly *beau*.

Thus forever I rove, and the honey of love
From each delicate blossom I pilfer,—
But though many I see pale and pining for me,
I know none that are worth growing *ill* for ;
And though I must own, there are some that I've known,
Whose external attractions are splendid,
On myself *I* must doat, for in my pretty coat,
All the tints of the garden are blended ;—
In short, you must know,
I'm the *butterfly beau* !

MISS MARY—WHAT SHE *IS*, AND WHAT SHE *DOES*.—ANON.

MISS MARY is a charming maid,
A comely lass is she ;
She every morning coffee drinks,
At evening, sips her tea.

She's never gadding in the street,
But loves to stay at home,
Her eyes are parted by her nose—
Her ringlets by a comb.

She has a very pretty foot,
And sometimes wears prunella ;
On sunny days she sports a shawl—
On rainy, an umbrella.

She's virtue's self personified—
She scorns to do a wrong ;
She keeps her tongue between her teeth,
Where's people's tongues belong.

The poor have always found her kind,
She weeps for other's woe ;
On Sunday eve she sits alone,
Unless she has a beau !

Each leisure moment she employs,
To cultivate her mind ;
She ties her apron on before—
And sometimes on behind.

Whenever she a shopping went,
She paid for what she bought ;
In sleep she always shuts her mouth,
As every body ought.

Small faults she has, and who has not,
She strives them to reform ;
When her toes are trampled upon—
She says "get off my corn !"

Accomplishments like these would make
A match for Count or Earl ;
And all the neighbors say she is
A pattern of a girl.

SPECIMEN OF A SHREW.—ANON.

BAH ! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do ! Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold, indeed ! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle ? I say, do you hear the rain ? And as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day ! Do you hear it against the windows ? Nonsense : you don't impose upon me ; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that ! Do you hear it, I say ? Oh ! you *do* hear it ! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks ; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh ! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle ; don't insult me ; *he* return the umbrella ! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As

if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There: do you hear it? Worse and worse. Cats and *dogs*, and for six weeks: always six weeks; and no umbrella!

I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather; I am determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything, (the blessed creatures!) sooner than go and get wet! And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing: who, indeed, but their father. People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella: oh! yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow: you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it Mr. Caudle; no, sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours? A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence! two-and-eight-pence; for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and begging your children, buying umbrellas!

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow—I will; and what's more I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold: it always does; but what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes I get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't I wear

'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold;—indeed, I might as well be a slave at once: better I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell, but if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella: no; and you shan't *buy* one. (*With great emphasis.*) Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street.

Ha! It was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you! Oh! it's all very well for you; you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me, but that's what you want: then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh! don't tell me! I know you will: else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed: you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella. Oh! don't tell me that I said I *would* go; that's nothing to do with it: nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her; and the little money we're to have, we shan't have at all:—because we've no umbrella.

The children, too!—(dear things!—) they'll be sopping wet;

for they shan't stay at home ; they shan't lose their learning ; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me they shouldn't ; (you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel ;) they *shall* go to school : mark that ; and if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault ; I didn't lend the umbrella.

"Here," says Caudle, in his manuscript, "I fell asleep and dreamed that the sky was turned into green calico, with whale-bone ribs : that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella !"

"HELPS TO READ."—BYRON.

A CERTAIN artist,—I've forgot his name,—
Had got, for making spectacles, a fame,
Or, "helps to read," as, when they first were sold,
Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold ;
And, for all uses to be had from glass,
His were allowed by readers to surpass.
There came a man into his shop one day—
"Are you the spectacle contriver, pray ?"
"Yes sir," said he, "I can in that affair
Contrive to please you, if you want a pair."
"Can you ? pray do, then." So at first he chose
To place a youngish pair upon his nose ;
And,—book produced, to see how they would fit,—
Asked how he liked them. "Like 'em !—not a bit."
"Then, sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
These in my hand will better suit your eye ?"—
"No, but they don't."—"Well, come, sir, if you please,
Here is another sort : we'll e'en try these ;
Still somewhat more they magnify the letter.
Now, sir ?"—"Why, now, I'm not the bit the better."
"No ! here—take these, which magnify still more,—
How do they fit ?"—"Like all the rest before !"

In short they tried a whole assortment through,
 But all in vain, for none of them would do.
 The operator, much surprised to find
 So odd a case, thought sure the man is blind !
 "What sort of eyes can you have got ?" said he.
 "Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see."
 "Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball.
 Pray, let me ask you—Can you read at all ?"
 "No ! you great blockhead !—If I could, what need
 Of paying you for any 'helps to read ?' "
 And so he left the maker in a heat,
 Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

THE GRAHAM SYSTEM.—ANON.

Oh ! wond'rous age, surpassing ages past !
 When mind is marching at a quick-step pace ;
 When steam and politics are flying fast,
 When roads to rails, and wine to tea give place—
 When great reformers race, and none can stay 'em—
 Oh ! Jackson, Tappan, Symmes, Sam Patch and Graham !
 The last shall be the first—'twere shame to think
 That thou, Starvation's monarch, couldst be beaten ;
 Who proved that *drink* was never made to *drink*,
 Nor *food* itself intended to be *eaten*—
 That Heaven provided for our use, instead,
 The *sand* and *saw-dust* which compose thy bread.
 A startling truth !—we question while we stare—
 A ling'ring doubt still haunts the imagination,
 That God ne'er meant to stint us in our fare ;
 No doubt a prejudice of education ;
 For fact is fact—this ought to make us humble—
 Our *brains* confess it, though our *stomachs* grumble.
 But why on us pursue thy cruel plan ?
 Oh, why condemn us thus to bread and water ?

Perchance thou countest all the race of man,
 As rogues and culprits who deserve no quarter ;
 And 'tis thy part to punish, not to spare,
 By putting us upon *State Prison fare*.

All flesh is poison, in thy sapient eyes,—
 No doubt thou 'rt right, and all mankind are wrong ;
 But still, in spite of us, the thought will rise,
 How, eating poison, men have lived so long ?
 Mayhap thou meanest a *slow-poison*, then,
 Which takes effect at three-score-years-and-ten.

Our table treasures vanish one by one,
 Beneath thy wand, like Sancho's, they retire ;
 Now steaks are *rare*, and mutton-chops are *done*,
 Veal's in a *stew*, the fat is in the *fire* ;
 Fish, flesh and fowl, are ravish'd in a trice—
 " Insatiate Graham ! could not *one* suffice ?"

When wine was banished by the cruel fates,
 Oh, gentle tea ! for thee I trembled then ;
 " The cup which cheers but not inebriates,"
 Not even thou must grace our boards again !
 Imperial is *dethroned*, as I foreboded—
 Bohea is *dish'd*, Gunpowder is *exploded* !

Venison is vile, a cup of coffee curst,
 And food that's fried, or fricasseed, forgot ;
 Duck is destruction, wine of woes is worst,
 Clams are condemned, and poultry's gone to pot ;
 Pudding and pork are under prohibition,
 Mustard is murder, pepper is perdition !

But dread'st thou not some famished foe may rise,
 With vengeful arm, and break thy daring jaw ?—
 Thou robber of our vitals' best supplies,
 Beware ! " there is no joking with the maw,"—
 Nor hope the world will in thy footsteps follow,
 Thy *bread* and *doctrine* are too hard to swallow.

But leave them forever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese."

Ass waited a moment, to see if she 'd done,
And then, "not presuming to teach"—he begun—
"With submission, dear madam, to your better wit,
I own I am not quite convinced by it yet.

"That you 're of great service to them is quite true,
But surely they are of some service to you ;
'Tis their nice green meadows in which you regale,
They feed you in winter when grass and weeds fail.

"'Tis under their shelter you snugly repose,
When without it, dear ma'am, you, perhaps, might be froze ;
For my own part, I know, I receive much from man,
And for him in return, I do all that I can."

The cow upon this cast her eyes on the grass,
Not pleased at thus being reproved by an ass ;
Yet, thought she, I 'm determined I 'll benefit by 't,
For I really believe that the fellow is right.

OLD WINTER.—MOORE.

OLD Winter is coming again—alack !
How icy and cold is he !
He cares not a *pin* for a *shivering back*—
He's a *saucy* old chap to *white* and *black*—
He *whistles* his chills with a wonderful *knack*,
For he comes from a *cold* country !

A *witty* old fellow this Winter is—
A mighty old fellow for *glee* !
He cracks his *jokes* on the pretty *sweet Miss*—

The wrinkled *old maiden* unus'd to kiss—
And freezes the *dew* of their *lips*—for this
Is the way with *such* fellows as *he* !

Old Winter 's a *frolicksome* blade, I wot—
He is mild in his humor, and free !
He 'll whistle along for the "want of his thought,"
And set all the warmth of our furs at naught,
And ruffle the *laces* by *pretty girls* bought,
For a *frolicksome* fellow is he.

Old Winter is blowing his *gusts* along,
And merrily *shaking* the *tree* !
From morning till night he will sing his song,
Now moaning and short—now howling and long—
His voice is *loud*, for his *lungs* are *strong* ;
A *merry* old fellow is he !

Old Winter 's a *wicked* old chap, I ween—
As wicked as ever you see ;
He withers the *flowers* so fresh and green—
And bites the *pert nose* of the miss of sixteen,
As she trippingly walks in maidenly sheen ;
A *wicked* old fellow is he !

Old Winter 's a *tough* old fellow for blows—
As tough as ever you see !
He will *trip up* our trotters and *rend* our clothes,
And *stiffen* our *limbs* from fingers to toes ;
He minds not the cries of his *friends* or his *foes*—
A *tough* old fellow is he !

A *cunning* old fellow is Winter, they say,
A *cunning* old fellow is he !
He *peeps* in the crevices day by day,
To see how we 're *passing* our *time* away,
And marks all our *doings* from grave to gay :
I 'm afraid he is *peeping* at me !

THE YORKSHIREMAN AND HIS FAMILY.—ANON.

SEATED one day inside the Leeds mail, a Yorkshireman came up and saluted the guard of the coach, with, "I say, Mr. Guard, have you a gentleman for Lunnun in coach?" "How should I know?" said the guard. "Well," said he, "I'm gang-ing about four miles whoam, and I'll gang inside, if you please, and then I can find him out mysen." On being admitted into the coach, when seated, he addressed himself to the gentleman opposite, and said, "Pray, sir, arn't you for Lunnun?" "Yes," said the gentleman. "Pray, sir, arn't you summut at singing line?" "What makes you ask?" said the gentleman. "I hope ne *defence*," said he, "only, sir, you mun know I'm building a mill, and in about three weeks I wants to have a sort of a house warming; and, as we are very musical in our parts,—I plays the fiddle at church mysen, and my brother plays on a great long thing like a horse's leg, painted, with a bit of brass crook stuck in the end, and puffs away like a pig in a fit; and as we have a vast of music meetings in our parts, I should like to open my mill with a *rory tory*, and wanted to ax you to come and sing at it."

He then related a family anecdote:—"You mun know, sir, that my father died all on a sudden like, and never give anybody notice he wur going to die, but he left his family in complete *profusion*; and when I found he wur dead, as I wur the oldest son, I thought I'd a right to all the money. I told neighbor so, but he said, that tho' I wur the eldest son, I had no right to all the brass; but I said, I wur not only the eldest, but that I wur the handsomest into the bargain, for you never seed five such ugly, carrotty-headed things among any litter of pigs, as my five brothers and sisters. So when I found they wanted to cheat me out of my *intarnel* estate, I determined to take the law at the top of the regicides!" "And you applied to counsel no doubt," said the gentleman. "Na, I didn't," said he, "for I don't know him, I went to one Lawyer Lattitat and paid him six and eight pence, all in good half-

pence, and he wrote me down my *destructions*." The gentleman read his destructions, as he called them, which were as follows: "You must go to the Temple, apply to a civilian, and tell him that your father died intestate, or without a will, that he has left five children, all infantine, besides yourself; and that you wish to know if you can't be his*executor." "Well, what did you do?" said the gentleman. "Why, sir," said he, "I went to the Temple, and I knocked at the door, and the gentleman cum'd out himsen; and I said 'Pray, sir, arn't you a *silly villain*?' and he ax'd me if I cum'd to insult him; and I said, why, yes, I partly cum'd on purpose: I cum'd to *insult* you to know what I am to do, for my father died *detested* and against his will, and left five young *infidels* besides mysen, and I am cum'd to know if I can't be his *executioner*."

THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.—ANON.

A FARMER once to London went,
 To pay the worthy squire his rent.
 He comes, he knocks; soon entrance gains,—
 Who at the door such guests detains?
 Forth struts the squire, exceeding smart—
 "Farmer, you're welcome to my heart;
 You've brought my rent, then, to a hair!
 The best of tenants, I declare!"
 The steward's called, the accounts made even;—
 The money paid, the receipt was given.
 "Well," said the squire, "now, you shall stay,
 And dine with me, old friend, to-day;
 I've here some ladies, wondrous pretty,
 And pleasant sparks, too, who will fit ye."
 Hob scratched his ears, and held his hat,
 And said—"No zur; two words to that;
 For look, d'ye zee, when I'ze to dine
 With gentlefolks, zo cruel fine,

I 'ze use to make—and 'tis no wonder,—
In word or deed, some plag'y blunder ;
Zo, if your honor will permit,
I 'll with your zarvants pick a bit.”
“ Poh !” says the squire, “ it shan 't be done ;”
And to the parlor pushèd him on.
And to all around he nods and scrapes ;
Not waiting-maid or butler 'scapes ;
With often bidding takes his seat,
But at a distance mighty great.
Though often asked to draw his chair,
He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
By madam served, with body bended,
With knife and fork and arms extended,
He reached as far as he was able
To plate, that overhangs the table ;
With little morsels cheats his chops,
And in the passage some he drops.
To show where most his heart inclined,
He talked and drank to John behind.
When drank to, in a modish way,
“ Your love's sufficient, zur,” he 'd say :
And, to be thought a man of manners,
Still rose to make his awkward honors.
“ Tush !” said the squire ; “ pray keep your sitting !”
“ No, no,” he cries, “ zur, 't is not fitting :
Though I 'm no scholar, versed in letters,
I knows my duty to my betters.”
Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
And hearty laughs went round the board.
Thus, the first course was ended well
But at the next—ah ! what befell ?
The dishes were now timely placed,
And table with fresh lux'ry gtaced.
When drank to by a neighboring charmer,
Up, as usual, starts the farmer.

A wag, to carry on the joke,
Thus to his servant softly spoke:—
“Come hither, Dick; step gently there,
And pull away the farmer’s chair.”
’Tis done; his congée made, the clown
Draws back, and stoops to sit him down;
But, by position overweighed,
And off his trusty seat betrayed,
As men, at twigs, in rivers sprawling,
He caught the cloth to save his falling;
In vain!—sad fortune! down he wallowed,
And, rattling, all the dishes followed:
The fops soon lost their little wits;
The ladies squalled—some fell in fits;
Here tumbled turkeys, tarts, and widgeons,
And there, minced pies, and geese, and pigeons;
Lor! what a do ’twixt belles and beaux!
Some curse, some cry, and rub their clothes!
This lady raves, and that looks down,
And weeps, and wails her spattered gown.
One spark bemoans his greased waistcoat,
One—“Rot him! he has spoiled my laced-coat!”
Amidst the rout, the farmer long
Some pudding sucked, and held his tongue;
At length, rubs his eyes, nostrils twang,
Then snaps his fingers; and thus began:
“Plague tak’t! I’ze tell you how’d ’t would be;
Look! here’s a pickle, zurs, d’ ye see.”
“Peace, brute, begone!” the ladies cry;
The beaux exclaim, “Fly, rascal, fly!”
“I’ll tear his eyes out!” squeaks Miss Dolly;
“I’ll knock his head off!” roars a bully.
At this, the farmer shrinks with fear,
And thinking ’t was ill tarrying here,
Runs off, and cries, “Ah, kill me, then,
When’er you catch me here again!”

ADDRESS TO A DUCHESS.—T. H. BAYLEY

DEAR Dowager Duchess ! though treble my age,
There's a pain in my heart you alone can assuage.
And, poor as I am, when your jointure I see,
Your grace appears one of the graces to me !

For misses not out of their teens I have sighed,
But a pauper must not wed a penniless bride ;
And prudence has whisper'd, " Mind what you're about ;
Say '*your grace*' before dinner, or else go *without* !"

Your lip is no ruby, no diamond your eye,
But diamonds and rubies in plenty we'll buy ;
No pearls are your teeth, yet in pearls you shall shine,
And I'll call you my mother of pearl, when you're mine.

No rose is your cheek, and no lily your neck,
Yet your wig with the lily and rose we will deck ;
An attachment like mine well deserves a reward,
Though there's " Captain half-pay *unattached* " on my card.

That tell-tale, the peerage, *your* age may betray ;
Yet, if people blame, you ne'er heed what they say ;
For when your young husband is seen with his bride,
At least they must own you have *youth on your side* !

Some will say it is strange that a youth should be struck
By a belle so mature,—oh ! they envy my luck,
For *my* choice ten thousand good reasons appear,
Ten thousand ! nay more—I've ten thousand a year !

THE JUSTE MILIEU.—ANON.

A BANKER there is in Baltimore,
The shrewdest fellow along the shore ;

Who always runs in my head whenever
 I hear the praise of the *juste Milieu*,
 So cunning and sharp and wise and clever,
 That the Yankee Banker starts to view
 As the *beau ideal* of the *juste Milieu*.
 A dollar note to his shop was brought,
 And the Banker look'd absorb'd in thought.
 "Is it good or bad?" the inquirer said:—
 The Baltimore Banker shook his head,
 As in difficult matters Doctors do.
 "Why—bad or good—is hard to say
 I guess—your dollar note—in its way,
 Is what you may call—a *muddling one*."
 You may think 'tis false—you may think 'tis fun,
 But I give you my honor the tale is true,
 And the moral I leave to the *juste Milieu*.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DOMICILE.—ANON.

My dwelling is ample,
 And I've set an example
 For lovers of water to follow ;
 If my home you should ask,
 I have drained out a 'cask,
 And I dwell in a cooling hollow !
 A disciple am I of Diogenes—
 O ! his tub a most classical lodging is !
 'Tis a beautiful alcove for thinking ;
 'Tis besides a cool alcove for drinking :
 Moreover, the parish throughout
 You can readily roll it about.
 O ! the birth
 For a lover of mirth
 To revel in jokes and to lodge in ease,
 Is the classical tub of Diogenes !

In politics I'm no adept,
 And into my tub when I've crept
 They may canvass in vain for my vote.
 For besides, after all the great cry and hubbub,
 Reform gave no ten-pound franchise to my tub;
 So your bill I don't value a groat!
 And if that base idol of filth and vulgarity,
 Adorned now-a-days, yeleft Popularity,
 Should come
 To my home,
 And my hogshead's bright aperture darken,
 Think not to such summons I'd hearken.
 No! I'd say to that Ghoul grim and gaunt,
 Vile phantom avaunt!
 Get thee out of my sight!
 For thy clumsy opacity shuts out the light
 Of the gay glorious sun
 From my classical tun,
 Where a hater of cant and a lover of fun
 Fain would revel in mirth, and would lodge in ease—
 The classical tub of Diogenes!

A COUNT CORNERED.—J. K. PAULDING.

COUNT STROMBOLI, NED AND TOM MATHEWS AND WELCOME—
 HERE DIX.

An Obscure Lane.—Morning.

(*Enter NED and TOM MATHEWS.*)

Ned. Somewhere about this spot, Tom, the Count always disappears in a very mysterious manner. I never have been able to trace him beyond the entrance to this narrow dirty lane, yet am I satisfied that he burrows near here.

Tom. Burrows? You think then his lodgings are subterraneous, eh—a sort of rabbit warren? Now my idea was

that he was more of a bird, and built his nest high up in the air.

Ned. There's no telling—Hist! there he is. Quick—stand behind this pump.

(They conceal themselves The Count opens the door of a house, and looks cautiously out.)

Count. I believe I may venture—there don't appear to be anybody in sight. *(Footsteps are heard and Count draws back.)*

Ned. Guy, he's as careful as a city mosquito in the autumn.

Count. All clear now—here goes!

(Count comes out and walks towards NED and TOM.)

Ned. Ah, Count, good morning: you're stirring early in these out-of-the-way parts.

Count. *(aside.)* *Diablé!* Discovered! I'll brazen it out. *(Aloud.)* Yes, gentlemen, I like to take a walk before breakfast sometimes, and, as I said the other day, I have a fancy for looking into the obscure parts of a city. You can then form a judgment of its morals.

Ned. And what conclusion have you come to, Count, as to the state of our well-regulated city of Boston?

Count. I've seen better places, with worse reputations. *(WELCOME-HERE DIX comes to the door of his house, and calls.)*

Dix. Hallo, you there, you Jovanny Vaganty, or what's your tarnal queer name? come here a minute.

(Count begins to move off.)

Ned. And do you enter strange houses, Count, to study morals?

Dix. Here, you Jovanny—Jovanny Vaganty, darn yer, can't yer hear, or won't you hear? Are you deaf?

Count. 'Pon my soul, gentlemen—*(looks at his watch)*—my omelette will be cold, if I wait here any longer. I ordered my breakfast at half-past nine. *(Exit Count.)*

Ned. The Count seems to be in a hurry. Let's try if we can obtain any information from his landlord. *(Addresses Dix.)* Do you know that gentleman that just turned the corner?

Dix. Wa-a-l, I should kind o' calculate that I did, shouldn't you?

Ned. Does he live at your house?

Dix. You think he does, now, don't you?

Ned. I do; but I should like to know more certainly.

Dix. Now, mister, do you know Jovanny?

Ned. Never you mind. Here—(*gives him money*)—will that open your mouth?

Dix. Only jest try, won't you?

Ned. Do you know where that gentleman lives? Speak plainly, man.

Dix. Wa-a-l, I shouldn't wonder if I could make a pretty considerable of a sharp guess where he does put up. I have a mighty strong kind of a notion that he's nigh about the hardest man goin' in Bosting to screw money out of. Why, mister, you might jest as well try to make cider out of dried apples.

Ned. What! the Count?

Dix. Man alive! du tell nēow! Cēount! Why, I did cultivate a kind o' suspicion that he played in the orchestry at the Circus. He's jest that sort o' lookin' chap. Cēount, eh? No you don't, mister! You think I'm a green chicken, don't yer?

Ned. His name is certainly Count Stromboli.

Dix. You don't fool this child, mister. Get ēout. Cēount, eh? Hain't I seen the Marquis Lafayetty? He don't look nothin' like him, I guess.

Ned. What do you call him, then?

Dix. His name is Jovanny Vaganty—that's the talk.

Ned. Giovanni Vagante—how many *aliases* has he, I wonder?

Dix. *Aliases*! If he has *aliases*, I guess I'll turn him straight out o' doors. Pisenous troublesome things is them *aliases*—gets a man into law—*always*.

Ned. And he doesn't pay, eh?

Dix. Wa-a-l, I shouldn't be surprised if he *had* a tarnation tight fist—desp'rate cluss is Jovanny. He's been here most

six weeks, and I han't seen no signs of his money—the whull time. You understand, he keeps a promisin', and a promisin', and a promisin', but his pockets is painful empty; and I wunt say but what he owes old Sambo, the colored man, a whull grist o' fourpences for blackin' his boots, runnin' of arn'ds, and sich like small chores.

Ned. And you're sure that's he that we met out here?

Dix. You wouldn't want me to take my Bible oath on it, would you, mister? If you don't, I kind o' notion that that ere feller was Jovanny Vaganty, and nobody else, or my name isn't Welcome-here Dix.

Ned. Well, Mr. Dix, I am much obliged to you. Good morning, sir. (*Exeunt NED and TOM MATHEWS.*)

Dix. Shockin' purlite! Wa-a-l, nēow, I jest wonder what them twu smart young sparks want o' Jovanny? (*Lays his finger on his nose.*) I shouldn't be surprised if I smelt something tarnation strong. I'll make Jovanny pay up, as sure as blazes.

(*Dix re-enters his house, and finds the Count alone in his room.*)

Count. Landlord, who asked you in?

Dix. Well, I du suppose I jest asked myself in. You see, Jovanny, you've been going now on tick for six weeks, and I kind o' conceit I *should* like to see the color of your money, jest out o' curiosity—nothin' else, you know. Here's the bill. (*Presents Count a bill.*)

Count. Very well, Dix, very well—I'll attend to it. Just leave it on the table there, will you?

Dix. That game won't do no longer, Jovanny. You see, you've worked me through that mill a whull grist o' times already. I've left three bills for you on that table, and that's twice more than I ever did for anybody else.

Count. Well, just step in again in half an hour, will you, Dix? I am very busy at present.

Dix. Won't pass, that. By Gum, Jovanny, I don't stir a peg from this spot, I've a notion, till I've pocketed the money.

Count. Insolence! *Peste!* I vill leaf de house.

Dix. Wa-a-l, I calculate we'll agree about that when you've settled.

Count. Settled! Vere's your bill?—(*Dix gives it to him.*)—Eh! vat all dese scharge? (*Reads.*) To six weeks board and lodgeeng, at tree dollare per veek—(you tell me two dollare ven I come!)—eighteen dollare!

To fuel during that time—(va-a-t dat!)—six dollare!

To lights—(*mon Dieu!*)—two dollare!

To extras—(*milles tonnerres!*)—four dollare!

To sundries—(vat soondries?)—five dollare, fifty cent!

To interest on amount,—say—(*cochon!*)—fifty cent!

Totale,

Thirty-six dollare!

Oh, *c'est trop*—dis is infamous. Ah, vat you call extrass, e—h—h? Vat you call sondrees?

Dix. Wa-a-l, I call sodgers for breakfast, extras,—and lunch and beer, extras,—and dinner after time, extras,—and horse-radish, and garding truck, and long sarce, extras,—and Welsh rabbit for supper, extras—

Count. Dat extrass, e—h—h? Vell, vat sondrees?

Dix. Sundries?—Wa-a-l, I calculate readin' my paper's sundries—and another blanket's sundries—and gettin' your grate sòt is—sundries—and—

Count. And you tink I pay him, eh? Nevare!

Dix. Neöw, Jovanny, I must say it's darned mean in you to grumble at my bill, considerin' you've won so much from me at dominoes—darned mean!

Count. Begar, I vill not pay him. *Peste!*—*Diable!*—'tis von grand imposition.

Dix. You can't come that over me, Jovanny. You jest better say nothin' about it, and deöwn with your dust, or you'll get into a peck o' troubles. You've got to du it, Jovanny.

Count. But I have not *de l'argent*—I've no moneys.

Dix. Wun't du, mister. I've had some hard customers afore now—(*winks at Count*)—and some shockin' poor; but none warn't so dry but what the law could squeeze some mysture out on 'em.

Count. But, Monsieur Deex, I give you my *parole*

d'honneur, the word of a gentleman, that you shall be paid to-morrow.

Dix. Can't wait, rayally neöw, Jovanny. Fact is, you 've dodged round that mast most too often. No, Jovanny; you don't leave this house without shellin' out the pewter.

Count. Well, then, sign your bill, and I 'll pay you. But you von grand excessif—

Dix (eagerly). Scoundrel! Did you say scoundrel, Jovanny?

Count. No, sare; you von grand impostor.

Dix. Wa-a-l, then, there 's your receipt.

Count. And there 's your money.

A MODEST WIT.—ANON.

A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the east—

Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich,

A governor, or general, at the least,

I have forgotten which—

Had in his family an humble youth,

Who went from England in his patron's suite,

An unassuming boy, and in truth

A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;

But yet, with all his sense,

Excessive diffidence

Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,

His honor, proudly free, severely merry,

Conceived it would be vastly fine

To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft or trade,
Did your good father gain a livelihood?"—

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.—ANON.

A MAN in many a country town we know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle ;
Entering the field against the foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.
Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
But meet just like prize-fighters at a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother ;
So (many a suffering patient saith)
Though the apothecary fights with death,
Still they 're sworn friends with one another.
A member of this Esculapian race
Liv'd in Newcastle-upon-Tyne ;
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill,
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;
Or draw a tooth out of your head,
Or chatter scandal by your bed, —
Or tell a twister.
Of occupations these were *quantum suff.*
Yet still he thought the list not long enough,
And therefore surgery he chose to pin to —
This balanced things ; for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by keeping others in it.
His fame full six miles round the country ran ;
In short, in reputation he was *solus* ;
All the old women call'd him "a fine man !"
His name was Bolus.
Benjamin Bolus, tho' in trade,
Which oftentimes will genius flatter,
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the belles lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd ?

Can't men have taste to cure a phthisic ?

Of poetry, though patron god,

Apollo patronizes physie.

Bolus lov'd verse, and took so much delight in 't,

That his prescriptions he resolv'd to write in 't ;

No opportunity he e'er let pass

Of writing the directions on his labels,

In dapper couplets—like Gay's fables,

Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse!—and where 's the treason ?

'Tis simply honest dealing—not a crime :

When patients swallow physie without reason.

It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,

Some three miles from the town—it might be four—

To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article

In pharmacy, that 's called cathartical ;

And on the label of the stuff,

He wrote verse,

Which, one would think, was clear enough

And terse :—

“ When taken,

To be well shaken.”

Next morning, early, Bolus rose,

And to the patient's house he goes,

Upon his pad,

Who a vile trick of stumbling had :

It was, indeed, a very sorry hack ;

But that 's of course—

For what 's expected of a horse

With an apothecary upon his back ?

Bolus arriv'd, and gave a loudish tap,

Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind

Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance

By fiddlers, and by opera singers ;

- One loud, and then a little one behind,
 As if the knocker fell by chance
 Out of their fingers.
 The servant lets him in with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place,
 Portending some disaster ;
 John's countenance as rueful look'd and grim,
 As if the apothecary had physicked him,
 And not his master.
- " Well, how's the patient ?" Bolus said :
 John shook his head.
- " Indeed !—hum !—ha !—that's very odd !
 He took the draught ?" John gave a nod.
- " Well, how ?—what then ? Speak out, you dunce !"
- " Why, then," says John, " we shook him once."
- " Shook him !—how ?" Bolus stammer'd out.
 " We jolted him about."
- " What ! shake a patient, man !—a shake won't do."
- " No, sir—and so we gave him two.'
- " Two shakes ! Foul nurse,
 'Twould make the patient worse !"
- " It did so, sir—and so a third we tried."
- " Well, and what then ?"—" Then, sir, my master died !"

TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.—Hood.

I REALLY take it very kind—
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner ;
 I have not seen you such an age—
 (The wretch has come to dinner !)
 Your daughters, too—what loves of girls !—
 What heads for painters' easels !
 Come here, and kiss the infant, dears—
 (And give it, p'rhaps, the measles !)

Your charming boys, I see, are home,
From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

What! little Clara left at home?
Well, now, I call that shabby!
I should have lov'd to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby babby!)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well—
But, though he lives so handy,
He never once drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)

Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come, of course, to spend the day—
(Thank Heaven! I hear the carriage!)

What! must you go?—next time, I hope,
You'll give me longer measure.
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

Good bye! good bye! Remember, all,
Next time you'll take your dinners—
(Now, David, mind—I'm not at home,
In future, to the Skinners.)

YANKEE EATING.—HALIBURTON.

DID you ever heer tell of Abernethy, a British doctor? said the clockmaker. Frequently, said I, he was an eminent man, and had a most extensive practice. Well, I reckon he was a vulgar critter that, he replied, he treated the hon'ble Alden Gobble, secretary to our legation at London, dreadful bad once; and I guess if it had been me he had used that way, I'd a fixed his flint for him, so that he'd think twice

"Not think, they'd shave!"—quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
'*What were they made for*, then? you dog!" he cries:
'*Made!*' quoth the fellow, with a smile—"to sell!"

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—KENNEY.

JEREMY DIDDLE AND SAM.

Did. Tol lol de riddle lol:—Eh! (*Looking through a glass at Sam.*) The new waiter!—a very clod, by my hopes! an untutored clod. My clamorous stomach, be of good cheer! Young man, how d'ye do? Step this way, will you. A novice, I perceive. And how d'ye like your new line of life?

Sam. Why, very well, thank you. How do you like your old on?

Did. (*Aside.*) Disastrous accents! a Yorkshireman! What is your name my fine fellow?

Sam. Sam. You needn't tell me yours—I know you, my—fine fellow!

Did. (*Aside.*) Oh, Fame! Fame! you incorrigible gossip! But *nil desperandum*,—at him again! (*To Sam.*) A prepossessing physiognomy, open and ruddy, importing health and liberality. Excuse my glass, I'm short-sighted. You have the advantage of me in that respect.

Sam. Yes, I can see as far as most folks.

Did. (*Turning away.*) Well, I'll thank ye to—oh, Sam, you haven't got such a thing as tenpence about you, have you?

Sam. Yes—(*They look at each other—Diddler expecting to receive it.*)—and I mean to keep it about me, you see.

Did. Oh—ay—certainly. I only asked for information.

Sam. Hark! there's the stage-coach comed in. I must go and wait upon the passengers. You'd better ax some of them—mayhap, they mun gi' you a little better information.

Did. Stop! Harkye, Sam! you can get me some breakfast, first. I'm very sharp set, Sam; you see I came a long walk from over the hills, and—

Sam. Ay, and you see I come fra—Yorkshire.

Did. You do; your unsophisticated tongue declares it. Superior to vulgar prejudices, I honor you for it, for I'm sure you'll bring me my breakfast as soon as any other countryman.

Sam. Ay; well, what will you have?

Did. Anything!—tea, coffee, an'egg, and so forth.

Sam. Well, now, one of us, you understand, in this transaction, mun have credit for a little while. That is, either I mun trust you for t' money, or you mun trust me for t' breakfast. Now, as you're above vulgar preju-prejudizes, and seem to be vastly taken wi' me, and, as I am not so conceited as to be above 'em, and a'n't at all taken wi' you, you'd better give me the money, you see, and trust me for t' breakfast—he! he! he!

Did. What d'ye mean by that, Sam?

Sam. Or, mayhap, you'll say me a bon-mot.

Did. Sir, you're getting impertinent.

Sam. Oh! What—you don't like the terms?—Why, then, as you sometimes sing for your dinner, now you may whistle for your breakfast, you see; he! he! he!

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.—HORACE SMITH.

THREE wags (whom some fastidious carpers might rather designate three sharpers) entered, at York, the Cat and Fiddle; and, finding that the host was out on business for two hours or more, while Sam, the rustic waiter, wore the visage of a simple lout, whom they might safely try to diddle, they ordered dinner in a canter—cold or hot, it mattered not, provided it was served *instantly*;—and, as the heat had made them very dry and dusty in their throattles, they bade the waiter bring three bottles of prime old port, and one of sherry. Sam ran

with ardor to the larder, then to the kitchen ; and, as he briskly went to work, he drew from the spit a roasted turkey, with sausages embellished, which in a trice upon the board was spread, together with a nice cold brisket ; nor did he even obfuscate half a pig's head. To these succeeded puddings, pies, custards and jellies, all doomed to fall a sacrifice to their insatiable bellies, as if, like camels, they intended to stuff into their monstrous craws enough to satisfy their maws until their pilgrimage was ended. Talking, laughing, eating and quaffing, the bottles stood no moment still. They rallied Sam with joke and banter, and, as they drained the last decanter, called for the bill.

'Twas brought ; when one of them, who eyed and added up the items, cried, "Extremely moderate indeed ! I'll make a point to recommend this inn to every travelling friend ; and you, Sam, shall be doubly fee'd." This said, a weighty purse he drew, when his companion interposed :—"Nay, Harry, that will never do. Pray, let your purse again be closed : you paid all charges yesterday ; 'tis clearly now my turn to pay." Harry, however wouldn't listen to any such insulting offer ; his generous eyes appeared to glisten, indignant at the very proffer ; and though his friend talked loud, his clangor served but to aggravate Hal's anger. "My worthy fellow," cried the third, "now, really this is too absurd. What ! do both of you forget I haven't paid a farthing yet ? Am I eternally to cram at your expense ? 'Tis childish quite. I claim this payment as my right. Here, how much is the money, Sam ?"

To this most rational proposal the others gave such fierce negation, one might have fancied they were foes, all ; so hot became the altercation, each in his purse his money rattling, insisting, arguing and battling. One of them cried, at last—"A truce ! This point we will no longer moot. Wrangling for trifles is no use ; and thus we'll finish the dispute :—That we may settle what we three owe, we'll blindfold Sam ; and whichever of us first shall bear the expenses of the trio, with half a crown (if that's enough) to Sam, for playing blind man's buff." Sam liked it hugely ; thought the

ransom for a good game of fun was handsome ; gave his own handkerchief beside, to have his eyes securely tied, and soon began to grope and search ; when the three knaves, I needn't say, adroitly left him in the lurch, slipped down the stairs, and stole away. Poor Sam continued hard at work. Now o'er a chair he gets a fall ; now floundering forwards with a jerk, he bobs his nose against the wall ; and now, encouraged by a subtle fancy that they're near the door, he jumps behind it to explore, and breaks his shins against the scuttle ; crying, at each disaster, " Drat it ! " " Hang it ! " "'od rabbit it ! " and " Rat it ! " Just in the crisis of his doom, the host, returning, sought the room ; and Sam no sooner heard his tread, than, pouncing on him like a bruin, he almost shook him into ruin, and, with a shout of laughter, said, " Huzza ! I've caught you now ; so down with cash for all, and my half crown ! " Off went the bandage, and his eyes seemed to be goggling o'er his forehead, while his mouth widened with a horrid look of agonized surprise. " Gull ! " roared his master ; " gudgeon ! dunce ! fool ! as you are, you're right for once ; 'tis clear that I must pay the sum ; but this one thought my wrath assuages—that every half-penny shall come out of your wages ! "

NUMBER ONE.—HOOD.

It's very hard, and so it is,
 To live in such a row
 And witness this, that every Miss,
 But me, has got a beau :
 But love goes calling up and down,
 But here he seems to shun ;
 I'm sure he has been asked enough
 To call at Number One.

I'm sick of all the double knocks
 Tha. come to Number Four ;
 At Number Three, I often see,
 A lover at the door.

And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun ;
It's very hard they come so near,
And not to Number One.

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind.
But I go in the balcony
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't *take* at Number One.

'Tis hard with plenty in the street
And plenty passing by—
There's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy.
And Mrs. Smith, across the way,
Has got a grown-up son ;
But la, he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One.

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he's intent on pelf,
And though he's pious will not love
His neighbor as himself.
At Number Seven there was a sale,
The goods had quite a run ;
And here I've got my single lot,
On hand at Number One.

My mother often sits at work,
And talks of props and stays ;
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days.

The very maids about the house,
Have set me down a nun ;
The sweethearts all belong to them,
That call at Number One.

Once only, when the flue took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in
And told me not to swoon.
Why can't he come again without
The Phoenix and the Sun ?
We cannot always have a flue
On fire at Number One.

I am not old, I am not plain,
Nor awkward in my gait ;
I am not crooked like the bride,
That went from Number Eight.
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun :
But even beauty has no chance,
I think at Number One.

At Number Six, they say Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts :
And Cupid for her sake has been
Quite prodigal of darts.
The imp that slew, with bended bow,
I wish he had a gun ;
But if he had he'd never deign
To shoot at Number One.

It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row ;
And here's a ballad singer come,
To aggravate my woe.

O take away your foolish song,
And tones enough to stun,
There is nae luck about the house,
I know, at Number One.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.—ANON.

A FRENCHMAN once who was a merry wight,
Passing to town from Dover in the night,
Near the road-side an ale-house chanced to spy :
And being rather tired as well as dry,
Resolved to enter ; but first he took a peep,
In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
He enters : " Hallo ! Garçon, if you please,
Bring me a leetle bread and cheese.
And hallo ! Garçon, a pot of portar too ! " he said,
" Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed."

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
Into his pocket put ; then slowly crept
To wished-for bed ; but not a wink he slept—
For, on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,
To which the rats a nightly visit paid.

Our hero now undressed, popped out the light,
Put on his cap and bade the world good-night ;
But first his breeches which contained the fare,
Under his pillow he had placed with care.

Sans cérémonie soon the rats all ran,
And on the flour-sacks greedily began ;
At which they gorged themselves ; then smelling round,
Under the pillow soon the cheese they found ;
And while at this they regaling sat,
Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap ;
Who, half awake, cries out, " Hallo ! hallo !
Vat is dat nibbel at my pillow so ?

Ah ! 'tis one big huge rat !

Vat de diable is it he nibbel, nibbel at ?"

In vain our little hero sought repose ;

Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose ;

And such the pranks they kept up all the night

That he, on end antipodes upright,

Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.

"Hallo ! Maison ! Garçon, I say !

Bring me the bill for vat I have to pay !"

The bill was brought, and to his great surprise,

Ten shillings was the charge, he scarce believes his eyes ;

With eager haste he runs it o'er,

And every time he viewed it thought it more.

"Vy zounds, and zounds !" he cries, "I sall no pay ;

Vat charge ten shelang for vat I have mangé ?

A leetle sup of portar, dis vile bed,

Vare all de rats do run about my head ?"

"Plague on those rats !" the landlord muttered out ;

"I wish upon my word, that I could make 'em scout :

I'll pay him well that can." "Vat's dat you say ?"

"I'll pay him well that can." "Attend to me, I pray :

Vill you dis charge forego, vat I am at,

If from your house I drive away de rat ?"

"With all my heart," the jolly host replies,

"E'coutez donc, ami ;" the Frenchman cries.

"First, den—Regardez, if you please,

Bring to dis spot a leetal bread and cheese

Eh bien ! a pot of portar too ;

And den invite de rats to sup vid you :

And after dat—no matter dey be villing—

For vat dey eat, you charge dem just ten shelang :

And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,

Dey 'il quit your house, and never come no more."

CONNUBIAL CONFAB.—ANON.

MR. AND MRS. TINDER.

He. I say I will be heard, madam.

She. All over the parish. Can't you speak in the house?

He. I'm not allowed to speak in the house; especially when you turn the house out o' windows! I declare I never see an hour's comfort at home for you.

She. Because, sir, you're never at home an hour to see it. Do I ever receive you coldly?

He. No, madam, you make the house too hot to hold me. You begin it always—morning, noon, and night.

She. Me! 'tis you. If you didn't begin it, I never should.

He. I say you do!

She. I say I do not.

He. I say you are a l——, a story teller!

She. Pardon me, I never told a falsehood in my life.

He. You have, and sworn to it.

She. When was that?

He. When you swore to "love, honor, and obey."

She. Aye, then I grant you; but after all that was merely a joke, for neither parson or witnesses believed me.

He. A joke, indeed, for——

She. A single life has trouble,

He. But marriage makes it double,

She. You're my pain,

He. You're my bane.

Now, I say, madam, a woman ought to give in to her husband. Nature ordained it so; she being the weaker vessel, therefore, ought to be broke.

She. Not in all cases, for it often happens that a woman possesses the most animal strength. Then, how is nature at fault? For my part, I prefer——

"The good old plan,

Master let them be who can."

He. Don't irritate me!

She. And don't irritate me !

He. Recollect, a lamb may be provoked to impatience, a saint to anger, a worm to turn again. Perpetual dropping of water will excavate marble in time ; but, I'm an exception to all these, yet my sweetness of temper may be sour'd. Don't provoke me. I'm cool—I'm a cucumber !

She. An onion !

He. Wormwood !

She. Horse radish !

He. Honey !

She. Mustard !

He. Lead !

She. Quicksilver !

He. Hang it, madam, I can't get a word in *edgeways*.

She. Yes, you can, sir, when you speak *daggers*.

He. Oh, dear—will your tongue never be worn out ?

She. I hope not. It has been in constant use ever since I can remember, and it's as good as ever it was yet.

He. I see it is. You ill use it at all times and all ways, and I mean to say you're *no man*—

She. So do I, sir.

He. No, no ; I mean—

She. A single life has trouble,

He. But marriage makes it double.

She. Alas ! Tom Tinder, did not you

Swear to love me ever true ?

He. Here, my little angel, you see what a good humor I'm in again, and all in a moment, too, I'm the best-tempered man in existence, if you only know how to humor me. I'm something like a gun—I require to go through the whole process of priming and loading before I make any report.

She. Then 'tis a *minute gun*—always going off.

He. Don't be ill-natured in your remarks, I beg. You know I love you to distraction, that's the reason—

She. You're always *raving* out at me so. Besides, you are often jealous of me—for if a gentleman only looks at me you blame me for it.

He. But its little use keeping up this incessant brawl, for if we were only resolved to live happy, who could not envy us our conjugality?

She. Well, then, I'm agreeable, but your temper——

He. You may always depend upon, and therefore——

She. Our life will be a pleasure,

He. And you shall be my treasure.

She. You're my love,

He. You're my dove.

THE POET AND THE ALCHYMIST.—ANON.

AUTHORS of modern date are wealthy fellows;—

'Tis but to snip his locks they follow

Now the golden-haired Apollo.—

Invoking Plutus to puff up the bellows

Of inspiration, they distill

The rhymes and novels which cajole us,

Not from the Heliconian rill,

But from the waters of Pactolus.

Before this golden age of writers,

A Grub street garreteer existed,

One of the regular inditers

Of odes and poems to be twisted

Into encomiastic verses,

For patrons who have heavy purses.

Besides the Bellman's rhymes, he had

Others to let, both gay and sad,

All ticketed from A to Izzard;

And, living by his wits, I need not add,

The rogue was lean as any lizard.

Like a ropemaker's were his ways;

For still one line upon another

He spun, and, like his hempen brother,

Kept going backwards all his days.

Hard by his attic lived a chemist,
Or alchemist, who had a mighty
Faith in the elixir vitæ;
And though unflattered by the dimmest
Glimpse of success, he still kept groping
And grubbing in his dark vocation,
Stupidly hoping,
To find the art of changing metals,
And guineas coin from pans and kettles,
By mystery of transmutation.

Our starving poet took occasion
To seek this conjuror's abode,
Not with encomiastic ode,
Or laudatory dedication,
But with an offer to impart,
For twenty pounds, the secret art,
Which should procure, without the pain
Of metals, chemistry, and fire,
What he so long had sought in vain,
And gratify his heart's desire.

The money paid, our bard was hurried
To the philosopher's sanctorum,
Who, somewhat sublimized and flurried,
Out of his chemical decorum,
Crowed, capered, giggled, seemed to spurn his
Crucibles, retort, and furnace,
And cried, as he secured the door,
And carefully put to the shutter—
“Now, now, the secret I implore;
Out with it—speak—discover—utter!”

With grave and solemn look, the poet
Cried—“List—O, list! for thus I show it:—
Let this plain truth those ingrates strike,
Who still, though bless'd, new blessings crave,
That we may all have what we like,
Simply by liking what we have.”

DICK THE APPRENTICE, OR FOOLISH AMBITION.—ANON.

THUS far we have run before the wind. An apothecary! Make an apothecary of me! What! cramp my genius over a pestle and mortar! or mew me up in a shop, with an alligator stuffed, and a beggarly account of empty boxes! To be culling simples, and constantly adding to the bills of mortality! No! no! it will be much better to be pasted up in capitals—"The part of Romeo by a young gentleman, who never appeared on any stage before!" My ambition fires at the thought.—But hold! Mayn't I run some chance of failing in my attempt? Hissed—pelted—laughed at—not admitted into the green-room! That will never do. Down, busy Fancy—down, down! Try it again—loved by the women—envied by the men—applauded by the pit—clapped by the galleries—admired by the boxes! "Dear colonel, isn't he a charming creature?" "My lord, don't you like him of all things? Makes love like an angel! What an eye he has! Fine legs! I shall certainly go to his benefit." Celestial sounds! And then I'll get in with all the painters, and have myself put up in every print shop. In the character of Macbeth—"This is a sorry sight!" (*Stands in an attitude.*) In the character of Richard—"Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!" This will do rarely. And then I have a chance of getting well married. Oh, glorious thought! I will enjoy it, though but in fancy. But what's o'clock? It must be almost nine. I'll away at once. This is club night—the spouters are all met. Little think they I'm in town—they'll be surprised to see me. Off I go; and then for my marriage with my master Gargle's daughter!

Limbs, do your office, and support me well;
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.

PARENTAL WEAKNESS.—ALLINGHAM.

OLD FICKLE—TRISTRAM FICKLE—BRIEFWIT—SNEER—BARBER.

Enter OLD FICKLE AND TRISTRAM FICKLE.

Old Fickle. What reputation, what honor, what profit, can accrue to you, from such conduct as yours? One moment you tell me you are going to become the greatest musician in the world, and straight you fill my house with fiddlers.

Tristram. I am clear out of that scrape now, sir.

Old F. Then, from a fiddler, you are metamorphosed into a philosopher; and for the noise of drums, trumpets and haut-boys, you substitute a vile jargon, more unintelligible than was ever heard at the Tower of Babel.

Tri. You are right, sir. I have found out that philosophy is folly; so I have cut the philosophers of all sects, from Plato and Aristotle, down to the puzzlers of modern date.

Old F. How much had I to pay the cooper, the other day, for barrelling you up in a large tub, when you resolved to live like Diogenes?

Tri. You should not have paid him anything, sir, for the tub would not hold. You see the contents are run out.

Old F. No jesting, sir; this is no laughing matter. Your follies have fired me out. I verily believe you have taken the whole round of arts and sciences in a month, and have been of fifty different minds in half an hour.

Tri. And, by that, shown the versatility of my genius.

Old F. Don't tell me of versatility, sir. Let me see a little steadiness. You have never yet been constant to anything but extravagance.

Tri. Yes sir, one thing more.

Old F. What is that, sir.

Tri. Affection for you. However my head may have wandered, my heart has always been constantly attached to the kindest of parents; and from this moment, I am resolved to lay my follies aside, and pursue that line of conduct which will be most pleasing to the best of fathers and of friends.

Old F. Well said, my boy! well said! You make me happy indeed. (*Patting him on the shoulder.*) Now then, my dear Tristram, let me know what you really mean to do.

Tri. To study the law—

Old F. The law!

Tri. I am most resolutely bent on following that profession.

Old F. No!

Tri. Absolutely and irrevocably fixed.

Old F. Better and better; I am overjoyed. Why 't is the very thing I wished. Now I am happy. (*Tristram makes gestures as if speaking.*) See how his mind is engaged!

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury—

Old F. Why, Tristram—

Tri. This is a cause—

Old F. Oh, my dear boy! I forgive you all your tricks. I see something about you now that I can depend upon. (*Tristram continues making gestures.*)

Tri. I am for the plaintiff in this cause—

Old F. Bravo! bravo! excellent boy! I'll go and order your books directly.

Tri. 'T is done, sir.

Old F. What! already?

Tri. I ordered twelve square feet of books, when I first thought of embracing the arduous profession of the law.

Old F. What, do you mean to read by the foot?

Tri. By the foot, sir; that is the only way to become a solid lawyer.

Old F. Twelve square feet of learning!—Well—

Tri. I have likewise sent for a barber—

Old F. A barber!—What! is he to teach you to shave close?

Tri. He is to shave one half of my head, sir.

Old F. You will excuse me, if I cannot perfectly understand what that has to do with the study of the law.

Tri. Did you never hear of Demosthenes, sir, the Athenian

orator? He had half his head shaved, and locked himself up in a coal-cellar.

Old F. Ah! he was perfectly right to lock himself up, after having undergone such an operation as that. He certainly would have made rather an odd figure abroad.

Tri. I think I see him now, awakening the dormant patriotism of his countrymen—lightning in his eye, and thunder in his voice—he pours forth a torrent of eloquence, resistless in its force,—the throne of Philip trembles while he speaks—he denounces, and indignation fills the bosoms of his hearers—he exposes the impending danger, and every one sees impending ruin—he threatens the tyrant, they grasp their swords—he calls for vengeance, their thirsty weapons glitter in the air, and thousands reverberate the cry. One soul animates a nation, and that soul is the soul of an orator.

Old F. Oh! what a figure he'll make in the King's Bench! But come, I will tell you now what my plan is, and then you will see how happy this determination of yours will further it.—You have (*Tristram makes extravagant gestures as if speaking*) often heard me speak of my friend Briefwit the barrister—

Tri. Who is against me in this cause—

Old F. He is a most learned lawyer—

Tri. But, as I have justice on my side—

Old F. Bless me! he does n't hear a word I say!—Why, Tristram!

Tri. I beg your pardon, sir; I was prosecuting my studies.

Old F. Now attend—

Tri. As my learned friend observes,—go on, sir, I am all attention.

Old F. Well—my friend, the counsellor—

Tri. Say my learned friend, if you please, sir. We gentlemen of the law always—

Old F. Well, well, my learned friend—

Tri. A black patch!—

Old F. Will you listen, and be silent?

Tri. I am as mute as a judge.

Old F. My friend, I say, has a ward, who is very handsome, and who has a very handsome fortune. She would make you a charming wife.

Tri. This is an action—

Old F. Now, I have hitherto been afraid to introduce you to my friend, the barrister, because I thought your lightness and his gravity—

Tri. Might be plaintiff and defendant.

Old F. But now you are grown serious and steady, and have resolved to pursue his profession, I will shortly bring you together: you will obtain his good opinion, and all the rest follows, of course.

Tri. A verdict in my favor.

Old F. You marry, and sit down happy for life.

Tri. In the King's Bench.

Old F. Bravo! ha, ha, ha! But now run to your study—run to your study, my dear Tristram, and I'll go and call upon the counsellor.

Tri. I remove by habeas corpus.

Old F. Pray, have the goodness to make haste, then. (*Hurrying him off.*)

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury, this is a cause—(*Old Fickle pushes him off.*)

Old F. The inimitable boy! I am now the happiest father living. What genius he has! He'll be lord chancellor, one day or other, I dare be sworn—I am sure he has talents. Oh, how I long to see him at the bar!

(*Enter SERVANT.*)

Servant. Mr. Briefwit, sir.

(*Exit.*)

Old F. Ah, my good friend, Mr. Briefwit!

Briefwit. The aforesaid. (*Shaking hands.*)

Old F. You are welcome to Whimshall.

Bri. Whimshall—the *locus in quo*—good.

Old F. This is all right; this gives me an opportunity of talking to you a little.

Bri. Consult—take an opinion—good.

Old F. Come, I'll introduce you to my son. What say you, sir?

Bri. Good.

Old F. Good—aye, I hope so. I have to tell you, that my son is one of the most serious, studious young men living.

Bri. *Id certum est quod certum reddi potest*: vulgarly, in the proverb, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Old F. Always at his books.

Bri. Good.

Old F. And what, now—what, of all things, do you think employs his mind? (*Briefwit looks at him without speaking.*) Come, guess, now; what do you think he reads?

Bri. (*After a pause.*) Books.

Old F. You are not far from the mark there, old Caution; he does read books—he studies the law.

Bri. *Dat operam legibus Angliæ*—good.

Old F. Ay, I thought you would say so. The law is a fine profession, is it not? I am sure I have a specimen before me of what the law will do for a man.

Bri. Hum! It will do for a man—good.

Old F. I knew you would be doubly anxious about this match between your ward and him, when you heard of his having embraced that profession.

Bri. Hum!

Old F. Conversation fatigues you.

Bri. *Non liquet*—it appeareth not.

Old F. And when you do speak, there's no understanding you. (*Aside. Briefwit reads his papers.*) A very entertaining companion, truly. Pray, sir, read out.

Bri. (*Looks suspiciously at him, and pockets his papers.*) Good. *

Old F. So good, that you seem determined to keep it all to yourself. Come, we'll go and see my boy, if you please: it's a pity to disturb him, though. Oh! he's so studious, you'll be delighted with him—so steady—so like yourself. He will talk to you in your own way. (*Going, he stops.*) I beg pardon; the law takes precedence of every profession.

Bri. Good. (Walks off with great gravity.) M

Old F. Very good, indeed. You certainly are one of the most pleasant, agreeable, facetious, conversable, witty, and entertaining disciples of Lyeurgus, that ever wore a wig with two tails. (*Exit.*)

PARODY WRITTEN AFTER A BAD DINNER.*—ANON.

Lo ! the plain eater, whose untutor'd taste,
Finds health in salads and in homely paste ;
His tongue proud science never taught to lave
In charbone cream, or gravy's poignant wave.
Yet simple cook'ry piles his earthen plate
With England's honest beef, an humble treat.
Guiltless of ortolans his spit whirls round,
Nor catchup strains his kitchen's wholesomë ground,
Where no disguise affronts the genuine meal,
Nor Chloe tortures salmon into veal.
To eat, contents his hunger 's nat'ral call,
He chews no latent gout in forc'd-meat ball ;
But throws to faithful Tray, his dinner down,
Th' applauded beef's reversionary bone.
Come nicer thou, come, let thy palate try,
'Gainst Moll's plum-pudding, Chloe's lobster-pie.
In ev'ry dish find some important fault,
The broth wants relish, and the edge-bone salt.
Condemn each joint not dress'd by learned rule,
Yet cry, if hunger fails, that Moll 's a fool.
If fricassees employ not all her skill,
Studious to nourish, not expert to kill,
Snatch from her care the hangers, and the hooks
Redress her dressings, be the cook of cooks.

* The above which appeared in a British Magazine in June, 1757, is a Parody on that celebrated passage of Pope's Essay on Man, commencing:—

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind, &c.

CONVERSATION.—COWPER.

YE powers, who rule the tongue,—if such there are,—
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate—
A duel in the form of a debate.
Vociferated logic kills me quite ;
A noisy man is always in the right :
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly—"To be sure—no doubt!"

Dubious is such a scrupulous, good man—
Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can.
He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own ;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
His evidence, if he were called by law
To swear to some enormity he saw,
For want of prominence and just relief,
Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense ;
Knows what he knows as if he knew it not ;
What he remembers seems to have forgot ;
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Centering, at last, in having none at all.

A story, in which native humor reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains :
A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied ;
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,

And echo conversations, dull and dry,
Embellished with, "He said," and "So said I."
At every interview their route the same,
The repetition makes attention lame:
We bustle up, with unsuccessful speed,
And, in the saddest part, cry, "Droll indeed!"

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.—GOLDSMITH.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets,
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

CHRISTMAS TIMES.—MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that St. Nicholas* soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out of the lawn there rose such clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!

* Santa Claus.

To the top of the porch ! to the top of the wall !
Now dash away ! dash away ! dash away all !"
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof ;
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack ;
His eyes—how they twinkled ! his dimples how merry,
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encirled his head like a wreath,
He had a broad face, and a little round body,
And, though rubicund, was no lover of toddy.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know that I had nothing to dread ;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all his stockings ; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they flew like the down of a thistle ;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
" Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

THERE'S NOTHING IN IT, OR MISERIES OF ENNUI.

—CHARLES MATHEWS

SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM, SIR ADONIS LEECH AND

HON. TOM. SAVILLE.

Sir C. My dear Leech, you began life late—you are a young fellow—forty-five—and have the world yet before you—I started at thirteen, lived quick, and exhausted the whole round of pleasure before I was thirty. I've tried everything, heard everything, done everything, know everything, and here I am, a man at thirty-three, literally used up.

Leech. Nonsense, man!—used up, indeed!—with your wealth, with your little heaven in Spring Gardens, and your paradise here at Kingston-upon-Thames,—

Sav. With twenty estates in the sunniest spots in England.

Leech. Not to mention that Utopia, within four walls, in the *Rue de Provence*, in Paris. Oh, the nights we've spent there—eh, Tom?

Sav. Ah!

Sir C. I'm dead with *ennui*.

Leech. Ennui! do you hear him, Tom? poor Cræsus!

Sir C. Cræsus!—no, I'm no Cræsus. My father—you've seen his portrait, good old fellow—he certainly did leave me a little matter of £12,000 a year, but after all—

Leech. & Sav. Oh, come!—

Sir C. Oh, I don't complain of it.

Leech. I should think not.

Sir C. Oh no, there are some people who can manage to do on less—on credit.

Leech. I know several—

Sav. My dear Coldstream, you should try change of scene.

Sir C. I have tried it—what's the use?

Leech. But I'd gallop all over Europe.

Sir C. I have—there's nothing in it.

Leech. Nothing in all Europe!

Sir C. Nothing—oh, dear, yes! I remember, at one time I did somehow go about, a good deal.

Sav. You should go to Switzerland.

Sir C. I have been—nothing there—people say so much about everything—there certainly were a few glaciers, some monks, and large dogs, and thick ankles, and bad wine, and Mont Blanc; yes, and there was ice on the top, too; but I prefer the ice at Gunter's—less trouble, and more in it.

Leech. Then if Switzerland would n't do, I'd try Italy.

Sir C. My dear Leech, I've tried it over and over again, and what then?

Sav. Did not Rome inspire you?

Sir C. Oh, believe me, Tom, a most horrible hole! People talk so much about these things—there's the Colosseum, now—round, very round, a goodish ruin enough, but I was disappointed with it; Capitol—tolerable high; and St. Peter's—marble, and mosaics, and fountains, dome certainly not badly scooped, but there was nothing in it.

Leech. Come, Coldstream, you must admit we have nothing like St. Peter's in London.

Sir C. No, because we don't want it; but if we wanted such a thing, of course we should have it. A dozen gentlemen meet, pass resolutions, institute, and in twelve months it would be run up; nay, if that were all, we'd buy St. Peter's itself, and have it sent over.

Leech. Ha, ha! well said, you're quite right.

Sav. What say you to beautiful Naples?

Leech. Ay, *La Belle Napoli*?

Sir C. Not bad,—excellent watermelons, and goodish opera; they took me up to Vesuvius—a horrid bore; it smoked a good deal, certainly, but altogether a wretched mountain;—saw the crater—looked down, but there was nothing in it.

Sav. But the bay?

Sir C. Inferior to Dublin.

Leech. The Campagna.

Sir C. A great swamp!

Sav. Greece?

Sir C. A morass!

Leech. Athens?

Sir C. A bad Edinburgh!

Sav. Egypt?

Sir C. A desert!

Leech. The Pyramids?

Sir C. Humbugs!—nothing in any of them! Have done—you bore me.

Leech. But you enjoyed the hours we spent in Paris, at any rate?

Sir C. No; I was dying for excitement. In fact, I've no appetite, no thirst; everything wearies me—no, they fatigue me.

Leech. Fatigue you!—I should think not, indeed; you are as strong as a lion.

Sir C. But as quiet as a lamb—that was Tom Cribb's character of me: you know I was a favorite pupil of his. I'd give a thousand pounds for any event that would make my pulse beat ten to the minute faster.—Is it possible, that between you both you cannot invent something that would make my blood boil in my veins,—my hair stand on end—my heart beat—my pulse rise—that would produce an excitement—an emotion—a sensation!

THE REJECTED.—T. H. BAYLEY.

Not have me! Not love me! Oh, what have I said?

Sure, never was lover so strangely misled.

Rejected! and just when I hoped to be blessed!

You can't be in earnest! It must be a jest.

Remember—remember how often I've knelt,

Explicitly telling you all that I felt,

And talked about poison in accents so wild,

So very like torture, you started—and smiled.

Not have me! Not love me! Oh, what have I done?

All natural nourishment did I not shun?

My figure is wasted ; my spirits are lost ;
And my eyes are deep sunk, like the eyes of a ghost.

Remember, remember—ay, madam, you must—
I once was exceedingly stout and robust ;
I rode by your palfrey, I came at your call,
And nightly went with you to banquet and ball.

Not have me ! Not love me ! Rejected ! Refused !
Sure, never was lover so strangely ill-used !
Consider my presents—I don't mean to boast—
But, madam, consider the money they cost !

Remember you 've worn them ; and just can it be
To take all my trinkets, and not to take me ?
Nay, don't throw them at me !—You 'll break—do not start—
I don't mean my gifts—but you *will* break my heart !

Not have me ! Not love me ! Not go to the church !
Sure, never was lover so left in the lurch !
My brain is distracted, my feelings are hurt ;
Oh, madam, don't tempt me to call you a flirt.

Remember my letters ; my passion they told ;
Yes, all sorts of letters, save letters of gold ;
The amount of my notes, too—the notes that I penned—
Not bank notes—no, truly, I had none to send !

Not have me ! Not love me ! And is it, then, true
That opulent Age is the lover for you ?
'Gainst rivalry's bloom I would strive—'tis too much
To yield to the terrors of rivalry's crutch.

Remember—remember I might call him out ;
But, madam, you are not worth fighting about ;
My sword shall be stainless in blade and in hilt ;
I thought you a jewel—I find you a jilt.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT.—HORACE SMITH.

In Broad street buildings, on a winter night,
Snug by his parlor fire, a gouty wight
Sat, all alone, with one hand rubbing
His feet, rolled up in fleecy hose ;
With t' other he 'd beneath his nose
The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops and slops,
Gums, galls and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, tumeric, turpentine and tin ;
When, lo ! a decent personage in black
Entered, and most politely said—
" Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track
To the King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by,
And thought it neighborly to give you notice."
" Ten thousand thanks !" the gouty man replied ;
" You see, good sir, how to my chair I 'm tied ;—
Ten thousand thanks ! How very few get,
In time of danger,
Such kind attentions from a stranger !
Assuredly that footman's throat is
Doomed to a final drop at Newgate ;
And he well knows (the heedless elf !)
That there 's no soul at home except myself."
" Indeed !" replied the stranger, looking grave ;
" Then he 's a double knave :
He knows that rogues and thieves, by scores,
Nightly beset unguarded doors ;
And see, how easily might one
Of these domestic foes,
Even beneath your very nose,
Perform his knavish tricks ;
Enter your room, as I have done ;

Blow out your candles—thus, and thus—
Pocket your silver candlesticks,
And walk off—thus !”
So said, so done ;—he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies,
But marched off with his prize,
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark !

RAILWAY MANIA.—ANON.

AH ! *raillery* once was all the go,
We could endure men’s banter,
But that was when a plain “ *Gee wo !*”
A race run in a *canter*.

Now *canter* will not do at all,
Jog-trot is out of fashion ;
And even a *gallop* at the full
Puts people in a passion.

The rail ! the rail ! it’s all the rail
When people are departing,
They’re wretched (*n’importe* how they’re train’d)
Till in a train for starting.

The rail ! the rail ! no slow-coach now !
The horse that drew the cart O !
Neighs—as the engine draws the train,
Nay “ here’s a pretty start O !”

All agriculture ’s at a stand,
The railway laborers floor ’em,
For *railway shares* now plough the land,
Which *ploughshares* ploughed before ’em.

’Twas very irksome *once* to dig,
Now irksomeness is o’er,

For people see a *tunnel* plain,
And don't think it a *bore*!

The railway mania so pervades
All classes of the nation,
That some, before they'd lose their *rail*,
Would rather lose their *station*.

And yet men are so very fast—
All drivers and no creepers!—
The tradesmen get so *wide awake*
When they contract for *sleepers*!

And mark you, when the contract's made,
(Brave Commerce! Heav'n defend her?)
They do not send the *Engine* in,
But they *do* send in the *Tender*!

The schoolmaster was *once* abroad,
Him now the railway passes;
For by the Mass—he sorts the Mass
Like school-boys into *classes*.

Degrade you once from class the *first*,
Then if you've badly reckon'd,
He'll teach you soon that class the *third*
Is worse than class the *second*!

Now share-holders are all the go,
Most brave of undertakers!
'Tis quite a treat—to see how sweet
The *Brokers* are on *Breakers*.

Oh! how in speculation, now,
Both high and low take trip—
The *gentlemen* get *in the stocks*!
The *beggars* have their scrip!

In Germany whole *herds of deer*
Were murder'd by the wags;

In England ther 's a fine to-do
Among the *herds of staggs* !

As for excise, which used to be
A source of public treasure,
The railways have cut out all that—
They 're *guaging* beyond measure !

They never starve you ! No ! not they !
They feed !—no method shorter—
“ A monstrous bit of *luggage*, and
A little draught of *porter* !”

Indeed ! But Prudence here stops in,—
Just like a wife, in fire,—
And cries—“ This mania so prevails,
That I am blest, if these here rails
Arn't got the country—pots and pails—
Right bang into a line !”

• ONE, OR THE OTHER.—REIMER.

In Henry's * reign—the darling king,
Whose praises still the Frenchmen sing—
A peasant once, with idle song,
Was riding happily along
Towards Paris ; and, when near that place,
A stately horseman met his face.
It was the king. His retinue
Was at a distance, out of view ;
For so the king had planned the matter,
That he might reach his purpose better.
“ Which way, good man ?” the monarch said
“ Does business you to Paris lead ?”

* Henry, the Fourth.

"It does; but yet another thing—
I wish to see our darling king,
Who loves his people all so dearly,
And whom they love, and that sincerely."
The monarch smiled, and blandly said—
"In that, my friend, I'll give you aid."
"But how," the rustic asked, "shall I,
'Mid all the great folks standing by,
Tell which is *he*?"—"I'll tell you how,"
The king replied. "You've only now
To notice who, of all the crowd
That lowly bow, or shout aloud,
Keeps on his hat, while others bare
Their heads, and gaze with reverent air."
Now had they got in Paris quite,
The rustic riding on the right.
Whatever boorish life can teach—
Whatever awkwardness can reach,
In manner, motion, look, or speech,
That simple lout that day displayed,
When he in Paris entry made.
He answered all the monarch asked,
And all his humble powers tasked,
To show him how his farm he kept;
How well he fed, how sweet he slept;
How, every Sunday, 'twas his lot
To have a pullet in his pot,—
"Which lot," says he, "is just the thing
That *all* should have,—so says our king!"
Long, long he talked—his tongue ran fleet,
As up they rode the crowded street;
Nor yet perceived—most strange to say—
From all that met his eye that day,
What must have seemed the oddest thing—
A rustic riding with the king.
But when he saw the windows fly
Open wide, and every eye

Straining at the passers-by,
 While all the air is made to ring
 With "*Vive le roi!*"—*Long live the king!*
 "Friend," said he to his unknown guide,
 While with wonder and fright the monarch he eyed,
 "Sure, *you* must be the king, or *I!*
 For nobody else, in all this crowd,
 Has a hat on his head, whether humble or proud."
 The good king smiled. "You're right," said he;
 "I'm the person you wished to see!"

TRUST NOT TOO MUCH TO APPEARANCES.—ANON.

MAIS! I am Monsieur Jean Francois Mareè Louis Grenoble. In Angletere here, I vas vat you call de emigrant; because in the revolution, *ma foi!* ven my countree, dat I love so much, vant to cut off my head, I take to my feet, and ran away very fast; so dat de guillotine can no cut short my valk over de sea—not at all. Here I make de montre, vat you call de vatch. I am de horloger, de clock maker, and get de living by de *tick*. Mais dans Paris! In my own countree I vas very large man indeed, vas nobleman, vas son altesse de Prince Grenoble, and stood very high indeed (though I am but a little man now) in de grand armee royal.

De oder day, I vas valk in vat you call your High Park, vere dere are no bucks vid de horns, but de bucks dat come from de Londres de city, and leave dere vives to valk here. Vell, I vas valk dere, and see sit on de bench un pauvre homme.

I go to him, and I say to him—for I see, in de twinkle of de eye, he vas von Frenchman—vas my countremen—"Mon ami, my friend, my countremen, for vat you sit on dis bench here? Vy you no go to de cook-shop, de restaurateur, vere dey eat de beef, and de mouton, and de sallad, and de pomme de terre?"

He say to me, "I am brave François; I am jontilehomme; I am one of de first men in all France; but I am sans sous,

point d' argent—I have not one single farthing dans tout le monde."

Den he show me his pockets filled vid very large holes, but noting else; but he appear very jonteel man for all dat; and all at once, immediately, directly, instamment, in de half second, I recollect to had seen him in Paris, dress in all de silver and de gold lace. I look at him again. Ma foi! he have no lace but de rags, and no silver but de grey hair dat grow out of de great hole in de crown of his hat, like you see de pigeon's claw out of de top of de pie; but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat!

He make de graceful bow to me; mon Dieu; his knee come out of de pantaloon, and I see his great toe look at me out of de end of his pump—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat!

I say to him, my countryman, mon ami, no l'argent, no credit, no dinner, vat for you leave your logement den? vy you no take refreshment, de sleep in your bed!

He say to me, "Ah mon ami! I have no logement in bed; I lodge in de open air, vere I pay no rent, and I sleep here; de bench is my mattrass, and de tree dat hang over my head de curtain; but I am a very jonteel man for all dat!"

No logement, no bed! pauvre homme, my heart is all melt wid de great big pity for you, my friend, my countreman, I shall take you home to my maison, and give you de dinner and de sleep for de night; for though you have no money I see you are a very jonteel man for all dat. My landlady she is particular, she no like de stranger sleep in her domicile, so ve vill vate and get de bon appetite till it is dark—den you sall pull off you shoe, and ve vill steal up de stair, and nobody sall know ve are dere.

Vell, ve valk under de tree, and talk, till at last it grow to de dark night—den ve steal home to my logement, and I open de door vid de leetle key vat I had in my pocket; den I rub my shoe on de mat, and I leave de dirt—mon ami, my countreman, he rub his shoe on de mat, and he leave de sole dere—but he vas very jonteel for all dat!

Ve have de littel joke on his lose de sole ; den I pull off my shoe and dere is my stocking—mon ami, my countreman, he pull off his shoe, and dere is only his foot, he have no stocking at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat !

Vell, ve get into my room, mon apartment, mon chambre a bit ; dere I strike de light, make de fire, lay de cloth, and get my dinner from de cupboard. I pull out de large piece of bread, de neck of de mouton dat vas boiled yesterday, and de great dish of soup maigre, dat I make hot ; and I say, now mon ami, my countreman, ve vill have de dinner ; but before I commence I say de grace. Parbleu ! my friend he commence, and no say de grace at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat !

I got up for de cloth to put under my chin, ven I came back to help myself, der is nothing left ! mon ami, my countreman, he have swallowed it all up—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat !

Vell, ve have de littel joke, and I laugh a littel on de wrong side of my mouth, about my friend eat all de meat and leave me de bone, and I go to do vid de crust of de bread, but dere is no bread at all ; mon ami, my countreman he eat all de bread while I eat de soup—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat !

At last it come time to go to bed—and I say mon ami, my countreman, ve vill aller coucher, put our heads in de night-cap : vell, I pull off my coat, dere is my vaistcoat—mon ami, my countreman pull off his coat, and dere is no vaistcoat at all—but he was very jonteel man for all dat !

Vell, ven I got up next morning, I say, I vill put on my vaistcoat and my coat. Parbleu, dey is no dere ; no more is my hat and my stocking, nor my shoe, nor my anything ; but dere is de chapeau, vid de hole in de top, de pantaloon out of de knee, de shoe dat have no sole, and de greasy, rusty, ragged habit of mon ami, my countreman.

Vell, I say, he has dress himself in all my tings by mistake ; he have no money, no credit, no logement, his hair grow out de top of his hat, his knee walk out of his pantaloon, his toe

look out of his pump, his sole come out of his shoe ; he eat my
suppare vile I turn my head, and no leave me none—he have
no vaistcoat—he get up while I sleep and run away vid all my
clothes, it is all bad, ma foi—but he is very jonteel man for all
dat !

THE DILATORY SCHOLAR.—MRS. GILMAN.

OH ! where is my hat ? it is taken away,
And my shoestrings are all in a knot !
I can't find a thing where it should be to-day,
Though I've hunted in every spot.

My slate and pencil nowhere can be found,
Though I placed them as safe as could be ;
While my books and my maps are all scattered around,
And hop about just like a flea.

Do, Rachael, just look for my Atlas, up stairs ;
My Virgil is somewhere there, too ;
And, sister, brush down these troublesome hairs,—
And, brother, just fasten my shoe.

And, mother, beg father to write an excuse ;
But stop—he will only say “ No,”
And go on with a smile and keep reading the news,
While everything bothers me so.

My satchel is heavy and ready to fall ;
This old pop-gun is breaking my map ;
I'll have nothing to do with the pop-gun or ball,—
There's no playing for such a poor chap !

The town-clock will strike in a minute, I fear ;
Then away to the foot I must sink :—
There, look at my History, tumbled down here !
And my Algebra covered with ink !

I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
Though the toast and the butter were fine :
I think that our Edward must eat very fast,
To be off when I haven't done mine.

Now, Edward and Henry protest they won't wait,
And beat on the door with their sticks ;
I suppose they will say I was dressing too late :
To-morrow I'll be up at six.

THE MAGPIE, OR BAD COMPANY.—ANON.

LET others, with poetic fire,
In raptures praise the tuneful choir,
The linnet, chaffinch, goldfinch, thrush,
And every warbler of the bush ;
I sing the mimic magpie's fame,
In wicker cage well fed and tame.

In Fleet-street dwelt, in days of yore,
A jolly tradesman, named Tom More ;
Generous and open as the day,
But passionately fond of play ;
No sounds to him such sweets afford
As dice-box rattling o'er the board ;
Bewitching hazard is the game
For which he forfeits health and fame.

In basket-prison hung on high,
With dappled coat and watchful eye,
A favorite magpie sees the play,
And mimics every word they say,
" Oh, how he nicks us !" Tom More cries,
" Oh, how he nicks us !" Mag replies.
Tom throws, and eyes the glittering store,
And as he throws, exclaims " Tom More !"

"Tom More!" the mimic bird replies;
The astonished gamesters lift their eyes,
And wondering stare, and look around,
As doubtful whence proceeds the sound.

This dissipated life of course,
Soon brought poor Tom from bad to worse;
Nor prayers nor promises prevail,
To keep him from a dreary jail.

And now, between each heartfelt sigh,
Tom oft exclaims "Bad company!"
Poor Mag, who shares his master's fate,
Exclaims from out his wicker grate,
"Bad company! Bad company!"
Then views poor Tom with curious eye,—
And cheers his master's wretched hours
By this display of mimic powers;
The imprisoned bird, though much caressed,
Is still by anxious cares oppressed;
In silence mourns its cruel fate,
And oft explores his prison gate.

Observe through life you'll always find
A fellow-feeling makes us kind;
So Tom resolves immediately
To give poor Mag his liberty;
Then opes his cage, and, with a sigh,
Takes one fond look, and lets him fly.

Now Mag, once more with freedom blest,
Looks round to find a place of rest;
To Temple Gardens wings his way,
There perches on a neighboring spray.

The gardener now, with busy cares,
A curious seed for grass prepares:
Yet spite of all his toil and pain,
The hungry birds devour the grain.

A curious net he does prepare,
And lightly spreads the wily snare ;
The feathered plunderers come in view,
And Mag soon joins the thievish crew.

The watchful gardener now stands by
With nimble hand and wary eye ;
The birds begin their stolen repast,
The flying net secures them fast.

The vengeful clown, now filled with ire,
Does to a neighboring shed retire,
And, having fast secured the doors
And windows, next the net explores.

Now, in revenge for plundered seed,
Each felon he resolves shall bleed ;
Then twists their little necks around,
And casts them breathless on the ground.

Mag, who with man was used to herd,
Knew something more than common bird ;
He therefore watched with anxious care,
And slipped himself from out the snare,
Then, perched on nail remote from ground,
Observes how deaths are dealt around.
" Oh, how he nicks us !" Maggy cries ;
The astonished gardener lifts his eyes ;
With faltering voice and panting breath,
Exclaims, " Who 's there ?"—All still as death.
His murderous work he does resume,
And casts his eyes around the room
With caution, and, at length does spy
The Magpie, perched on nail so high !
The wondering clown, from what he heard,
Believes him something more than bird ;
With fear impressed, does now retreat
Towards the door with trembling feet ;

Then says—"Thy name I do implore?"
 The ready bird replies—"Tom More."
 "Oh dear!" the frightened clown replies,
 With hair erect and staring eyes!
 Half opening then the hovel door,
 He asks the bird one question more:
 "What brought you here?"—with quick reply,
 Sly Mág rejoins—"Bad company!"

Out jumps the gardener in a fright,
 And runs away with all his might;
 And, as he runs, impressed with dread
 Exclaims, "Sure Satan's in the shed!"

The wond'rous tale a bencher hears,
 And soothes the man, and quells his fears,
 Gets Mág secured in wicker cage,
 Once more to spend his little rage:
 In Temple Hall, now hung on high,
 Mág oft exclaims—"Bad company!"

A POLITICAL BORE.—MURPHY.

QUIDNUNC and FEEBLE.

Quidnunc. (*without.*) Hold your tongue, you foolish fellow; he'll be glad to see me. Brother Feeble! brother Feeble!

Feeble. I was just going to bed. Bless my heart, what can this man want? I know his voice. I hope no new misfortune brings him at this hour.

Enter QUID.

Quid. Brother Feeble, I give you joy! the nabob's demolished. Hurrah!

Feeb. Lack-a-day, Mr. Quidnunc! how can you serve me thus?

Quid. Súrāja Dowla is no more ! Hurrah !

Feeb. Poor man ! he 's stark, staring mad.

Quid. Our men diverted themselves with killing their bullocks and their camels, till they dislodged the enemy from the sotagon, and the counterscarp, and the bungalow—

Feeb. I'll hear the rest to-morrow morning. Oh ! I'm ready to die !

Quid. Odds-heart, man, be of good cheer ! The new nabob, Jaffer Alley Cawn, has acceded to a treaty ; and the English company got all their rights in the Phiemad and the Fushbulhoornons.

Feeb. But, dear heart, Mr. Quidnunc, why am I to be disturbed for this ?

Quid. We had but two seapoys killed, three chokeys, four gaul-walls, and two zemindars. Hurrah !

Feeb. Would not to-morrow morning do as well for this ?

Quid. Light up your windows, man !—light up your windows ! Chandernagore is taken ! Hurrah !

Feeb. Well, well ! I'm glad of it. Good night. (*Going.*)

Quid. Here—here's the "Gazette."

Feeb. Oh, I shall certainly faint ! (*Sits down.*)

Quid. Ay, ay, sit down, and I'll read it to you. (*Begins to read. Feeble moves away.*) Nay, don't run away : I've more news to tell you. There's an account from Williamsburgh, in America. The superintendent of Indian affairs—

Feeb. Dear sir ! dear sir ! (*Avoiding him.*)

Quid. He has settled matters with the Cherokees—(*Following him.*)

Feeb. Enough, enough ! (*Moving away.*)

Quid. In the same manner he did before with the Catabaws—(*Following him.*)

Feeb. Well, well !—your servant. (*Moving off.*)

Quid. So that the white inhabitants—(*Following him.*)

Feeb. I wish you would let me be a quiet inhabitant of my own house.

Quid. So that the white inhabitants will now be secured by the Cherokees and the Catawbaws—

Feeb. You better go home, and think of appearing before the commissioners.

Quid. Go home! No, no! I'll go and talk the matter over at our coffee-house. (*Going.*)

Feeb. Do so, do so!

Quid. (*turning back.*) I had a dispute about the balance of power. Pray, now, can you tell—

Feeb. I know nothing of the matter.

Quid. Well, another time will do for that. I have a great deal to say about that. (*Going—returns.*) Right! I had like to have forgot. There's an erratum in the last "Gazette."

Feeb. With all my heart.

Quid. Page 3, 1st col., 1st and 3d lines, for *bombs* read *booms*.

Feeb. Read what you will.

Quid. Nay, but that alters the sense, you know. Well, now, your servant. If I hear any more news, I'll come and tell you.

Feeb. For heaven's sake, no more!

Quid. I'll be with you before you're out of your first sleep

Feeb. Good night, good night! (*Hurries off.*)

Quid. (*screaming after him.*) I forgot to tell you—the emperor of Morocco is dead. So now, I have made him happy. I'll go and knock up my friend Razor, and make him happy, too; and then I'll go and see if anybody is up at the coffee-house, and make them all happy there, too.

TALKING LATIN.—HALIBURTON.

FEELIN' a hand on my arm, I turns round; and who should I see but Marm Green! Dear me, said she, is that you, Mr. Slick? I've been looking all about for you for ever so long. How do you do? I hope I see you quite well. Hearty as brandy, marm, says I, tho' not quite as strong, and a great

deal heartier for a seein' of you. How be you? Reasonable well, and stirrin', says she: I try to keep amovin'; but I shall give the charge of things soon to Arabella. Have you seen her yet? No, says I; I hav'n't had the pleasure since her return; but I hear folks say she is a most splendid fine gall. Well, come, then, said she, atakin' o' my arm; let me introduce you to her. She is a fine gall, Mr. Slick—that's a fact; and tho' I say it, that shouldn't say it, she's a considerable of an accomplished gall too. Now, I take some credit to myself, Mr. Slick, for that. She is throwed away here; but I was detarmined to have her educated, and so I sent her to bordin' school; and you see the effect of her five quarters. Afore she went, she was three years to the combined school in this district—that includes both Dalhousie and Sherbrooke. You have combined schools in the States, hav'n't you, Mr. Slick? I guess we have, said I; boys and galls combined; I was to one on 'em, when I was considerable well grown up. Dear me, what fun we had! It's a grand place to larn the multiplication table at, ain't it? I recollect once—Oh, fie! Mr. Slick, I mean a siminary for young gentlemen and ladies, where they larn Latin and English combined. Oh, latten! said I; they larn latten there, do they? Well, come, there is some sense in that: I didn't know there was a factory of it in all Nova Scotia. I know how to make latten. Father sent me clean away to New York to larn it. You mix up calamine and copper, and it makes a brass as near like gold as one pea is like another; and then there is another kind o' latten workin' tin over iron—it makes a most complete imitation of silver. Oh! a knowledge of latten has been of great sarvice to me in the clock trade, you may depend. It has helped me to a nation sight of the genuwine metals—that's a fact.

Why, what on airth are you atalkin' about? said Mrs. Green. I don't mean that latten at all; I mean the Latin they larn at schools. Well, I don't know, said I: I never seed any other kind o' latten, nor ever heerd tell of any. What is it? Why, it's a——it's a——. Oh, you know well enough, said she; only you make as if you didn't, to poke fun at me. I

believe, on my soul, you 've been abammin' of me the whole blessed time. I hope I be shot if I do, said I; so do tell me what it is. Is it anything in the silk factory line, or the straw-plat, or the cotton-warp way? Your head, said she, considerable miffy! is always a runnin' on a factory. Latin is a——. Nabal, said she, do tell me what Latin is. Latin? says he,—why, Latin is——ahem, it's——what they teach at the combined school. Well, says she, we all know that as well as you do, Mr. Wisehead; but what is it? Come here, Arabella dear, and tell me what Latin is? Why, Latin, ma, said Arabella, is—am-o, I love; am-at, he loves; am-amus, we love;—that 's Latin. Well, it does sound dreadful pretty, tho', don't it? says I; and yet, if Latin is love, and love 's Latin, you hadn't no occasion—and I got up, and slipt my hand into hers—you hadn't no occasion to go to the combined school to larn it; for natur', says I, teaches that a——and I was whisperin' of the rest o' the sentence in her ear, when her mother said, Come, come, Mr. Slick, what's that you are asaying of? Talkin' Latin, says I, smiling at Arabella;—ain't we, miss? Oh yes, said she, returning my glance and larfin';—oh yes, mother; arter all, he understands it complete. Then take my seat here, says the old lady, and both on you sit down and talk it; for it will be a good practice for you;—and away she sailed to the end of the room, and left us a—*talking Latin!*

QUEER MISTAKE.—ANON.

A poor simple foreigner, not long ago,
 Whose knowledge of English was simply so so,
 At a shop window reading, "Good pickles sold here,"
 To the shopwoman said, "Vat is pickles, my dear?"

"Why, pickles," says she, "is a sort of a name
 Like preserves, and the meaning is nearly the same;
 For pickling preserves, though not quite the same way—
 Yet 'tis much the same thing, as a body may say."

The foreigner bow'd, and gave thanks for his lesson ;
Which, the next day, at dinner, he made a fine mess on ;
For a loud clap of thunder caus'd Miss Kitty Nervous
To start from her chair, and cry, " Mercy, preserve us !"
While he, keeping closely his lesson in view,
Cried, " Mercy, *preserve* us, and *pickle* us too !"

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL—MAJOR JONES.

I'd hearn a great deal about steam ingins, but if the Sem-mynole ingins is any uglier, or frightfuller than they is, I don't wonder nobody wants to tack 'em. Why sich other cog-wheels, cranks and conflutements, I never did see—and then they 's so spiteful, and makes the fire fly so. I couldn't help feelin sort o' skeered of it all the time, and I wouldn't been that feller what rid on top of the critter, and fed and watered it, not for no considerashun. I was lookin round it a little, to try to git the hang of it, when the feller just tetches one of the fixins, and feugh-h-h ! it went rite in my ear, and like to blowd my brains out with hot steem. " My eyes !" ses I, " mister, what made it do that !" " Oh, it was jest blowin its nose," ses he, and he tuck hold of another thing, and the infurnel critter set up a yell like a panther with a grindstone on his tale. Thunderation, how the steem did fly ! enuff to blow all creation to Ballyhack. " All aboard," ses the man, the bell tapped, and in bout a minit everybody was stowed away and waitin. Chug, went sumthing, and away I goes rite over the back of the seat—it jerked once more, and then it begun to go. Chow, chow, chow—chew, chew, chew—che, che, chit-tu, chit-to, fit-te, fit, fit, fit, cher-r-r-r ; and the whole bilin of us was gwine a long with a perfect whiz ; and the way the fire flew was miracelus—grate big sparks now and then dodgin all round a feller's face like a yaller-jacket, and then drappin rite down in his busum. For sum time it would tuck three men to watch the sparks of one, and they couldn't.

Well, we went hummin along jest like iled thunder, makin more noise nor a dozen cotten gins all gwine at once, only stoppin now and then to pile on lighterd and fill up the bilers, and to drap a feller here and thar on the rode. They was the sleepiest set of folks abroad that ever I did see. Thar they was, all scattered about in their seats, heads and heels together; here a pair o' boots stickin rite strate upwards, and thar a feller's face, opened wide enuff to swaller a saw-mill. Some of 'em was monstrous troubled in their dreams, and kept tossin and twistin about as bisy as bull yearlins in fly-time, while some big-foot fellers lay sprawl'd out on the benches, quiet as midlin of meat, snorin a perfect harrycane.

The fust thing I knowd I didn't know anything in pertickler, cept that my eyes felt monstrous gritty when I tried to open 'em wide—

"Look here; master—master!"

"Hello!" ses I, "Jim, what 's the matter?"

"I isn't Jim, master," ses the nigger feller what was shakin me by the collar; "you better go to the Hotel, the passengers is all gone long time ago."

I soon seed how it was, and not havin no baggage but jest my saddle-bags, I tuck the road the feller pinto to.

I soon came to a place where there was nothin but wagons and a lot of fellers settin round a fire.

"Whar 's the hotel?" ses I.

"Thar aint no hotel here," ses one feller, what was singin,

"Drive my wagon long the rode:
Sorry team and heavy load."

"Won't you take something?" ses he, drawin a old junk bottle of rum, that smelled strong enuff of inguns to knock a man down, and pintin it rite under my nose fore I know'd what he was bout.

"No, I thank you," ses I, "I's a Washingtonian."

"Who 's they?" ses he; "sum of your Flurnoy preachers, I spose?"

"No," ses I, "they's revolutioners."

"Revolutioners !" ses he, " why my father was a revolutioner, and fit agin the British at King's mounting, and helped to lick tyranny out of the country."

" Well, that was right," ses I ; "hurra for the revolutioners."

" Come, take sumthing," ses he, and pinted the bottle at my nose agin.

" No," ses I, " I 'm a revolutioner, and go agin King Alkohol tooth and toe nail."

" King who ?" ses he.

" King Rum," ses I ; " that very tyrant that's got you by the guzzle now, and he'll have you choked down on yer knees to him fore a half hour if you don't revolutionize on him and quit him."

The feller stopped and looked rite down in the fire—then at me—then at the bottle, and then he tuck another look at the fire.

" That 's a fact," ses he, "it's had me on my back afore to-night ; but somehow I can't—yes I kin—and here goes, mister—hang all tyrants—I'm a revolutioner too, a Washington revolutioner, forever !" and with that he throw'd the bottle of rum smack in the middle of the fire, and it blazed up blue and yaller like a hell-broth, as it is.

ROMEO'S DESCRIPTION OF AN APOTHECARY.—SHAKESPEARE.

I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwelt,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes ; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, musty seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting his penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

ACCOUNT OF A BACHELOR.—ANON.

(A PARODY ON ROMEO'S APOTHECARY.)

I do remember an old bachelor,
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In suit of sables, with a care-worn brow :
Conning his books—and meagre were his looks :
Celibacy had worn him to the bone ;
And in his silent parlor hung a coat,
The which the moths had used not less than he.
Four chairs, one table, and an old hair trunk,
Made up the furniture ; and on his shelves
A grease-clad candle-stick, a broken mug,
Two tumblers, and a box of old segars ;
Remnants of volumes, once in some repute,
Were thinly scatter'd round, to tell the eye
Of prying stranger—*this man had no wife*.
His tatter'd elbow gap'd most piteously ;
And ever, as he turn'd him round, his skin
Did through his stockings peep upon the day.
Noting his gloom, unto myself I said,
And if a man did covet single life,
Reckless of joys that matrimony give,
The sight of this most pitiable wight
Would make him quick his aim give o'er,
And seek forthwith a loving wife.

QUACKERY.—H. FIELDING.

SIR JASPER, JAMES, GREGORY, AND HARRY.

Sir J. Where is he? where is he?*Jam.* Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, sir; for, were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again.—He makes no more of bringing a patient to life, than other physicians do of killing him.*Sir J.* 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humors you mentioned.*Jam.* 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself. Here he is.*Enter GREGORY and HARRY.**Har.* Sir, this is the doctor.*Sir J.* Dear sir, you're the welcomest man in the world.*Greg.* Hippocrates says, we should both be covered.*Sir J.* Ha! does Hippocrates say so? In what chapter, pray?*Greg.* In his chapter of hats.*Sir J.* Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey him.*Greg.* Doctor, after having exceedingly travelled in the highway of letters——*Sir J.* Doctor! pray whom do you speak to?*Greg.* To you, doctor.*Sir J.* Ha, ha!—I am a knight, thank the king's grace for it; but no doctor.*Greg.* What, you're no doctor?*Sir J.* No, upon my word.*Greg.* You're no doctor?*Sir J.* Doctor! no.*Greg.* There—'t is done.*(Beats him.**Sir J.* Done?—what's done?*Greg.* Why now you are made a doctor of physio—I am sure it's all the degrees I ever took.*Sir J.* What sort of a fellow have you brought here?

Jam. I told you, sir, the doctor had strange whims with him.

Sir J. Whims, quotha!—egad, I shall bind his physician-ship over to his good behavior, if he has any more of these whims.

Greg. Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Sir J. Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

Greg. I am sorry for those blows.

Sir J. Nothing at all, nothing at all, sir.

Greg. Which I was obliged to have the honor of laying so thick on you.

Sir J. Let's talk no more of 'em sir—my daughter, doctor, is fallen into a very strange distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoyed to hear it; and I wish, with all my heart, you and your whole family had the same occasion for me as your daughter, to show the great desire I have to serve you.

Sir J. Sir, I am obliged to you.

Greg. I assure you, sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul.

Sir J. I do believe you, sir, from the very bottom of mine.

Greg. What is your daughter's name?

Sir J. My daughter's name is Charlotte.

Greg. Are you sure she was christened Charlotte.

Sir J. No sir, she was christened Charlotta.

Greg. Hum! I had rather she should have been christened Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient; and let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient as the physician is.

Enter CHARLOTTE and MAID.

Sir J. Sir, my daughter's here.

Greg. Is that my patient? Upon my word, she carries no distemper in her countenance.

Sir J. You make her smile, doctor.

Greg. So much the better; 't is a very good sign when we can get a patient to smile; it is a sign that the distemper be-

gins to clarify, as we say. Well, child, what's the matter with you? what's your distemper?

Char. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you say?

Char. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what?—

Char. Han, hi, hon—

Greg. Han! hon! honin ha!—I don't understand a word she says. Han! hi! hon! what sort of language is this?

Sir J. Why, that's her distemper, sir; she's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause—and this distemper, sir, has kept back her marriage.

Greg. Kept back her marriage! why so?

Sir J. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cured.

Greg. O lud! was ever such a fool, that would not have his wife dumb!—would to heaven my wife was dumb, I'd be far from desiring to cure her. Does this distemper, this, han, hi, hon, oppress her very much?

Sir J. Yes sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great pains?

Sir J. Very great.

Greg. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—ha—a very dumb pulse indeed.

Sir J. You have guessed her distemper.

Greg. Ay sir, we great physicians know a distemper immediately: I know some of the college would call this the Cou-pee, or the Sinkee, or twenty other distempers; but I give you my word, sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb—so I'd have you be very easy, for there is nothing else the matter with her—if she were not dumb, she, would be as well as I am.

Sir J. But I should be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds?

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for. Her dumbness proceeds from having lost her speech.

Sir J. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Sir J. But if you please, dear sir, your sentiment upon that impediment.

Greg. Hippocrates has upon that subject said very fine things; very fine things.

Sir J. I believe it, doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great man; he was indeed a very great man. A man, who upon that subject was a man that—but to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humors which our great physicians call—humors—humors—ah! you understand Latin——

Sir J. Not in the least.

Greg. What, not understand Latin?

Sir J. No indeed, doctor.

Greg. *Cabricius arci Thurum Cathalimus Singulariter non. Hæc musa, hic, hæc, hoc, Genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc, Musæ, Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia Substantivo & Adjectivum concordat in Generi, Numerum, & Casus, sic aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, & similibus.*

Sir J. Ah! why did I neglect my studies?

Har. What a prodigious man is this!

Greg. Besides, sir, certain spirits passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, Whiskerus, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, *Jackbootos*, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, *Periwiggus*, meet in the road with the said spirits, which fill the ventricles of the *Omotaplasumus*, and because the said humors have—you comprehend me well, sir? and because the said humors have a certain malignity—listen seriously, I beg you.

Sir J. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity that is caused—be attentive, if you please.

Sir J. I am.

Greg. That is caused, I say, by the acrimony of the humors engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arrives, that these vapors, *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula, dicas. Ut sunt divorum.*—This, sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Har. O that I had but his tongue.

Sir J. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear sir, there is one thing.—I always thought till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay sir, so they were formerly, but we have changed all that.—The college, at present, sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Sir J. I ask your pardon, sir.

Greg. Oh, sir! there's no harm—you're not obliged to know so much as we do.

Sir J. Very true; but, doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warmed with a brass warming-pan; cause her to drink one quart of spring water, mixed with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double-refined sugar.

Sir J. Why, this is punch, doctor.

Greg. Punch, sir! Ay, sir;—and what's better than punch to make people talk?—Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, your—your—this, and that, and t' other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time. I love to do a business all at once.

Sir J. Doctor, I ask pardon, you shall be obeyed.

(*Gives money.*)

Greg. I'll return in the evening, and see what effect it has on her. But hold, there's another young lady here, that I must apply some little remedies to.

Maid. Who, me? I was never better in my life, I thank you, sir.

Greg. So much the worse, madam, so much the worse—'t is very dangerous to be very well—for when one is very well.

one has nothing else to do, but to take physic, and bleed away.

Sir J. Oh strange! What, bleed when one has no distemper?

Greg. It may be strange, perhaps, but 't is very wholesome. Besides, madam, it is not your ease, at present, to be very well; at least, you cannot possibly be well above three days longer; and it is always best to cure a distemper before you have it—or, as we say in Greek, *distemprium bestum est curare ante habestum*.—What I shall prescribe you at present, is to take every six hours one of these boluses.

Maid. Ha, ha, ha! Why, doctor, these look exactly like lumps of loaf sugar.

Greg. Take one of these boluses, I say, every six hours, washing it down with six spoonfulls of the best Holland's Geneva.

Sir J. Sure you are in jest, doctor!—This woman does not show any symptom of a distemper.

Greg. Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physic: I shall prepare something for you.

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, doctor, I have escaped both doctors and distempers hitherto, and I am resolved the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

Greg. Say you so, sir? Why then, if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere, and so humbly *beggo te Domine Domitii veniam goundi foras*.

Sir J. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humors.

THE CANT OF CRITICISM.—STERNE.

And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?

O, against all rule, my lord; most ungrammatically! Betwixt the substantive and adjective, (which should agree together, in number, case and gender,) he made a breach, thus,

(—) stopping as if the point wanted settling. And after the nominative case, (which, your lordship knows, should govern the verb,) he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three-fifths, by a stop-watch, my lord, each time—

Admirable grammarian! But, in suspending his voice, was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?

I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord.

Excellent observer! And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about?

Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord—quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle. I had my rule and compasses, my lord, in my pocket.

Excellent critic!

And, for the epic poem your lordship bid me look at—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's—'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions.

Admirable connoisseur! And did you step in to take a look at the grand picture, in your way back?

'Tis a melancholy daub, my lord; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group! And what a price!—for there is nothing of the coloring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the corregiescity of Corregio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Garrichis—or the grand contour of Angelo.

Grant me patience! Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting. I would go fifty miles on foot, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased, he knows not why and cares not wherefore.

THE MONKEY THAT SHAVED HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS

—HUMPHREYS.

A MAN who own'd a barber's shop
At York, and shav'd full many a fop,
A monkey kept for their amusement ;
He made no other kind of use on 't.
This monkey took great observation,
Was wonderful at imitation,
And all he saw the barber do
He mimick'd straight, and did it too.

It chanc'd in shop the dog and cat,
While friseur din'd, demurely sat ;
Jacko found nought to play the knave in ;
So thought he 'd try his hand at shaving.
Around the shop in haste he rushes,
And gets the razors, soap and brushes ;
Now puss he fix'd—no muscle miss stirs—
And lather'd well her beard and whiskers,
Then gave a gash, as he began—
The cat cried, waugh ! and off she ran.
Next Towser's beard he tried his skill in,
Tho' Towser seem'd somewhat unwilling :
As badly here again succeeding,
The dog runs howling round and bleeding.

Nor yet was tir'd our roguish elf :
He 'd seen the barber shave himself ;
So by the glass, upon the table,
He rubs with soap his visage sable ;
Then with left hand holds smooth his jaw ;—
The razor, in his dexter paw,
Around he flourishes and slashes,
Till all his face is seam'd with gashes.
His cheeks dispatch'd—his visage thin
He raised, to shave beneath his chin ;

Drew razor swift as he could pull it,
And cut, from ear to ear, his gullet.

MORAL.

Who cannot write, yet handle pens,
Are apt to hurt themselves and friends.
Tho' others use them well, yet fools
Should never meddle with edge-tools.

HOTSPUR'S ACCOUNT OF A FOP.—SHAKESPEARE.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord ; neat, trimly dressed ;
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble land at harvest home.

He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And, twixt his finger and his thumb he held,
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon,
He gave his nose—
And still he smiled and talked :
And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He called them "untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility."

With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me ; amongst the rest demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then all smarting with my wounds, being galled
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly—I know not what—
He should, or should not ; for he made me mad,

To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (heaven save the mark!)
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmacity for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity (so it was)
 This villainous saltpetre should be digged
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 So cowardly; and but for these vile guns—
 He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answered indirectly, as I said;
 And I beseech you, let not this report
 Come current for an accusation
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

“BOXIANA.”—Hoon.

I hate the very name of *box*;
 It fills me full of fears;
 It 'minds me of the woes I've felt,
 Since I was young in years.

They sent me to a Yorkshire school,
 Where I had many knocks;
 For there my schoolmates *box'd* my ears.
 Because I couldn't *box*.

I pack'd my *box*; I pick'd the locks;
 And ran away to sea;
 And very soon I learnt to *box*
 The compass merrily.

I came ashore—I called a coach,
 And mounted on the *box*;

The coach upset against a post,
And gave me dreadful knocks.

I soon got well ; in love I fell,
And married Martha Cox ;
To please her will, at fam'd *Box* hill,
I took a country *box*.

I had a pretty garden there,
All border'd round with *box* ;
But ah, alas ! there liv'd, next door,
A certain Captain Knox.

He took my wife to see the play ;—
They had a private *box* :
I jealous grew, and from that day,
I hated Captain Knox.

I sold my house,—I left my wife ;—
And went to Lawyer Fox,
Who tempted me to seek redress
All from a jury *box*

I went to law, whose greedy maw
Soon emptied my strong *box* ;
I lost my suit, and cash to boot,
All thro' that crafty Fox.

The name of *box* I therefore dread,
I 've had so many shocks ;
They 'll never end,—for when I 'm dead,
They 'll nail me in a *box*.

THE DANCING MASTER ABROAD.—HALIBURTON.

Now, said Mr. Slick, to change the tune, I 'll give the blue-noses a new phrase. They 'll have an election, most likely, next year, and then "*the dancin' master will be abroad.*" A candidate is a most particular polite man, and anoddin' here,

and abowin' there, and ashakin' hands all round. Nothin' improves a man's manners like an election. "*The dancin' master's abroad then;*" nothin' gives the paces equal to that; it makes them as squirmy as an eel; the cross hands and back agin, set to their partners, and right and left in great style, and slick it off at the end with a real complete bow, and a smile for all the world as sweet as a cat makes at a pan of new milk. Then they get as full of compliments as a dog is full of fleas—inquirin' how the old lady is to home; and the little boy that made such a wonderful smart answer, they never can forget it till next time; apraisin' a man's farms to the nines, and atellin' of him how scandalous the road that leads to his location has been neglected, and how much he wants to find a real complete hand that can build a bridge over his brook, and axin' him if *he* ever built one. When he gets the hook baited with the right fly, and the simple critter begins to jump out of water arter it, all mouth and gills, he winds up the reel, and takes leave, athinkin' to himself, "Now you see what's to the end of my line, I guess I'll know where to find you when I want you."

There's no sort of fishin' requires so much practice as this. When bait is scarce, one worm must answer for several fish. A handful of oats in a pan, arter it brings one horse up in a pastur for the bridle, serves for another; a shakin' of it is better than a givin' of it; it saves the grain for another time. It's a poor business, arter all, is electioneering; and when "*the dancin' master is abroad,*" he's as apt to teach a man to cut capers and get larfed at as anything else. It tante every one that's soople enough to dance real complete. Politics takes a great deal of time, and grinds away a man's honesty near about as fast as cleaning a knife with brick dust; "*it takes its steel out.*" What does a critter get, arter all, for it in this country? Why, nothin' but expense and disappointment. As King Solomon says, (and that are man was up to a thing or two, you may depend, tho' our professor did say he warn't so knowin' as Uncle Sam,) it's all vanity and vexation of spirit.

THE CHAMELEON.—MERRICK.

Ort has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times pertier than before :
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop ;—
“ Sir, if my judgment you ’ll allow—
I ’ve seen—and sure, I ought to know ;”—
So begs you ’d pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o’er Arabia’s wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discoursed awhile, ’mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon’s form and nature.
“ A stranger animal,” cries one,
“ Sure never lived beneath the sun :
A lizard’s body, lean and long,
A fish’s head, a serpent’s tongue,
Its tooth with triple claw disjoined ;
And what a length of tail behind !
How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue ?”

“ Hold there !” the other quick replies—
Tis green ; I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray :
Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.”

“ I ’ve seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue :
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade.”

" 'Tis green ! 'tis green, sir, I assure ye !"

" Green ?" cries the other, in a fury ;

" Why, sir, d' ye think I 've lost my eyes ?"

" 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies ;

" For if they always use you thus,
You 'll find them but of little use."

So high, at last, the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows ;
When luckily came by a third :
To him the question they referred,
And begged he 'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

" Sirs," said the umpire, cease your pother—
The creature 's neither one nor t' other.

I caught the animal last night,
And view'd it o'er by candle-light ;
I marked it well—'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I 've got it yet,
And can produce it."—" Pray, sir, do ;
I 'll lay my life the thing is blue."

" And I 'll be sworn, that when you 've seen
The reptile, you 'll pronounce him green."—

" Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
Replies the man, " I 'll turn him out ;
And when before your eyes I 've set him,
If you dor't find him black, I 'll eat him,"
He said—then full before their sight
Produced the beast ; and, lo ! 'twas white !

Both stared ; the man looked wondrous wise.

" My children," the chameleon cries,—
Then first the creature found a tongue,—

" You all are right, and all are wrong.
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you,
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.—OULTON.

DOCTOR WISEPATE—THADY O'KEEN—ROBERT.

Doctor Wisepate. Plague on her ladyship's ugly cur!—it has broken three bottles of bark that I had prepared myself for Lord Spleen. I wonder Lady Apes troubled me with it. But I understand it threw down her flower pots and destroyed all her myrtles. I'd send it home this minute, but I'm unwilling to offend its mistress; for, as she has a deal of money, and no relation, she may think proper to remember me in her will. (*Noise within.*) Eh! what noise is that in the hall?

(Enter Thady O'Keen, dirty and wet, followed by Robert.)

T. O'Keen. But I must and will, do you see. Very pretty, indeed, keeping people standing in the hall, shivering and shaking with the wet and cold!

Robert. The mischief's in you, I believe; you order me about as if you were my master.

Dr. W. Why, what's all this? who is this unmannerly fellow?

T. O'K. There! your master says you are an unmannerly fellow.

Rob. Sir, it's Lady Apes' servant: he has a letter, and says he won't deliver it into any one's hands but your honor's. Now, I warrant my master will teach you better behavior. (*Exit.*)

T. O'K. Oh, are you sure you are Doctor Wisepate?

Dr. W. Sure! to be sure I am.

T. O'K. Ooh! plague on my hat, how wet it is! (*Shakes his hat about the room, &c.*)

Dr. W. (*lays his spectacles down and rises from the table.*) Bless me! fellow, don't wet my room in that manner!

T. O'K. Eh! Well—Oh, I beg pardon—there's the letter: and since I must not dry my hat in your room, why, as you desire it, I will go down to the kitchen, and dry it and myself before the fire. (*Goes out.*)

Dr. W. Here, you, sir, come back. I must teach him bet-

ter manners. (*Re-enter Thady O'Keen.*) Hark you, fellow—whom do you live with?

T. O'K. Whom do I live with? why, with my mistress, to be sure, Lady Apes.

Dr. W. And pray, sir, how long have you lived with her ladyship?

T. O'K. How long? Ever since the first day she hired me.

Dr. W. And has her ladyship taught you no better manners?

T. O'K. Manners? she never taught me any, good or bad.

Dr. W. Then, sir, I will; I'll show you how you should address a gentleman when you enter a room. What's your name?

T. O'K. Name?—why, it's Thady O'Keen, my jewel. What in wonder is he going to do with my name! (*Aside.*)

Dr. W. Then, sir, you shall be Dr. Wisepate for a while, and I'll be Thady O'Keen, just to show you how you should enter a room and deliver a letter.

T. O'K. Eh! what? make a swap of ourselves! With all my heart. Here's my wet hat for you.

Dr. W. There, sit down in my chair. (*Going.*)

T. O'K. Stop, stop, honey—by my shoul you can never be Thady O'Keen without you have this little shillelagh in your fist. There.

Dr. W. Very well. Sit you down. (*Takes Thady's hat, &c., and goes out.*)

T. O'K. (*solus.*) Let me see; I never can be a doctor either, without some sort of a wig. Oh, here is one—and here is my spectacles, faith. On my conscience, I'm the thing! (*Puts on the wig awkwardly, and the spectacles; then sits in the doctor's chair. Dr. Wisepate knocks.*) Walk in, honey. (*Helps himself to chocolate and bread and butter.*)

(*Re-enter Dr. Wisepate, bowing.*)

Dr. W. Please your honor—(*Aside.*) What assurance the fellow has!

T. O'K. Speak out, young man, and don't be bashful. (*Eating, &c.*)

Dr. W. Please your honor, my lady sends her respectful compliments—hopes your honor is well.

T. O'K. Pretty well, pretty well, I thank you.

Dr. W. And has desired me to deliver your honor this letter.

T. O'K. That letter, well, why don't you bring it to me? Pray, am I to rise from the table?

Dr. W. So, he's acting my character with a vengeance. But I'll humor him. (*Aside.*) There, your honor. (*Gives the letter, bowing.*)

T. O'K. (*Opens the letter and reads.*)

"Sir:—Since my dear Flora has given me so much uneasiness—Och, by my shoul, that's no lie—I beg leave to inform you that a gentleman shall call either to-day or to-morrow for her. If it should rain, I request the poor thing may have a—what's this? C o a—coat!—coat, no—coach. Yours." Hem! well—no answer's required, young man.

Dr. W. His impudence has struck me almost dumb. (*Aside.*) No answer, your honor?

T. O'K. No, my good fellow—but come here—let me look at you. Oh, you seem very wet. Why it's you, I understand, who brought this troublesome cur a few days ago: you have been often backwards and forwards, but I could never see you till now. Hollo, Robert! where's my lazy good-for-nothing servant? Robert! (*Rings a bell.*)

Dr. W. Eh! What the deuce does he mean? (*Aside.*)

(Enter Robert, who stares at them both.)

Rob. Eh!—Did—did you call, sir? (*To Dr. Wisepate.*)

T. O'K. Yes, sirrah! Take that poor fellow down to the kitchen; he's come upon a foolish errand this cold wet day; so, do you see, give him something to eat and drink—as much as he likes—and bid my steward give him a guinea for his trouble.

Rob. Eh!

T. O'K. Tunder and ouns, fellow! must I put my words into my mouth, and take them out again, for you? Thady

(*to the Doctor*), my jewel, just give that blockhead of mine a rap on his sconce with your little bit of a switch, and I'll do as much for you another time.

Dr. W. So, instead of my instructing the fellow, he has absolutely instructed me. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, you have convinced me what Dr. Wisepate should be, and now suppose we are ourselves again.

T. O'K. (*rises.*) With all my heart, sir. Here's your honor's wig and spectacles, and now give me my comfortable hat and switch.

Dr. W. And, Robert, obey the orders that my representative gave you.

Rob. What! carry him down to the kitchen!

T. O'K. No, young man, I shan't trouble you carry me down; I'll carry myself down, and you shall see what a beautiful hand master O'Keen is at a knife and fork. (*Exit with Robert.*)

Dr. W. (*solus.*) Well, this fellow has some humor; indeed, he has fairly turned the tables upon me. I wish I could get him to give a dose of my prescribing to her ladyship's cats and dogs, for the foolish woman has absolutely bequeathed in her will an annual sum for the care of each, after her death. Oh, dear! dear! how much more to her credit would it be to consider the present exigencies of her country, and add to the number of voluntary contributions!

RHYME OF THE RAIL.—SAXE.

SINGING through the forests,
 Rattling over ridges,
 Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges,
 Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale,—
 Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the rail!

Men of different stations,
In the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same;
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level,
Travelling together!

Gentlemen in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentlemen at large,
Talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentlemen in gray,
Looking rather green;

Gentlemen quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentlemen in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker—
Wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the Knicker-
Bocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers;

Now he snores amain,
Like the seven sleepers :
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "association !"

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks :
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion,
She is out of danger !

Woman with her baby,
Sitting vis-à-vis ;
Baby keeps a-squalling,
Woman looks at me ;
Asks about the distance ;
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking !

Market woman, careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket ;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot,
Rather prematurely.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,

Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

YOUNG WHIPSTITCH.—ANON.

A LONDON tailor, as 'tis said,
By buckram, canvas, tape and thread,
Sleeve-linings, pockets, silk and twist,
And all the long expensive list
With which their uncouth bills abound,
Tho' rarely in the garment found ;
By these and other arts in trade,
Had soon a pretty fortune made ;
And did what few had ever done,
Left *thirty thousand* to his son.

The son, a gay, young swagg'ring blade,
Abhorr'd the very name of trade,
And lest reflection should be thrown
On him, resolv'd to quit the town,
And travel where he was not known.
In gilded coach and liv'ries gay,
To Oxford first he took his way ;
There beaux and belles his taste admire,
His equipage and rich attire ;
But nothing was so much ador'd
As his fine silver-hilted sword ;
Tho' short and small, 'twas vastly neat,
The sight was deem'd a perfect treat.
Beau Ganter begg'd to have a look,
But when the sword in hand he took,
He boldly swore it was an *odd* thing,
And look'd much like a *tailor's bodkin*.

His pride was hurt by this expression,
Thinking they knew his sire's profession ;
Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,
And drove for Glo'ster that same day.
There soon he found new cause of grief,
For dining off some fine roast beef,
One ask'd him which he did prefer,
Some *cabbage* or a cucumber ?
The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,
Thought it severe reflection meant ;
His stomach turn'd, he could not eat,
So made an ungenteele retreat ;
Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,
And bade his coachman drive to Bath
There he suspected fresh abuse,
Because the dinner was roast *goose* :
And that he might no more be jeer'd
Next day to Exeter he steer'd,
There with some bucks he drank about,
Until he fear'd they found him out ;
His glass not full, as was the rule,
They said 'twas not a *thimble* full ;
The name of thimble was enough,
He paid his reck'ning and went off.
He then to Plymouth took a trip,
And put up at the Royal Ship,
Which then was kept by Caleb Snip.
" Snip, Snip," the host was often call'd,
At which his guest was so much gall'd,
That soon to Cambridge he remov'd,
There too he unsuccessful prov'd :
For tho' he fill'd his glass or cup,
He did not always drink it up :
The scholars mark'd how he behav'd,
And said a *remnant* sha'n't be sav'd :
The name of remnant gall'd him so
That he resolv'd to York he'd go :

There fill'd his bumper to the top,
And always fairly drank it up :
" Well done," says Jack, a buck of York,
" You go thro' *stitch*, sir, with your work.'
The name of *stitch* was such reproach,
He rang the bell, and call'd his coach.
But ere he went, enquiries made,
By what strange means they knew his trade.

" You put the cap on, and it fits,"
Reply'd one of the Yorkshire wits ;
" Our words, in common acceptation,
Could not find out your occupation ;
'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,
To find out both your trade and you.
Vain coxcombs, and fantastic beaux
In ev'ry place themselves expose ;
They travel far at vast expense,
To show their wealth and want of sense ;
But take this for a standing rule,
There's no disguise can screen a fool."

THE MAN AND HIS TWO WIVES.—LE FEVER.

It happened once a certain man
Adopted the illegal plan,
Which still 'mongst heathen men survives,
Of having ('stead of one) two wives ;
But not with wisdom, you will say.
Two wives he took ;—the one was young,
And grace and beauty round her hung ;
The other was an ancient bride,
And walking on life's down-hill side :
They lived together, *in one house*,
And tried their best to please their spouse.

Each treated him with tender care,
 Prepar'd his food and comb'd his hair.
 These offices they shar'd, no doubt,
 In equal turns, week in, week out.
 The young wife blush'd to have it said
 That she had married a gray head ;
 So, when the combing was her share,
 She slily pluck'd out each white hair.

The elder dame was pleased to see
 Her husband look as old as she ;
 So sought, when dressing up his pate,
 The black ones to eradicate,—
 For much she fear'd each gossip scold
 Would call him young, and call her old.

The worthy man was sadly plac'd—
 His youth despis'd, his age disgraced ;
 He found (such things the best befall)
 He 'd better have no wife at all ;
 For while each stood up for her right,
 He lost his hair, both black and white ;
 And ere an old man he had grown,
 He 'd lost the honors of his crown.

MORAL.

Those who would a new wife wed,
 Should wait until the other 's dead.

KING—MILLER—COURTIER.—ANON.

King. (Enters alone, wrapped in a cloak.) No, no, this can be no public road—that's certain. I have lost my way undoubtedly. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night shows me no respect ; I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another man. When a king is lost in a wood, what is he more than other men? His wisdom knows not which is north, and which is south ; his power a beggar's dog would bark at, and

the beggar himself would not bow to his greatness. And yet how often are we puffed up with these false attributes! Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man. But hark! somebody sure is near. What were it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside, then, and let manhood do it.

Enter the Miller.

Miller. I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Miller. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. (*Aside.*) Lie, lie! How strange it seems to me to be talked to in this style! (*Aloud.*) Upon my word, I don't, sir.

Miller. Come, come, sirrah, confess. You have shot one of the king's deers, haven't you?

King. No, indeed; I owe the king more respect. I heard a gun go off, to be sure, and was afraid some robbers might have been near.

Miller. I am not bound to believe this, friend. Pray, who are you? What's your name?

King. Name!

Miller. Name!—ay, name. You have a name, haven't you? Where do you come from? What is your business here?

King. These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

Miller. May be so; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer; so, if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you! What authority have you to—

Miller. The king's authority, if I must give you an account. Sir, I am John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, one of his majesty's keepers in the forest of Sherwood, and I will let no suspicious fellow pass this way, unless he can give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you

King. Very well, sir. I am very glad to hear the king has so good an officer; and since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favor to hear it.

Miller. You don't deserve it, I believe; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

King. I have the honor to belong to the king as well as you, and perhaps should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest, and the chase leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Miller. This does not sound well. If you have been a hunting, pray where is your horse?

King. I have tired my horse so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this, now—

King. I am not used to lie, honest man.

Miller. What! do you live at court, and not lie? That's a likely story, indeed!

King. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, or give me a night's lodging in your house, here is something to pay you for your trouble—(*offering money*)—and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinced you are a courtier: here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath. Here, take it again—John Cockle is no courtier. He can do what he ought without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must own, and I should be glad, methinks, to be further acquainted with thee.

Miller. Prithee, don't thee and thou me at this rate. I suppose I am as good a man as yourself, at least.

King. Sir, I beg pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, friend; only I don't love to be too familiar with you until I am satisfied as to your honesty.

King. You are right. But what am I to do?

Miller. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through this thick wood; but if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road, and direct you the best I can; or if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myself.

King. And cannot you go with me to-night?

Miller. I would not go with you to-night, if you were the king himself.

King. Then I must go with you, I think.

(Enter a courtier, in haste.)

Courtier. Ah! is your majesty safe? We have hunted the forest over to find you.

Miller. How! are you the king? (*Kneels.*) Your majesty will pardon the ill-usage you have received. (*The King draws his sword.*) His majesty surely will not kill a servant for doing his duty too faithfully.

King. No, my good fellow. So far from having anything to pardon, I am much your debtor. I cannot but think so good and honest a man will make a worthy and honorable knight. Rise, Sir John Cockle, and receive this sword as a badge of knighthood, and a pledge of my protection; and to support your nobility, and in some measure requite you for the pleasure you have done us, a thousand crowns a year shall be your revenue.

HUMANITY VERSUS INGRATITUDE.—FRENÉAU.

By the side of the sea in a cottage obscure,
There liv'd an old fellow named Charlot Boncoeur.
Who was free to his neighbor and good to the poor,
Catching fish was his trade,
And all people said,

That mischief to nothing but fish he designed,
To all *people* else he was candid and kind.

One day as he went to the brink of the lake,
Persuading the fishes their dinner to take,
(The last he intended they ever should make)
While his hooks he employ'd to their sorrow and woe,
A grunting he heard in the waters below ;
And casting his eyes to the bottom, (for here
We'll suppose that the water was perfectly clear)
He saw on the bed of the liquid profound
An unfortunate wight, who was drowning, or drowned.

That the man to the surface once more might ascend,
He took up his pole, with a hook at the end,
And to it he fell,
And managed so well,

That soon to the margin the carcase was drawn,
And who should it be but his old neighbor JOHN !

Now, some how or other, it popp'd in his head,
That in spite of his drowning, the man was not dead,
And while he was thinking what means to devise
That his friend might recover and open his eyes,
He saw with vexation and sorrow, no doubt,
That, in lugging him up, he had put one eye out—
However, convinced, from what he had heard,
That John might be living, for aught that appeared ;
To his cottage he took him, and there had him bled,
Rubb'd, roll'd on a barrel, and then put to bed ;
So in less than week (to his praise be it said)
In less than a week, the man was as sound
(Excepting the loss of his eye and the wound)
As if in his life he had never been drowned.

But when John had begun to travel about,
He was sadly chagrined that his eye was put out,
And forgetting what service his neighbor had done him,
Went off to a lawyer, and clapt a writ on him :

Talked much of the value of what he had lost,
That Charlot must pay all the damage and cost,
And if with such sentence he would not comply,
He swore he would have his identical eye.

That Charlot was vexed, we hardly need say,
Yet he urged what he could in a moderate way,
Declared to the judges, by way of defence,
"That the action was wrought without malice prepense ;
That his conscience excused him for what he had done ;
That fortune was only to blame—and that John
Might have thought himself happy (when death was so nigh)
To purchase his life with the loss of an eye—
That the loss of an eye is a serious affair
Was certain—and yet he 'd be bold to declare,
That the man who can show but one eye in his head,
Is better by far than a man that is dead."

In answer to all the defendant's fine pleading,
John said "He had never yet found in his reading,
A people, or nation, or senator sage,
Or a law, or a custom, in whatever age,
Permitting (unpunished) by force or surprise
One neighbor to put out his next neighbor's eyes."

The lawyers and judges were all at a stand
Which way to conclude on the matter in hand,
'Till a half-witted fellow, who chanced to be there,
Undertook to decide on this weighty affair ;
And cry'd "Can you doubt in a case that's so plain ?
Be guided by me, and you'll ne'er doubt again :
The plea of the plaintiff rests wholly on this ;
In fishing him up he takes it amiss,
That Charlot manœuvred with so little skill,
So awkwardly fumbled and managed so ill,
And thus with his bungling to ruin John's look,
And put out an eye with the point of his hook—

Well, now, my lord judges, attend my decree,
Straightway let the plaintiff be thrown in the sea,
And, after reposing awhile on the bottom,
If he get out alone from where Charlot got him,
Safe, sound, and undamaged—why, then 't is my sentence
That Charlot be punished and brought to repentance.
But if, after gasping and flouncing about,
He drowns in the water, and fails getting out,
Why, then, it is justice, it must be confest,
That Charlot forthwith be discharged from arrest,
Absolved from all punishment due to the wound,
And paid in the bargain, 'cause John was not drowned."

The audience was struck with a world of surprise,
To find that a fool could give counsel so wise.
The judges themselves the sentence espoused,
And freely consented that John should be soused.

John, finding that matters had took a wrong turn,
Not waiting to see if the court would adjourn,
Sneaked out of the house, with a hiss of disgrace,
In dread—lest the sentence should quickly take place—
Grown pliant at last, his cause he withdrew—
His plea was so bad and his friends were so few ;
It was needless, he thought on the cast of a die
To venture his life for the sake of an eye,
And concluded 't was better to give up the suit,
Than risk the one left, and be smothered to boot.

TWO BLANKS TO A PRIZE.—ANON.

In the lott'ry of life, lest dame fortune beguile,
This great truth we should ever premise,
That altho' the bright goddess may simper and smile,
She has always—two blanks to a prize !

VILLAGE GREATNESS.—W. RAY.

In every country village, where
Ten chimney smokes perfume the air,
Contiguous to a steeple,
Great gentlefolks are found a score,
Who can't associate any more
With common "country people."

Jack Fallow, born amongst the woods,
From rolling logs, now rolls in goods,
Enough a while to dash on ;
Tells negro stories—smokes cigars—
Talks politics—decides on wars—
And lives in stylish fashion.

Tim Oxford, lately from the plough,
A polished gentleman is now,
And talks about "country fellows ;"
But ask the fop what books he's read,
You'll find the brain-pan of his head
As empty as a bellows.

Miss Faddle, lately from the wheel,
Begins quite lady-like to feel,
And talks affectedly genteel,
And sings some tasty songs, too ;
But, my veracity impeach,
If she can tell what part of speech
Gentility belongs to.

Without one spark of wit refined—
Without one beauty of the mind—
Genius or education,—
Of family or fame to boast ;—
To see such gentry rule the roast,
Turns patience to vexation.

To clear such rubbish from the earth,—
Though real genius, mental worth,
And science do attend you,—
You might as well the sty refine,
Or cast your pearls before the swine;
They'd only turn and rend you.

MONSIEUR TONSON.—ANON.

THERE liv'd as fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight in town, yclep'd *Tom King*,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to tease and *smoke*,
In short, for strokes of humor, quite the *thing*.

To many a jovial club, this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—
Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck, and blood,
Would crowd, his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humor flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—
A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
Just by that spot, the Seven Dials high;
'T was silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place, there liv'd the num'rous clans
Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,

Known at that time by name of refugees—
The rod of persecution, from their home,
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

Well! our two friends were saunt'ring through the street,
In hopes some food for humor soon to meet,

When, in a window near, a light they view ;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
So tow'rd the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Strait at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock)

"I'll ask," says King, "if *Thompson* lodges here"—
"*Thompson* !" cries t' other, "who the deuce is he ?"
"I know not," King replies, "but want to see
What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time a little Frenchman came,
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
The other held a thing they call *culotte* ;
An old strip'd woollen nightcap grac'd his head,
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smil'd,
And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,

Bending his head politely to his knee—
"Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late ;
I beg your pardon, sare, to make you vait ;
Pray tell me, sare, vat your commands vid me ?"

"Sir," reply'd King, "I merely thought to know,
As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go—

But, really, I disturb'd your sleep I fear—
I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
If there's a Mr. *Thompson* lodges here?"

The shiv'ring Frenchman, tho' not pleas'd to find
The business of this unimportant kind,
Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrugg'd out a sigh that thus his rest should break,
Then, with unalter'd courtesy, he spake—
"No, sare, no Monsieur *Tonson* lodges here."

Our wag begg'd pardon, and toward home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;
But King, resolv'd not thus to drop the jest,
So the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before;
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound;
King, with the knocker, thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determin'd to remain;
And oft indeed he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wondering what fiend again disturb'd his sleep;
The wag salutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprise,
(While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes)
"Is there—a Mr. *Thompson*—lodges here?"

The Frenchman falter'd, with a kind of fright—
"Vy, sare, I'm sure I told you, sare, last night—
(And here he labor'd with a sigh sincere)
No Monsieur *Tonson* in de varld I know,
No Monsieur *Tonson* here—I told you so;
Indeed, sare, dare no Monsieur *Tonson* here!"

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.

The rogue next night pursu'd his old career—
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,
"Saré, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur *Tonson* here!"

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid :
Whose tongue indeed than any jack went faster—
Anxious she strove his errand to enquire,
He said "'tis vain her pretty tongue to tire,
He should not stir till he had seen her master."

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day—
King told her she must fetch her master down,
A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call,
And long indeed was she oblig'd to bawl,
E're she could rouse the torpid lump of clay—
At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears,
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When King attacks him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
To this tormenter mildly to complain,
And strait in rage began his crest to rear—
"Sare, vat the mischief make you treat me so ?
Sare, I inform you, sare, three nights ago,
Did I not say no Monsieur *Tonson* here ?"

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife
Between the harass'd Frenchman and his wife,
Which should descend to chase the fiend away ;
At length to join their forces they agree,

And strait impetuously they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Utt'ring the old enquiry, calmly stood—
The name of Thompson rais'd the storm so high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
With, "Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit;
They threw out water—for the watch they call,
But King expecting, still escapes from all—
Monsieur at last was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime,
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot;
At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, the well known haunt to trace;
"Ah, here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said,
"My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead—
Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say!
He took his old abode that very day—
Capricious turn of sportive fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,

Just in his former trim he now appears ;
The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,
With rushlight as before, he creeping came,
And King's detested voice, astonish'd, hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewildered with affright,
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore—
Then starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
“ Begar ! here 's Monsieur *Tonson* come again ! ”
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more !

MEETING OF DR. SLOP AND OBADIAH.—STERNE.

IMAGINE to yourself a little squat, uncourtly figure of a Dr. Slop, of about four feet and a half, perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a sesquipedality of body, which might have done honor to a sergeant in the horse-guards.

Such were the outlines of Dr. Slop's figure, which—if you have read Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*, (and if you have not, I wish you would,)—you must know, may as certainly be caricatured, and conveyed to the mind by three strokes as three hundred.

Imagine such a one—for such, I say, were the outlines of Dr. Slop's figure—coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling through the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty color, but of strength, alack ! scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition. They were not. Imagine to yourself Obadiah, mounted upon a strong monster of a coach-horse, urged into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

Pray, sir, let me interest you a moment in this description.

Had Dr. Slop beheld Obadiah a mile off, posting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monstrous rate—

splashing and plunging like a demon through thick and thin as he approached—would not such a phenomenon, with such a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis, have been a subject of juster apprehension to Dr. Slop, in his situation, than the *worst* of Whiston's comets; to say nothing of the *nucleus*—that is, of Obadiah and the coach-horse? In my idea, the vortex alone of them was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at least the doctor's pony, quite away with it.

What, then, do you think must the terror and hydrophobia of Dr. Slop have been, when you read (which you are just going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards Shandy Hall, and had approached within sixty yards of it, and within five yards of a sudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden wall, and in the dirtiest part of a dirty lane, when Obadiah and his coach-horse turned the corner, rapid, furious—pop—full upon him? Nothing, I think, in nature can be supposed more terrible than such a rencontre,—so imprompt! so ill-prepared to stand the shock of it, as Dr. Slop was!

What could Dr. Slop do?—he crossed himself—Pugh!—but the doctor, sir, was a Papist.—No matter; he had better have kept hold of the pommel. He had so; nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all; for in crossing himself, he let go his whip; and in attempting to save his whip between his knee and his saddle's skirt, as it slipped, he lost his stirrup,—in losing which, he lost his seat; and in the multitude of all these losses,—in the multitude of all these losses, I say, coming in quick succession, the unfortunate doctor lost his presence of mind. So that, without waiting for Obadiah's onset, he left his pony to its destiny, tumbling off it diagonally, something in the style and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other consequence from the fall, save that of being left (as *it* would have been) with the broadest part of him sunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pulled off his cap twice to Dr. Slop; once as he was falling, and then again when he saw him seated. Ill-timed complaisance! Had not the fellow better have stopped his

horse, and got off and helped him? Sir, he did all that his situation would allow; but the *momentum* of the coach-horse was so great, that Obadiah could not do it all at once. He rode in a circle three times round Dr. Slop, before he could fully accomplish it any how; and at last, when he did stop the beast, it was done with such an explosion of mud, that Obadiah had better have been a league off. In short, never was a Dr. Slop so beluted and so transubstantiated since that gentleman came into the world.

ACCOUNT OF HUDIBRAS.—BUTLER.

A WIGHT he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him mirror of knighthood,
That never bowed his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right-worshipful on shoulder-blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench—great on the saddle—
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle:
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war as well as peace—
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout;
Some hold the one, and some the other;—
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool;
For 't had been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,

Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras—
(For that 's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they 're mistaken very much ;
'Tis plain enough he was no such :
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it ;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek,
As naturally as pigs do squeak ;
That Latin was no more difficile ;
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic ;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side ;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination ;
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope

His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
And when he happened to break off
I' the middle of his speech, or cough
H' had hard words, ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by :
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You 'd think he talked like other folk ;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.—
But, when he pleased to show 't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect :
It was a party-colored dress
Of patched and piebald languages ;
'T was English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an old promiscuous tone,
As if he had talked three parts in one ;
Which made some think, when he did gabble
Th' had heard three laborers of Babel ;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large ;
For he would coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit ;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on :
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em ;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.

KNICKERBOCKER'S NEW-ENGLAND FARMER.—W. IRVING.

THE first thought of a Yankee farmer, on coming to the years of manhood, is to settle himself in the world—which means nothing more than to begin his rambles. To this end, he takes to himself for a wife some buxom country heiress, passing rich in red ribands, glass beads, and mock tortoise-shell combs, with a white gown and morocco shoes for Sunday, and deeply skilled in the mystery of making apple-sweetmeats, long sauce, and pumpkin pie. Having thus provided himself, like a peddler, with a heavy knapsack, wherewith to regale his shoulders through the journey of life, he literally sets out on his peregrinations.

His whole family, household furniture, and farming utensils, are hoisted into a covered cart; his own and wife's wardrobe packed up in a firkin—which done, he shoulders his axe, takes staff in his hand, whistles "Yankee Doodle," and trudges off to the woods, as confident of the protection of Providence, and relying as cheerfully on his own resources, as ever did a patriarch of yore, when he journeyed into a strange country of the Gentiles. Having buried himself in the wilderness, he builds himself a log hut, clears away a corn-field and potatoe-patch, and, Providence smiling upon his labors, he is soon surrounded by a snug farm, and some half a score of flaxen-headed urchins, who, by their size, seem to have sprung all at once out of the earth, like a crop of toadstools.

But it is not the nature of this most indefatigable of speculators to rest contented with any state of sublunary enjoyment: improvement is his darling passion; and having thus improved his lands, the next state is to provide a mansion worthy the residence of a landholder. A huge palace of pine boards immediately springs up in the midst of the wilderness, large enough for a parish church, and furnished with windows of all dimensions; but so rickety and flimsy withal, that every blast gives it a fit of the ague. By the time the outside of this mighty air-castle is completed, either the funds or the

zeal of our adventurer are exhausted, so that he barely manages to half finish one room within, where the whole family burrow together, while the rest of the house is devoted to the curing of pumpkins, or storing of carrots and potatoes, and is decorated with fanciful festoons of dried apples and peaches.

The outside remaining unpainted, grows venerably black with time; the family wardrobe is laid under contribution for old hats, petticoats and breeches, to stuff into the broken windows; while the four winds of heaven keep up a whistling and howling about the ærial palace, and play as many unruly gambols as they did of yore in the cave of Æolus. The humble log-hut, which whilom nestled this improving family snugly within its narrow but comfortable walls, stands hard by—ignominious contrast!—degraded into a cow-house or pigsty; and the whole scene reminds one forcibly of a fable, which I am surprised has never been recorded, of an aspiring snail, who abandoned his humble habitation, which he had long filled with great respectability, to crawl into the empty shell of a lobster, where he could no doubt have resided with great style and splendor, the envy and hate of all the pains-taking snails in his neighborhood, had he not accidentally perished with cold in one corner of his stupendous mansion.

Being thus completely settled, and, to use his own words, "to rights," one would imagine that he would begin to enjoy the comforts of his situation, to read newspapers, to talk politics, neglect his own business, and attend to the affairs of the nation, like a useful or patriotic citizen; but now it is that his wayward disposition again begins to operate. He soon grows tired of a spot where there is no longer any room for improvement, sells his farm (his air-castle), petticoat-windows and all, re-loads his cart, shoulders his axe, puts himself at the head of his family, and wanders away in search of new lands, again to fell trees, again to clear corn-fields, again to build a shingle-palace, and again to sell off and wander.

THE TINKER AND GLAZIER.—HARRISON.

SINCE gratitude, 'tis said, is not o'er common,
 And friendly acts are pretty near as few;
 And high and low, with man and eke with woman,
 With Turk, with Pagan, Christian, and with Jew;
 We ought, at least, whene'er we chance to find
 Of these rare qualities a slender sample,
 To show they may possess the human mind,
 And try the boasted influence of example.
 Who knows how far the novelty may charm?
 It can't, at any rate, do much harm:
 The tale we give, then; and, we need not fear,
 The moral, if there be one, will appear.

Two thirsty souls met on a sultry day—
 One glazier Dick, the other Tom the tinker;
 Both with light purses, but with spirits gay,
 And hard it were to name the sturdiest drinker.
 Their ale they quaff'd;
 And, as they swigg'd their nappy,
 Though both agreed, 'tis said,
 That trade was wondrous dead,
 They jok'd, sung, laugh'd,
 And were completely happy.

The landlord's eye, bright as his sparkling ale,
 Glisten'd to see them the brown pitcher hug;
 For ev'ry jest, and song, and merry tale,
 Had this blithe ending—"Bring us t' other mug!"
 Now Dick, the glazier, feels his bosom burn,
 To do his friend, Tom Tinker, a good turn;
 And where the heart to friendship feels inclin'd,
 Occasion seldom loiters long behind.

The kettle gaily singing on the fire,
 Gives Dick a hint just to his heart's desire;

And while to draw more ale the landlord goes,
Dick in the ashes all the water throws;
Then puts the kettle on the fire again,
And at the tinker winks,
As "trade's success!" he drinks,
Nor doubts the wish'd success Tom will obtain.

Our landlord ne'er could such a toast withstand;
So, giving each kind customer a hand,
His friendship too display'd,
And drank—"Success to trade!"
But, O! how pleasure vanish'd from his eye,
How long and rueful his round visage grew,
Soon as he saw the kettle's bottom fly,
Solder the only fluid he could view!
He rav'd, he caper'd, and he swore,
At the poor kettle's bottom o'er and o'er.

"Come, come!" says Dicky, "fetch us, my friend, more ale;
All trades, you know, must live:
Let's drink—"May trade with none of us ne'er fail!"
The job to Tom, then, give;
And, for the ale he drinks, our lad of mettle,
Take my word for it, soon will mend your kettle."
The landlord yields, but hopes 'tis no offence
To curse the trade that thrives at his expense.
Tom undertakes the job—to work he goes,
And just concludes it with the ev'ning's close.

Souls so congenial, had friends Tom and Dick,
They might be fairly call'd brother and brother:
Thought Tom, to serve my friend, I know a trick,
"And one good turn always deserves another!"
Out now he slily slips,
But not a word he said;
The plot was in his head,
And off he nimbly trips.

Swift to the neighb'ring church his way he takes;
 Nor, in the dark,
 Misses his mark,
 But ev'ry pane of glass he quickly breaks.

Back as he goes,
 His bosom glows,
 To think how great will be his friend Dick's joy,
 At getting so much-excellent employ!
 Return'd, he beck'ning, draws his friend aside,
 Importance in his face;
 And, to Dick's ear his mouth applied,
 Thus briefly states the case:—
 "Dick, I may give you joy—you 're a made man—
 I 've done your business most complete, my friend;—
 I'm off!—the dogs may catch me, if they can;—
 Each window of the church you 've got to mend!
 Ingratitude's worst curse on my head fall,
 If, for your sake, I have not broke them all!"

Tom, with surprise, sees Dick turn pale,
 Who deeply sighs—"O, la!"
 Then drops his under jaw,
 And all his pow'rs of utt'rance fail;
 While horror in his ghastly face,
 And bursting eye-balls, Tom can trace;
 Whose sympathetic muscles, just and true,
 Share with heart
 Dick's unknown smart,
 And two such phizzes ne'er met mortal view.

At length, friend Dick his speech regain'd,
 And soon the mystery explain'd:—
 "You have, indeed, my business done!
 And I, as well as you, must run;
 For, let me act the best I can,
 Tom! Tom! I am a ruin'd man!"

"Bless me! this friendship is a foolish act;
You didn't know with the parish I contract:
Your wish to serve me, then, will cost me dear,—
I always mend those windows *by the year*."

A TALK ABOUT TITLES.—FRENEAU.

ONE Sabbath-day morning, said Sampson to Sue,
"I have thought and have thought that a **TITLE** will do;
Believe me, my dear, it is sweeter than syrup
To taste of a *title*, as cooked up in Europe;
'Your ladyship' here, and 'your ladyship' there,
'Sir knight,' and 'your grace,' and 'his worship the mayor'
But *here*, we are nothing but *vulgar* all over;
The wife of a *cobbler* scarce thinks you above her.
What a country is this, where *madam* and *miss*
Is the highest address from each vulgar-born cur,
And I—even I—am but **MISTER** and **SIR**!
Your **EQUAL-RIGHT** gentry I ne'er could abide;
That all are born equal, by **ME** is denied,
And *Barlow* and *Paine* shall preach it in vain.
Look even at brutes, and you'll see it confest
That some are intended to *manage* the rest.
Yon dog that so stately along the street stalks,
You may know he's well-born from the way that he **walks**:
Not a better-born whelp ever snapped at his foes;
All he wants is a **GLASS** TO BE STUCK ON HIS NOSE;
And then, my dear Sue, between *me and you*,
He would look like the gemman whose name I forget,
Who lives in a castle, and never pays debt."

"My dear," answered Susan, "'tis said, in reproach,
That you climb like a bear when you get in a coach:
Now, your nobles that spring from the nobles of old,
Your earls and your knights, and your barons so bold,

From nature inherit so handsome an air,
 They are noblemen born, at first glance we may swear.
 But you that have cobbled, and I that have spun,
 'Tis wrong for our noddles on TITLES to run;
 Moreover, you know, that to make a fine show,
 Your people of note, of arms get a coat;
 A *boot* or a *shoe* would but sneakingly do,
 And would certainly prove our nobility NEW."

"No matter," said Sampson, "a coach shall be bought;
 Tho' the low-born may chatter, I care not a groat:
 Around it a group of devices shall shine,
 And mottos and emblems, to prove it is mine;
 Fair Liberty's CAP, and a STAR, and a STRAP;
 A DAGGER, that somewhat resembles an AWL;
 A pumpkin-faced GODDESS *supporting* a STALL;—
 All these shall be there. How people will stare!
 And ENVY herself, that our TITLE would blast,
 May smile at the motto—'*The first shall be LAST.*'"

IRISH COURTESY.—SEADLEY.

STRANGER—O'CALLAGHAN.

Stranger. I have lost my way, good friend; can you assist me in finding it?

O'Callaghan. Assist you in finding it, sir? ay, by my faith and troth, and that I will, if it was to the world's end, and further too.

Str. I wish to return by the shortest route to the Black Rock.

O'Cal. Indade, and you will, so plase your honor's honor—and O'Callaghan's own self will show you the way, and then you can't miss it you know.

Str. I would not give you so much trouble, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O' Cal. It is never a trouble, so plase your honor, for an Irishman to do his duty. (*Bowing.*)

Str. Whither do you travel, friend?

O' Cal. To Dublin, so plase your honor—sure all the world knows that Judy O'Flannaghan will be married to-morrow, God willing, to Pat Ryan; and Pat, you know, is my own foster-brother—because why, we had but one nurse between us, and that was my own mother; but she died one day—the Lord rest her swate soul! and left me an orphan, for my father married again, and his new wife was the divil's own child, and did nothing but bate me from morning till night. Och, why did I not die before I was born to see that day! for by St. Patrick, the woman's heart was as cold as a hailstone.

Str. But what reason could she have for treating you so unmercifully, Mr. O'Callaghan?

O' Cal. Ah, your honor, and sure enough there are always reasons as plenty as pratees for being hard-hearted. And I was no bigger than a dumpling at the time, so I could not help myself, and my father did not care to help me, and so I hopped the twig, and parted old Nick's darling; och, may the divil find her wherever she goes. But here I am alive and lapeing, and going to see Pat married; and faith to do him justice, he's as honest a lad as any within ten miles of us, and no disparagement neither; and I love Pat, and I love all his family; ay, by my shoul do I, every mother's skin of them—and by the same token, I have travelled many a long mile to be present at his wedding.

Str. Your miles in Ireland are much longer than ours, I believe.

O' Cal. Indade, and you may believe that, your honor, because why, St. Patrick measured them in his coach, you know. Och, by the powers! the time has been—but, 'tis no matter, not a single copper at all at all now belongs to the family—but as I was saying, the day has been, ay, by my troth, and the night too, when the O'Callaghans, good luck to them, held their heads up as high as the best; and though I have not a rod of land belonging to me, but what I hire, I love my

country, and would halve my last pratee with any poor creature that has none.

Str. Pray, how does the bride appear, Mr. O'Callaghan?

O'Cal. Och, by my shoul, your honor, she's a nate article; and then she will be rigged out as gay as a lark and as fine as a peacock; because why, she has a great lady for her god-mother, long life and success to her, who has given Judy two milch cows, and five pounds in hard money; and Pat has taken as dacent apartments as any in Dublin—a nate comely parlor as you'd wish to see, just six fate under ground, with a nice beautiful ladder to go down—and all so complate and gentale—and comfortable, as a body may say.

Str. Nothing like comfort, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'Cal. Faith, and you may say that your honor. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Comfort, is comfort, says I to Mrs. O'Callaghan, when we were all seated so cleverly around a great big turf fire, as merry as grigs, with the dear little grunterns snoring so swately in the corner, defying wind and weather, with a dry thatch, and a sound conscience to go to sleep upon.

Str. A good conscience makes a soft pillow.

O'Cal. Och, jewel, sure it is not the best beds that make the best slapers; for there's Kathleen and myself can sleep like two great big tops, and our bed is none of the softest—because why, we slape on the ground, and have no bed at all at all.

Str. It is a pity my honest fellow, that you should ever want one. There—(*giving him a guinea*), good-by, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'Cal. I'll drink your honor's health, that I will; and may God and the blessed Virgin bless you and yours, as long as grass grows and water runs.

THE SUN-BURNT MAN.—STAHL.

AN affidavit was made by Augustus Dormouse yesterday afternoon, against Clarence Fitz-Butter, for burning him with a burning-glass.

Augustus Dormouse, being sworn by the Recorder, deposed: Time of the alleged offence was about two o'clock. P. M., on Tuesday afternoon. Place, shade of a tree, on the Neutral Ground. Deponent was asleep; was oppressed by the sultriness of the weather, and wished for a little repose. Was quite sound asleep when accused came across him. Felt something sting him behind—on the back, between the shoulders. Had no jacket on. Shirt slightly torn. Pain increased till it felt like a coal of fire. Screamed, and awoke. Saw accused draw back a burning-glass, and slip it in his pocket.

Cross-examined: Does not consider himself a vagrant. Is of a poetical temperament, and likes the look of green things. Has no particular residence. Does small chores for a living. Native of Indiana—of highly respectable family.

Clarence Fitz-Butter, a quizzical-looking vagabond, who was much better dressed than the plaintiff, and carried several stumps of cigars in his pockets, very offensive to the smell, and an incongruous assortment of burning, mostly spectacle, glasses, here begged the Recorder to allow him to explain.

The Recorder granted the request of the prisoner.

"I am a philosopher," observed Fitz-Butter, "and am peculiarly inclined to the investigation of light. I have perused the works of Herschel, Davy, Daguerre, Faraday and Draper. My vest-pocket is a laboratory. In it I constantly keep a supply of sun-glasses. I make it a point to draw a focus as often as possible. I wish not to allow a ray to pass me. Every beam I subject to my glass. Sir, this is necessary with my theory of nature. I am of the opinion that everything in nature is combustible, or it is not combustible. How simple an arrangement! how concise a method! Combustible—non-combustible. With my illuminated foci, I explore the hidden arcana of nature. I carry the torch into her darkest labyrinths. I apply a match to her, and she reports or she does not report. I have, in my busy and devoted life, accumulated a great store of facts. I will give your honor a list of the combustible objects in nature—a list"—

"I will not listen!" said the Justice. "What have you to observe relative to burning Augustus Dormouse?"

"This," resumed Fitz-Butter. "Accidentally, I encountered the prone body of the individual responding to the appellation of Augustus Dormouse. Him I had never seen before, and therefore not examined. Now, was the sleeper combustible, or was he not? Is he—a *salamander*, and can stand fire? With the thought, instantly I produce my sun-glass. His back is exposed—his shirt being torn between the shoulders;—I drew a focus on the exposed skin. I lay my tablets on the grass, in readiness to record any important and wonderful discovery I may make. But the sleeper stirs in his sleep—he is combustible—he wakes, and stares with bestial rage upon me. Upon *me*—a philosopher! Nay, more; he complains to the police, he causes my arrest, he heaps upon me the disgrace of a public exhibition and a penal trial! What does he not deserve? I appeal to your honor, what does he not deserve? Punish the Vandal, Recorder, to the utmost extent the laws of the country and your official oath will permit?"

DOG DAYS—HOOD.

Most *doggedly* I do maintain,
And hold the *dogma* true,—
That four-legg'd *dogs* altho' we see,
We've some that walk on two.

Among them there are clever dogs;
A few you'd reckon mad;
While some are very jolly dogs,
And others very sad.

You've heard of Dogs, who, early taught,
Catch halfpence in the mouth;—
But we've a long-tail'd *Irish* Dog,
With feats of larger growth.

Of Dogs who merely *halfpence* snatch
The admiration ceases,
For he grows saucy, sleek, and fat,
By swallowing *penny-pieces* !

He's practising some other feats,
Which time will soon reveal ;
One is, to squeeze an *Orange* flat,
And strip it of its *Peel*.

The next he'll find a toughish job
For one so far in years ;
He wants to pull an old *House* down,
That's now propp'd up by *Peers*.

I've heard of physick thrown to dogs,
And very much incline
To think it true, for we've a pack,
Who only *bark* and *w(h)ine*.

The *Turnspit* of the sad old days
Is vain enough to boast,
Altho' his "occupation's gone,"
He still could *rule the roast*.

But turnspits now are out of date,—
We all despise the hack,
And in the kitchen of the state
We still prefer a *Jack*.

A COURT AUDIENCE.—ANON.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too serious for a court
Who at all preaching made a sport.

He soon perceived his audience nod,
 Deaf to the zealous man of God !
 The doctor stopp'd ; began to call,
 " Pray 'wake the earl of Lauderdale.
 My lord ! why, 'tis a monstrous thing !
 You snore so loud—you 'll 'wake the King."

THE KING'S VISIT TO A CATHEDRAL.—WOLCOT

SOMETIMES great kings will condescend
 A little with their subjects to unbend !
 An instance take :—A king of this great land,
 In days of yore, we understand,
 Did visit Sal'sbury's old church so fair :
 An earl of Pembroke was the monarch's guide ;
 Incog. they travell'd, shuffling side by side.
 And into the cathedral stole the pair.

The verger met them in his blue silk gown,
 And humbly bow'd his neck with reverence down,
 Low as an ass to lick a lock of hay :
 Looking the frightened verger through and through,
 All with his eye-glass—" Well sir, who are you ?
 " What, what, sir ?—hey, sir ?" deigned the king to say.

" I am the verger here most mighty king :
 In this cathedral I do ev'ry thing ;
 Sweep it, an't please ye, sir, and keep it clean."
 " Hey ? verger ! verger !—you the verger ? hey ?"
 " Yes, please your glorious majesty I be,"
 The verger answer'd, with the mildest mien.

Then turn'd the king towards the peer,
 And wink'd and laugh'd ; then whisper'd in his ear,
 " Hey, hey—what, what—fine fellow, 'pon my word :
 I 'll knight him, knight him, knight him—hey, my lord ?"

Then with his glass, as hard as eye could strain,
He kenn'd the trembling verger o'er again.

"He's a poor verger, sire," his lordship cry'd :

"Sixpence would handsomely requite him."

"Poor verger, verger, hey?" the king reply'd :

"No, no, then, we won't knight him—no, won't knight him."

Now to the lofty roof the king did raise
His glass, and skipp'd it o'er with sounds of praise ;

For thus his marv'ling majesty did speak :

"Fine roof this, master verger, quite complete ;

High—high and lofty too, and clean and neat :

What, verger, what? mop, mop it once a week?"

"An't please your majesty," with marv'ling chops,

The verger answer'd, "we have got no mops,

In Sal'sb'ry that will reach so high."

"Not mop, no, no, not mop it," quoth the king—

"No, sir, our Sal'sb'ry mops do no such thing ;

They might as well pretend to scrub the sky."

THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE.—ANON.

A PUPIL of the Æsculapian school

Was just prepar'd to quit his master's rule ;

Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,

But that he then had learnt it seven years.

Yet think not that in knowledge he was cheated—

All that he had to study still,

Was, when a man was well or ill,

And how, if sick, he should be treated.

One morn he thus address'd his master—

"Dear sir, my honor'd father bids me say,

If I could now and then a visit pay,

He thinks, with you,
To notice how you do,
My bus'ness I might learn a little faster."

"The thought is happy," the preceptor cries;
"A better method he could scarce devise;
So Bob, (his pupil's name) it shall be so,
And when I next pay visits you shall go."

To bring that hour, alas! time briskly fled:
With dire intent,
Away they went,
And now behold them at a patient's bed.

The master-doctor solemnly perus'd
His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mus'd;
Look'd wise, said nothing—an unerring way,
When people nothing have to say:

Then felt his pulse, and smelt his cane,
And paus'd and blink'd, and smelt again,
And briefly of his corps perform each motion:
Manœuvres that for death's platoon are meant,
A kind of a make ready and present,
Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.

At length the patient's wife he thus address'd:
"Madam, your husband's danger's great;
And (what will never his complaint abate)
The man's been eating oysters I perceive,"
"Dear! you're a witch, I verily believe,"
Madam replied, and to the truth confess'd.

Skill so prodigious Bobby too admir'd;
And home returning, of the sage inquir'd
How these same oysters came into his head;
"Psha! my dear Bob, the thing was plain—
Sure that can ne'er distress thy brain:
I saw the shells lie underneath the bed!"

So wise by such a lesson grown,
 Next day Bob ventur'd forth alone,
 And to the self-same suff'rer paid his court—
 But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,
 Return'd the stripling minister of death,
 And to his master made this dread report :

" Why sir, we ne'er can keep that patient under—
 Mercy ! such a maw I never came across !
 The fellow must be dying, and no wonder,
 For—if he hasn't eat a horse !"

" A horse !" the elder man of physic cried,
 As if he meant his pupil to deride—
 How came so wild a notion in your head ?"
 " How ! think not in my duty I was idle ;
 Like you, I took a peep beneath the bed,
 And there I saw—a saddle and a bridle !"

•

DEATH OF A BLACKSMITH.—ANON.

With the nerves of a Sampson, this son of the sledge,
 By the anvil his livelihood got,
 With the skill of a Vulcan could temper an edge,
 And strike—*while the iron was hot.*

By *forging* he liv'd—yet never was tried
 Or condemn'd by the laws of the land ;
 But still it is certain, and can't be denied,
 He often was—*burnt in the hand.*

With the sons of St. Crispin no kindred he claim'd,
 With the *last* he had nothing to do ;
 He handled no *awl*, and yet in his time
 Made many an excellent *shoe*.

He blew up no coals of sedition, but still
His bellows were always in *blast* ;
And I will acknowledge (deny it who will)
That one *vice*, and but one, he possess'd.

No actor was he, nor concern'd with the stage,
No audience to awe him appear'd ;
Yet oft in his shop (like a crowd in a rage)
The voice of *hissing* was heard.

Tho' *steeling* of axes was part of his cares,
In thieving he never was found,
And tho' he was constantly *beating on bars*,
No vessel he e'er ran aground.

Alas ! and alack ! what more can I say
Of Vulcan's unfortunate son ?
The priest and the sexton have borne him away,
And the sound of his hammer is done.

WHAT WE WISH WE READILY BELIEVE.—JOANNA BAILLIE.

BALTIMORE, PETER and DAVID.

Baltimore. What were you laughing at ?

Peter. Only, sir, at Squire Freeman, (he, he, he !) who was riding up the back lane a little while ago, on his new crop-eared hunter, as fast as he could canter, with all the skirts of his coat flapping about him, for all the world like a clucking hen upon a sow's back—He, he, he !—

Balt. Thou art pleasant, Peter ; and what then ?

Pet. When just turning the corner, your honor, as it might be so, my mother's brown calf (bless its snout ! I shall love it for it, as long as I live) set its face through the hedge, and said " Mow ! "

Balt. And he fell : did he ?

Pet. O bless you, yes, your honor! into a good soft bed of all the rotten garbage of the village.

Balt. And you saw this; did you?

Pet. O yes, your honor! as plain as the nose on my face.

Balt. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! and you really saw it?

David. (*Aside.*) I wonder my master can demean himself so as to listen to that knave's tale: I'm sure he was proud enough once.

Balt. (*Still laughing.*) You really saw it?

Pet. Ay, your honor! and many more than me saw it.

Balt. And there were a number of people to look at him too?

Pet. Oh! your honor! all the rag-tag of the parish were grinning at him.

Balt. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! this is excellent! ha, ha, ha! He would shake himself but ruefully before them. (*Still laughing violently.*)

Pet. Ay sir: he shook the wet straws and the withered turnip-tops from his back. It would have done your heart good to have seen him.

Dav. Nay, you know well enough, you do, that there is nothing but a bank of dry sand in that corner. (*Indignantly to Peter.*)

Balt. (*Impatiently to David.*) Poo! silly fellow! it is the dirtiest nook in the village.—And he rose and shook himself: ha, ha, ha! I did not know that thou wert such a humorous fellow, Peter: here is money for thee to drink the brown calf's health.

Pet. Ay your honor! for certain he shall have a noggen.

Dav. (*Aside.*) To think now that he should demean himself so!

HANDS VERSUS HEADS.—ANON.

I THINK the hand must certainly be a more important member than the head; for we all know, if a man lose his hand, he is subjected to much inconvenience which cannot be disguised;

whereas if a man lose his head there's an end of all his troubles, and he never complains about the matter. Again, if a man should be born without a head, although it might at first be thought he would cut a very strange figure in the world, yet we know from experience otherwise. We know that such a man may be a good neighbor, a loyal subject, and indeed an excellent parish officer. Suppose the same man without an arm—still he is better, for if there's any treason abroad he's sure to have no hand in it; although this may not say much for his honesty, inasmuch as the world may call him *light-fingered*. I am willing to take both sides of the question, but still I cannot avoid a little partiality in the favor of hands. I hope every person present has not lived so long in the world, without being three or four times in imminent danger of going out of it. If this has been the case, I must triumph in one position; does the doctor deal with his head? no, he applies to the hand. Go to a lawyer, ask him for a single monosyllable, and we all know, before he opens his mouth,—he holds out his hand. There is a current from the palm to the other functions and moral capacities of man. The hand may be said to contain all the channels in the moral world;—from the hand of a lawyer it washes the cape of *Good Hope*, and abounds in *flat*. In the miser, it is the *Frozen Ocean*. In the doctor, too frequently, the *Dead Sea*. In the slave merchant, it is the Atlantic, for it keeps the *whites* from the *blacks*. The parson's hand holds the parish stream. Every man contributes a share—in the hand of the tax gatherer, is the Bay of Biscay, for what falls in, there is no knowing where it goes to; in the hand of the man of the world, is the petrifying spring of Derbyshire, for whatever is put into it, comes out a stone,—and in the hand of the man of charity, is the blessed Nile, for its overflowings give abundancy and content. It would be well if our heraldry were as Othello says, “hands not hearts.” From the true poet's hand flows the purest crystal, which without disguise shows the little shining pebbles and the hollow shells in their native brilliancy and emptiness. Hands are the most important members, far superior to heads;

even a bad man's hand may be sometimes held out, and give a hearty shake, when in five minutes after the head may reprove the action ; when the hand is given in haste, the repentant head sometimes says "excuse my glove," which may be translated, "excuse my heart." How often do we see when gentlemen can do nothing with their heads, settle matters with their hands ; men, who have frequently not reason to withdraw an objection, have fortunately a finger to draw a trigger. I hope these affairs will, in many cases, be allowed to depend entirely upon hands, and in which *heads* have not the least transaction. A hand, I repeat it, is the most powerful engine in the possession of man ; and if any gentleman present is sceptical on this point, I trust he may be arrested before he gets home, in order that he may declare to me, by to-morrow morning's post, that there is nothing so awful as the hand of a sheriff's officer ; never mind the head of the law, or I should say, head and wig ; for what would one be without the other ? but keep from the hand—touch but a little finger, and you are lost. A hand must be the best, for, as Lord Chesterfield says, "Show me the company he keeps, and I'll tell you the man." Now, as the hand keeps the best company, viz., the pocket—it must consequently be superior to every other part, at least until anything shall be found superior to the pocket ; which no one will have the hardihood to say is the head ; for how often is the head completely lost in the pocket ! Everything depends upon the hand ; and we may liken society to one great fiddle, that only wants judicious fingering to be made profitable : on it, all men play different tunes, but the most prevalent is—a *catch*. What would Hymen do if it were not for hands ?—when a man comes to the dreadful resolution of fettering himself up for life, where does he put the ring of his charmer ?—upon the hand ;—the hand settles all matters at the marriage, and very frequently after it. I am aware that this important subject has been but slightly touched by me, but I at first merely attempted it off-hand, and will leave it to abler fingers ; and if, like the patriarchs of old, I find refreshment under your *palms*, my gratitude shall not be wanting for the obligation.

OPPOSITE NATURES.—J. K. PAULDING.

CHANGELESS AND ELIHU GO-AHEAD.

(CHANGELESS alone, with a book in his hand.)

Change. Bless me, how the world has changed within my recollection! Alas, the days of slow travelling and quick wit are no more. No man can walk quietly along in this city, without being pestered with forty invitations—"Broadway up!" A man's sanity is doubted, if he venture to travel with horses to see the country, instead of hissing along—chu—chu—chu—whiz—biz—phiz—ting-a-ling—splash, splash—dash, mash, crash—hissing, rending, tearing—whistling and shrieking like a regiment of insane fifes, kindly assisted by a chorus of eagles—frightening horses—killing cows—burning hay-stacks—turning the houses hind part before, and making them look nine ways from Sunday—debauching morals—kicking up a dust—sowing Canada thistles and rag-weed—marring the fair face of nature—scaring the echoes—banishing the dryads and the nymphs—in a word, ruining a beautiful world!

And this is called travelling! A New Yorker has six weeks to spare. Will he travel over, and become acquainted with part of his own State? Not he. There's time enough for him to be steamed over great part of the Union. None of your insignificant journeys for him—none of your snails' pace for the votary of railroads! He packs up a portmanteau, takes a steamboat at seven o'clock at night, and rages up the Hudson after dark, cursing his luck the while, because he's aboard the slowest boat. Next morning, at daylight, he's in a railroad-car, and in twenty-four hours, more or less, we find him at Niagara. He has already heard the waters roar, and been *behind* the falls; that's enough for him. He's uneasy until he's off again; a steamboat receives him, and, before we know where we are, he has reached Chicago, or Green Bay. He jumps ashore, and makes a straight track for the Illinois river. Unlucky dog, he has to do this by stage—never mind—steamboat again—paddle, paddle, paddle. Here he is on the Mis-

issippi—paddle again. Suddenly he falls into a dreadful state of excitement on the appearance of a rival boat—bribes the fireman to burn more wood—is in a fever of anxiety, till the boilers of one or both explode—is blown up, perhaps, sky-high—lands on his feet—presses on still more eagerly to New Orleans—walks on the Levee—patronizes the opera—the deuce take operas!—finally takes the mail-route direct for New York; travels day and night; and when he arrives at home, fancies he has seen the country, and talks of his Western tour. So much is there in a lively imagination!

(*Enter SERVANT.*)

Girl. There's a gentleman at the door wants to see you, sir.

Change. Ask him in. (*Exit SERVANT.*) I wonder who can want to see me? I thought forty years would have settled most of my old acquaintance.

(*Enter ELIHU GO-AHEAD.*)

(*Aside.*) Hum—a stranger—wants to humbug me, I'll bet.

(*Aloud.*) Take a scat, sir.

Elihu. (*sits.*) Much obliged—my name is Go-ahead, sir.

Change. (*aside.*) The fellow with the pernicious appellation!

(*Aloud.*) Well, Mr. Go-ahead, what's your business with me?

Elihu. You have property, sir, in St. Lawrence county—tract known as the Changeless Anti-improvement Retreat—so set down in the tax-list—water lots, privileges, fisheries—do you yet own it, sir?

Change. I do—and may I ask, what is that to you?

Elihu. Mr. Changeless, I hope your name is not indicative of your disposition.

Change. Again I ask, sir, what is that to you?

Elihu. Mr. Changeless, you are a fortunate individual—I find, sir, on your land—is there nobody listening?

(*Rises and examines the doors.*)

Change. What, what, for heaven's sake? No mines, I hope.

Elihu. Mines! Better than that. There is, sir, on your land, a site for a grand commercial mart!

Change. (*rises in agitation, and paces the room.*) I'm

weary of this life! Is there no comfort left for me on earth? I had flattered myself that there was nothing on my land but rocks and trees. I had indulged the hope that nothing could be made of my property but boards and farms. And now to be—it will kill me!

Elihu. Why, what on airth is the matter with the man?

Change. A commercial mart!

Elihu. Yes, sir; I assure you, the situation is admirable, unprecedented. Virgin forest now, to be sure; but, by the expenditure of a few thousand dollars, it might be made a great central depot—an unexampled emporium—a—only wants a railroad, sir. By the way, I have a map of the property and plan of the road with me. (*Unrolls a map.*) Here, sir, you perceive—

Change. (*Stopping to look at it.*) Ah—I see, I see—a fine river on one side of my property, and a dirty, muddy, stagnant, sickly abortion of an unfinished canal on the other, and you want me to construct a railroad between the two. Why, you reprobate, you demon, it is a mere flying in the face of Providence.

Elihu. These are hard words, Mr. Changeless—but don't you perceive how much this road would increase the value of your property?

Change. I am satisfied with it as it stands. You would make me expend half my fortune for benefits which may possibly accrue some centuries hence, and tell me I am making money. I tell you, sir, I have already paid the State, in taxes, enough to sicken me of the improved value of my lands, if I should live fifty years. Thank Heaven, they can't legislate them bodily away!

Elihu. But consider, sir—the internal improvement—satisfaction of public sentiment—advantage to the country.

Change. Internal improvement! Infernal rather! Infernal—infernal—infernal!

Elihu. But public sentiment—advantage to the country—

Change. Deuce take public sentiment! Confound the advantage to the country—no, no, I don't mean that—but—but—deuce take you, you, you, you, and all miscreants like

you. Why don't you pick my pockets at once and be done with it? None of your cursed, round-about, dilatory, mean-spirited, legal modes of diddling a man out of his money.

Elihu. Mr. Changeless, I must say, this abusive conduct of yours is very singular—

Change. Singular! I wish it was double, sir—ten times as much abuse and ten times as strong—that it might penetrate your confounded wrought-iron head. I wish I could scream with the concentrated shrillness of forty steam whistles, that you might be enabled to understand me, you uneasy concatenation of steam, rails, cylinders and imposition. Mr. Go-ahead, you may perhaps understand and pardon my excitement, when I tell you, that you have this day put to flight some Utopian dreams I had encouraged of having penetrated beyond the reach of improvement—dissipated some hopes I had fondly cherished, of living and dying in peace. I had hoped, sir, that I might have been permitted to pass the rest of my pilgrimage on earth in quiet, and that I had found a place where my bones, after my death, might rest undisturbed by corporations, street-inspectors, railroad-projectors, canal-diggers, scientific agriculturists, and all similar nuisances to society.

Elihu. Well, I confess, I can't exactly understand your ideas—but people will have strange fancies—eccentric some—some half-cracked.

Change. Amongst whom, I presume, you include me, Mr. Go-ahead.

Elihu. Not at all, I assure you—far from it. (*Aside.*) There's no persuading him to the railroad, that's clear. I'll try the other project. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Changeless, one of the greatest improvements of the age is the economy practiced in the burning of fuel. Now I, sir, have invented a stove which exceeds everything yet, but I find myself in want of the capital to enable me to introduce it successfully to the public. If you would wish, therefore, to purchase part of my patent right, I should be disposed to be accommodating as to price. Extraordinary invention—soon become universal—economy—air-tight.

Change. Mr. Go-ahead, if I could instantly annihilate every stove, and all recollection of them, from the face of the earth, I would do so without hesitation. I verily believe, sir, they are one cause of the degeneracy of the human race. Air-tight!—one of those diabolical contrivances, I suppose, that explodes, if you do not spend half your time in attending on it.

Elihu. I assure you, sir—

Change. Assure me not, for I have made up my mind not to believe you. Sir, a man who is so wedded to railroads, who invents air-tight stoves, is not deserving of credit. Mark me, sir, I say it is impossible that he should speak the truth. Truth and stoves I hold to be incompatible. When you find a man that warms himself by a good, roaring, cheerful, sparkling, hearty, old-fashioned hickory fire, trust him implicitly without further inquiry.

Elihu. Mr. Changeless, these are very strange opinions—would n't meet with the public approbation.

Change. Opinions!—I express my sincere conviction.

Elihu. Then you decline interesting yourself in my scheme?

Change. Yes sir. Ten thousand times, yes. I would see you and your whole generation crammed into the mouths of your stoves, before I would condescend to interest myself in sheet iron and such like economical nonsense. Besides, it's a wicked plot—it's no better than manslaughter. Why, sir, the average of human life is shortened at least ten years by the prevalent use of stoves. To be sure there is economy in that.

Elihu. Sir, you are behind the age—three hundred years at least—public opinion, sir—spirit of the nineteenth century—

Change. Away, Beelzebub, prince of diabolical inventions! Vanish, spirit of the nineteenth century, or I shall do something I may be ashamed of. I can contain myself no longer—I shall be obliged to put myself into a strait-jacket—

(*Advances furiously upon ELIHU.*)

Elihu. (*Aside.*) An escaped lunatic, as I'm a sinnēr.

(*Exit in dismay.*)

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.—BIGLOW PAPERS.

GUVERNER B. is a sensible man ;

He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes ;—

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My ! aint it terrible ? Wut shall we du ? .

We can't never choose him, o' course,—thet 's flat ;
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you ?)

An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that ;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man :

He 's ben on all sides thet gives places or pelf ;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—

He 's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself ;—

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war ;

He don't vally principle more 'n an old cud ;
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,

But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood ?

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,

With good old idees o' wut 's right an' wut aint ;

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,

An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,

An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country;

An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book

Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry*;

An' John P.

Robinson he

Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;

Sez they 're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum*;

An' thet all this big talk of our destinies

Is half on it ignorance, an' t' other half rum;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez it aint no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life

Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,

An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,

To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judea.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us

The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—

God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,

To drive the world's team wen it gits in a slough;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

THE WIND IN A FROLIC—HOWITT.

THE wind one morning sprung up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls;
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the field it went blustering and humming
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
It plucked by their tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood silently mute.
So on it went, capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks;
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice too bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags:
'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried, gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
And cracked their great branches through and through.
Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm,
And ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dame with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps.

The turkies they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd :
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
But the wind has passed on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy who panted and struggled in vain :
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in the pool, and his shoe in the mud.

.THE ROAD TO A WOMAN'S HEART.—HALIBURTON.

As we approached the Inn at Amherst, the Clockmaker grew uneasy. It's pretty well on in the evening, I guess, said he, and Marm Pugwash is as onsartin in her temper as a mornin in April ; it's all sunshine or all clouds with her, and if she's in one of her tantrums, she'll stretch out her neck and hiss, like a goose with a flock of goslings.

Now, Marm Pugwash is like the Minister's apples, very temptin fruit to look at, but desperate sour. If Pugwash had a watery mouth when he married, I guess it's pretty puckery by this time. However, if she goes to act ugly, I'll give her a dose of 'soft sawder,' that will take the frown out of her frontispiece, and make her dial-plate as smooth as a lick of copal varnish. It's a pity she's such a kickin' critter, too, for she has good points—good eye—good foot—neat pastern—fine chest—a clean set of limbs, and carries a good —. But here we are, now you'll see what 'soft sawder' will do.

When we entered the house, the travellers' room was all in darkness, and on opening the opposite door into the sitting-room, we found the female part of the family extinguishing the fire for the night. Mrs. Pugwash had a broom in her hand, and was in the act (the last act of female housewifery) of sweeping the hearth. The strong flickering light of the fire, as it fell upon her tall fine figure and beautiful face, revealed a creature worthy of the Clockmaker's comments.

Good evening, Marm, said Mr. Slick, how do you do, and how's Mr. Pugwash? He, said she, why he's been abed this hour, you don't expect to disturb him this time of night I hope. Oh no, said Mr. Slick, certainly not, and I am sorry to have disturbed you, but we got detained longer than we expected; I am sorry that —. So am I, said she, but if Mr. Pugwash will keep an Inn when he has no occasion to, his family can't expect no rest.

Here the Clockmaker, seeing the storm gathering, stooped down suddenly, and staring intently, held out his hand and exclaimed, Well if that aint a beautiful child—come here my little man, and shake hands along with me—well, I declare, if that are little feller aint the finest child I ever seed—what, not abed yet? ah you rogue, where did you get them are pretty rosy cheeks; stole them from mamma, eh? Well, I wish my old mother could see that child, it is such a treat. In our country, said he, turning to me, the children are all as pale as chalk, or as yaller as an orange. Lor me, that are little feller would be show in our country—come to me, my man. Here the 'soft sawder' began to operate. Mrs. Pugwash said in a milder tone than we had yet heard, 'Go, my dear, to the gentleman—go, dear.' Mr. Slick kissed him, asked him if he would go to the States along with him, told him all the little girls there would fall in love with him, for they didn't see such a beautiful face once in a month of Sundays. Black eyes—let me see—ah mamma's eyes too, and black hair also; as I am alive, why you are mamma's own boy, the very image of mamma. Do be seated, gentlemen, said Mrs. Pugwash—Sally, make a fire in the next room. She ought to be proud of you, he continued. Well, if I live to return here, I must paint your face, and have it put on my clocks, and our folks will buy the clocks for the sake of the face. Did you ever see, said he, again addressing me, such a likeness between one human and another, as between this beautiful little boy and his mother? I am sure you have had no supper, said Mrs. Pugwash to me; you must be hungry and weary, too—I will get you a cup of tea. I am sorry to give you so much trouble, said I. Not the

least trouble in the world, she replied, on the contrary a pleasure.

We were then shown into the next room, where the fire was now blazing up, but Mr. Slick protested he could not proceed without the little boy, and lingered behind to ascertain his age, and concluded by asking the child if he had any aunts that looked like mamma.

As the door closed, Mr. Slick said, it's a pity she don't go well in gear. The difficulty with those critters is to git them to start, arter that there is no trouble with them if you don't check 'em too short. If you do they'll stop again, run back and kick like mad, and then Old Nick himself wouldn't start 'em. Pugwash, I guess, don't understand the nature of the critter; she'll never go kind in harness for him. *When I see a child, said the Clockmaker, I always feel safe with these women folk, for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child.*

CANUTE AND THE OCEAN.—WOLCOTT.

CANUTE was by his nobles taught, to fancy
That, by a kind of royal necromancy,

He had the pow'r, old Ocean to control;
Down rush'd the royal Dane upon the strand,
And issu'd, like a Solomon, command:
Poor soul!

“Go back, ye waves, ye blust'ring rogues! (quoth he)
Touch not your lord and master, Sea!—

For, by my pow'r almighty, if you do;”
Then staring vengeance,—out he held a stick,
Vowing to drive old Ocean to old Nick,
Should he ev'n wet the latchet of his shoe.

The Sea retir'd: the monarch fierce rush'd on,
And look'd as if he'd drive him from the land;

DIFFICULTIES OF A BASHFUL MAN.—ANON.

SIR THOMAS FRIENDLY, who lives about two miles distant, is a Baronet, with an estate joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living, with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas', at Friendly Hall. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have, for some time past, taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the Mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice.

As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress. The Baronet's politeness, by degrees, dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve

and sheepishness, till, at length, I ventured to join the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics; in which the Baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own.

To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and as I supposed, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up; and I with joy perceived that the bell, which had at first so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments to the dinning room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon my face had been continually burning, like a fire-brand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident re-kindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes,

my black silk dress was not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation ; and for some minutes I seemed to be in a boiling cauldron ; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me ; spilling a sauce boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar : rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony ; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water ; but all agreed that wine was the best for drawing out the fire ; and a fine glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness : but, oh ! how shall I tell the sequel ?

Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do ? I could not swallow ; and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor squirted through my fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes ; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters ; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete.

To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration

which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

FIGHTING DOGS.—WOLCOTT.

YOUNG men!—

I do presume that *one* of you in *ten*
 Has kept a dog or two, and has remark'd,
 That when you have been comfortably feeding,
 The curs, without one atom of court breeding,
 With wat'ry jaws, have whin'd, and paw'd, and bark'd;
 Show'd anxiousness about the mutton bone,
 And, 'stead of *your* mouth, wish'd it in their *own*;
 And if you gave this bone to one or t' other,
 Gracious! what a snarling, quarrelling, and pother!
 This, p'rhaps, has often touch'd you to the quick,
 And made you teach *good manners* by a *kick*;
 And if the tumult was beyond all bearing,
 A little bit of *sweet* emphatic swearing,
 An eloquence of wondrous use in wars,
 Amongst sea captains and the brave Jack tars.

Now, tell me honestly,—pray, don't you find
 Somewhat in Christians, just of the same kind
 That you experienc'd in the curs,
 Causing your anger and demurs?
 As, for example, when your mistress, *Fame*,
 Wishing to celebrate a worthy name,

He sent her to a stylish school—
'T was in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins;—
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins!

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back;
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track.)
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man?"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the father's trembling arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

THE DUEL.—HOOD.

IN Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mister Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allowed,
Such fair outside* was never seen,—
An angel on a cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
“ You choose to rival me
And court Miss Bell ; but there your *court*
No *thoroughfare* shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love ;—
I, who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle-dove.

So, pray, before you woo her more,
Consider what you do :
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
I'll *pop* it into you.”

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
“ Your threat I do explode ;—
One who has been a volunteer
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you, unless
Your passion quiet keeps
I, who have shot, and hit bulls' eyes
May chance to hit a sheep's.”

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red ;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead

But first they found a friend apiece,
This pleasant thought to give—
That when they both were dead, they'd have
Two *seconds* yet to live.

* In England, women frequently ride on the outside of stage-coaches.

To measure out the ground, not long
The seconds next forbore ;
And having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol pan,
Against the deadly strife ;
By putting in the prime of death,
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes ;
But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so, they found
They both were *shaking hands*.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
" Here one of us may fall,
And, like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
Be doomed to have a *ball*.

I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name !
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your *ramrod* do the same ?"

Said Mr. B., " I do agree ;—
But think of Honor's courts,—
If we be off without a shot,
There will be strange *reports*.

But look ! the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun ;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had *called out* the sun ?"

So up into the harmless air
Their bullets they did send ,
And may all other duels have
That *upshot* in the end.

As for Ears,—and, speaking, Nose scornfully curled,—

“ Their murmurs were equally trifling and teasing,
And not all the Ears, Eyes, or Lips in the world,
Should keep him unblown, or prevent him from sneezing.”

“ To the Cheeks,” he contended, “ he acted as screen,
And guarded them oft from the wind and the weather ;
And but that he stood like a landmark between,
The face had been nothing but cheek altogether !”
With eloquence thus he repelled their abuse,
With logical clearness defining the case ;
And from thence came the saying, so frequent in use,
That an argument’s plain “ as the nose on your face !”

MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.—BERQUIN.

DERBY AND SCRAPEWELL.

Derby. Good-morning, neighbor Scrapewell. I have half a dozen miles to ride to-day, and should be extremely obliged to you if you would lend me your gray mare.

Scrapewell. I should be happy, friend Derby, to oblige you ; but I ’m under the necessity of going immediately to the mill with three bags of corn. My wife wants the meal this very morning.

Der. Then she must want it still, for I can assure you the mill does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Will Davis that the water was too low.

Scrape. You don’t say so ? That is bad indeed ; for in that case I shall be obliged to gallop off to town for the meal. My wife would comb my head for me, if I should neglect it.

Der. I can save you this journey, for I have plenty of meal at home, and will lend your wife as much as she wants.

Scrape. Ah ! neighbor Derby, I am sure your meal will never suit my wife. You can’t conceive how whimsical she is.

Der. If she were ten times more whimsical than she is, I am certain she would like it ; for you sold it to me yourself, and you assured me that it was the best you ever had.

Scrape. Yes, yes, that 's true, indeed ; I always have the best of everything. You know, neighbor Derby, that no one is more ready to oblige a friend than I am ; but I must tell you, the mare this morning refused to eat hay ; and truly, I am afraid she will not carry you.

Der. Oh, never fear, I will feed her well with oats on the road.

Scrape. Oats ! neighbor ; oats are very dear.

Der. Never mind that. When I have a good job in view, I never stand for trifles.

Scrape. But it is very slippery ; and I am really afraid she will fall and break your neck.

Der. Give yourself no uneasiness about that. The mare is certainly sure-footed ; and, besides, you were just now talking of galloping her to town.

Scrape. Well, then, to tell you the plain truth, though I wish to oblige you with all my heart, my saddle is torn quite in pieces, and I have just sent my bridle to be mended.

Der. Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

Scrape. Ah ! that may be ; but I am sure your saddle will never fit my mare.

Der. Why, then I'll borrow neighbor Clodpole's.

Scrape. Clodpole's ! his will no more fit than yours will.

Der. At the worst, then, I will go to my friend 'Squire Jones. He has half a score of them ; and I am sure he will lend me one that will fit her.

Scrape. You know, friend Derby, that no one is more willing to oblige his neighbors than I am. I do assure you, the beast should be at your service, with all my heart ; but she has not been curried, I believe for three weeks past. Her foretop and mane want combing and cutting very much. If any one should see her in her present plight, it would ruin the sale of her.

Der. O ! a horse is soon curried, and my son Sam shall dispatch her at once.

Scrape. Yes, very likely ; but I this moment recollect the creature has no shoes on.

Der. Well, is there not a blacksmith hard by ?

Scrape. What ! that tinker of a Dobson ? I would not trust such a bungler to shoe a goat. No, no ; none but uncle Tom Thumper is capable of shoeing my mare.

Der. As good luck would have it, then, I shall pass right by his door.

Scrape. (*Calling to his son.*) Timothy, Timothy. Here's neighbor Derby, who wants the loan of the gray mare, to ride to town to-day. You know the skin was rubbed off her back last week a hand's breadth or more. (*He gives Tim a wink.*) However, I believe she is well enough by this time. You know, Tim, how ready I am to oblige my neighbors. And, indeed, we ought to do all the good we can in this world. We must certainly let neighbor Derby have her, if she will possibly answer his purpose. Yes, yes ; I see plainly, by Tim's countenance, neighbor Derby, that he's disposed to oblige you. I I would not have refused you the mare for the worth of her. If I had, I should have expected you would have refused me in your turn. None of my neighbors can accuse me of being backward in doing them a kindness. Come, Timothy, what do you say ?

Tim. What do I say, father ? Why, I say, sir, that I am no less ready than you are to do a neighborly kindness. But the mare is by no means capable of performing the journey. About a hand's-breadth did you say, sir ? Why, the skin is torn from the poor creature's back, of the bigness of your broad-brimmed hat. And, besides, I have promised her, as soon as she is able to travel, to Ned Saunders, to carry a load of apples to the market.

Scrape. Do you hear that, neighbor ? I am very sorry matters turn out thus. I would not have disobliged you for the price of two such mares. Believe me, neighbor Derby, I am really sorry, for your sake, that matters turn out thus.

Der. And I as much for yours, neighbor Scrapewell ; for, to tell you the truth, I received, a letter this morning from

Mr. Griffin, who tells me, if I will be in town this day, he will give me the refusal of all that lot of timber which he is about cutting down upon the back of Cobblehill; and I intended you should have shared half of it, which would have been not less than fifty dollars in your pocket. But, as your—

Scrape. Fifty dollars, did you say?

Der. Ay, truly did I; but as your mare is out of order, I'll go and see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

Scrape. Old Roan! My mare is at your service, neighbor. Here, Tim, tell Ned Saunders he can't have the mare. Neighbor Derby wants her; and I won't refuse so good a friend anything he asks for.

Der. But what are you to do for meal?

Scrape. My wife can do without it this fortnight, if you want the mare so long.

Der. But then your saddle is all in pieces.

Scrape. I meant the old one. I have bought a new one since, and you shall have the first use of it.

Der. And you would have me call at Thumper's, and get her shod?

Scrape. No, no; I had forgotten to tell you, that I let neighbor Dobson shoe her last week, by way of trial; and, to do him justice, I must own, he shoes extremely well.

Der. But if the poor creature has lost so much skin from off her back—

Scrape. Poh, poh! That is just one of our Tim's large stories. I do assure you, it was not at first bigger than my thumb-nail; and I am certain it has not grown any since.

Der. At least, however, let her have something she will eat, since she refuses hay.

Scrape. She did indeed refuse hay this morning; but the only reason was, that she was crammed full of oats. You have nothing to fear, neighbor; the mare is in perfect trim; and she will skim you over the ground like a bird. I wish you a good journey and a profitable job.

LETTER FROM A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

—BIGLOW PAPERS.

DEAR SIR,—You wish to know my notions
 On sartin pints thet rile the land ;
 There 's nothin' thet my natur so shuns
 Ez bein' mum or underhand ;
 I 'm a straight-spoken kind o' creetur
 Thet blurts right out wut 's in his head,
 An' ef I 've one pecooler feetur,
 It is a nose thet wunt be led.

So, to begin at the beginnin',
 An' come directly to the pint,
 I think the country's underpinnin'
 Is some consid'ble out o' jint ;
 I aint agoin' to try your patience
 By tellin' who done this or thet,
 I don't make no insinocations,
 I jest let on I smell a rat.

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,
 But, ef the public think I 'm wrong,
 I wunt deny but wut I be so,—
 An', fact, it don't smell very strong ;
 My mind 's tu fair to lose its balance
 An' say wich party hez most sense ;
 There may be folks o' greater talence
 Thet can't set stiddier on the fence.

I 'm an eclectic ; ez to choosin'
 'Twixt this an' thet, I 'm plaguy lawth ;
 I leave a side thet looks like losin'.
 But (wile there 's doubt) I stick to both ;
 I stan' upon the Constitution,
 Ez preudent statesmun say, who 've planned
 A way to git the most profusion
 O' chances ez to *ware* they 'll stand.

Ez fer the war, I go agin' it,—
I mean to say I kind o' du,—
Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
The best way wuz to fight it thru ;
Not but wut abstract war is horrid,
I sign to thet with all my heart,—
But civlyzation *does* git forrid
Sometimes upon a powder-cart.

About thet darned Proviso matter
I never hed a grain o' doubt,
Nor I aint one my sense to scatter
So 's no one could n't pick it out ;
My love fer North an' South is equil,
So I 'll jest answer plump an' frank,
No matter wut may be the sequil,—
Yes, Sir, I *am* agin a Bank.

Ez to the answerin' o' questions,
I 'm an off ox at bein' druv,
Though I aint one thet ary test shuns
'll give our folks a helpin' shove ;
Kind o' promiscuous I go it
Fer the holl country, an' the ground
I take, ez nigh ez I can show it,
Is pooty gen'ally all round.

I don't appruve o' givin' pledges ;
You 'd ough' to leave a feller free,
An' not go knockin' out the wedges
To ketch his fingers in the tree ;
Pledges air awfle breachy cattle
Thet preadent farmers don't turn out,—
Ez long 'z the people git their rattle,
Wut is there fer 'm to grout about ?

Ez to the slaves, there 's no confusion
In *my* idees consarnin' them,—

I think they air an Institution,
 A sort of—yes, jest so,—ahem :
 Do I own any? Of my merit
 On thet pint you yourself may jedgo ;
 All is, I never drink no sperit,
 Nor I haint never signed no pledge.

Ez to my principles, I glory
 In hevin' nothin' o' the sort ;
 I aint a Wig, I aint a Tory,
 I 'm jest a candidate, in short ;
 Thet 's fair an' square an' parpendicularer,
 But, ef the Public cares a fig
 To hev me an' thin' in particler,
 Wy, I 'm a kind o' peri-wig.

P. S.

Ez we're a sort o' privateerin',
 O' course, you know, it's sheer an' sheer,
 An' there is sutthin' wuth your hearin'
 I 'll mention in *your* privit ear ;
 Ef you git *me* inside the White House,
 Your head with ile I 'll kin' o' 'nint
 By gittin' *you* inside the Light-house
 Down to the eend o' Jaalam Pint.

An' ez the North has took to Brustlin'
 At bein' scrouged frum off the roost,
 I 'll tell ye wut 'll save all tusslin'
 An' give our side a harnsome boost,—
 Tell 'em thet on the Slavery question
 I 'm RIGHT, although to speak I 'm lawth ;
 This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
 An' leaves me frontin' South by North.

HOW TO WRITE BY PROXY.—T. MOORE.

'Mong our neighbors, the French, in the good olden time,
When nobility flourished, great barons and dukes
Often set up for authors in prose and in rhyme,
But ne'er took the trouble to write their own books.

Poor wretches were found to do this for their betters ;
And one day a bishop, addressing a *blue*,
Said, " Ma'am, have you read my new Pastoral Letters ?"
To which the *blue* answered, " No, bishop : have *you* ?"

The same is now done by *our* privileged class ;
And, to show you how simple the process it needs,
If a great major general wishes to pass
For an author of history, thus he proceeds :—

First, scribbling his own stock of notions as well
As he can, with a *goose-quill* that claims him as *kin*,
He settles his neckcloth—takes snuff—rings the bell,
And yawningly orders a subaltern in.

The subaltern comes—sees his general seated,
In all the self-glory of authorship swelling ;—
" There, look," saith his lordship, " my work is completed ;
It wants nothing now but the grammar and spelling."

Well used to a *breach*, the brave subaltern dreads
Awkward breaches of syntax a hundred times more ;
And, though often condemned to the breaking of heads,
He had ne'er seen such breaking of Priscian's before.

However, the job's sure to *pay*—that's enough—
So to it he sets with his tinkering hammer,
Convinced that there never was job half so tough
As the mending a great major-general's grammar.

But, lo ! a fresh puzzlement starts up to view—
New toil for the sub.—for the lord, new expense ;

'Tis discovered that mending his *grammar* won't do,
As the subaltern also must find him in *sense* !

At last, even this is achieved by his aid ;
Friend Subaltern pockets the cash and—the story ;
Drums beat—the new grand march of intellect 's played—
And off struts my lord, the historian, in glory !

ADDRESS TO MY TEA-KETTLE.—HORACE SMITH.

LEAVING some operatic zany
To celebrate the singers many,
From Billington to Catalini,
Thy voice I still prefer to any,—
MY KETTLE !

Some learned singers, when they try
To *spout*, become embarrassed, dry,
And want thy copious fluency,—
MY KETTLE !

They, when their inward feelings *boil*,
Scold, storm, vociferate, turmoil,
And make a most discordant coil,—
MY KETTLE !

You, when you 're chafed, but sing the more ;
And, when just ready to boil o'er,
In silent steam your passions soar,—
MY KETTLE !

To hear their strains, one needs must bear
Late hours, noise, lassitude, hot air,
And dissipation's dangers share,—
MY KETTLE !

But thine, my mighty Philomel,—
 Thine is a voice whose magic spell,
 Like Prospero's, can tempests quell,—
 MY KETTLE !

Peace, home, content, tranquillity,
 Domestic bliss, and friendship's tie,
 Own its endearing melody,—
 MY KETTLE !

Others, of Bacchanalian life,
 Find nothing in their cups so rife
 As wrath and Lapithæan strife,—
 MY KETTLE !

Those filled by you a balm bestow,
 Warming the heart, whose social glow
 Bids all the kindly feelings flow,—
 MY KETTLE !

Then is thine inspiration seen,
 Then is thy classic tide serene,
 My Helicon and Hippocrene,—
 MY KETTLE !

For these, and more than I've related,
 Joys with thy name associated,
 To thee this verse be dedicated,—
 MY KETTLE !

IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.—POOLE.

TANKARD, BILLY, OLDBUTTON AND PRY.

Tan. Well, Billy, only rid me of this intolerable Paul, and your wages shall mend. Here has this Mr. Pry, although he has an establishment of his own in the town, been living and

sleeping here these six days! But I'm determined to get rid of him; and do you instantly go, Billy, and affront him; do anything with him, so as you make him turn his back upon the house. Eh, here's a coach driven up; it is surely Mr. Oldbutton; run, Billy, run. (*Exit Billy.*) Roaring times, these. (*Billy enters, showing in Mr. Oldbutton.*) Welcome, sir, most welcome to the Golden Chariot.

Mr. Oldbutton. Landlord, I have some letters to answer; which is my apartment?

Tan. Why, sir—confound that Paul Pry, he has the gentleman's room, and I can't get him out of it—why, sir, I did not expect you for some hours yet; if you'll have the kindness to step into this apartment for a few minutes, your own room shall be properly arranged. I really beg ten thousand—

Mr. Old. No compliments, Mr. Landlord, and when you speak to me in future, keep yourself upright; I hate tradesmen with backs of whalebone.

Tan. Why, civility, Mr. Oldbutton—

Mr. Old. Is this the room? (*Tankard bows. Exit Oldbutton.*)

Tan. Now such a customer would deeply offend a man, if he had not the ultimate satisfaction of making out his bill.

(*Enter Billy.*)

Oh, you've just come in time; ask no questions; there's Mr. Pry's room; if you get him out of the house, I'll raise your wages; if you do not, you shall go yourself; now you know the terms. (*Exit.*)

Bill. Then it is either you or myself, Mr. Pry; so here goes.

(*Enter Paul Pry.*)

Paul Pry. Hope I don't intrude; I say, Billy, who is that old gentleman, who just came in?

Bill. Old gentleman?—why, there's nobody come in.

Paul. Don't fib, Billy; I saw him.

Bill. You saw him!—why, how could you see him, when there's no window in the room?

Paul. I always guard against such an accident, and carry

a gimblet with me. (*Producing one.*) Nothing like making a little hole in the wainscot.

Bill. Why, surely you haven't—

Paul. It has been a fixed principle of my life, Billy, never to take a lodging or a house with a brick wall to it. I say, tell me, who is he?

Bill. (*Aside.*) Well, I'll tell him something. Why, if you must know, I think he's an army lieutenant, on half pay.

Paul. An army lieutenant! half pay! ah! that will never afford ribbons and white feathers.

Bill. Now, Mr. Pry, my master desires me to say, he can't accommodate you any longer; your apartment is wanted, and really, Mr. Pry, you can't think how much you'll oblige me by going.

Paul. To be sure, Billy, I wouldn't wish to intrude for the world—your master's doing a good deal of business in this house—what did he give for the good will of it?

Tan. (*Without.*) Billy!

Bill. There, now, I'm called—and I've to make ready the room for the Freemasons, that meet to-night—they that wouldn't admit you into their society.

Paul. Yes, I know; they thought I should intrude.

Tan. (*Without.*) Billy!

Bill. Now you must go—good bye, Mr. Pry—I'm called.

Paul. Oh, good bye—good morning. (*Exit.*)

Bill. He's gone! I'm coming, sir. (*Exit.*)

Re-enter Paul Pry.)

Paul. An army lieutenant! Who can it be? I shouldn't wonder if it's Mrs. Thomas' husband; who, she says, was killed in India! If it should be, it will break off her flirting with Mr. Cinnamon, the grocer; there's pretty doings in that quarter, for I caught the rheumatism watching them in a frosty night last winter! An army lieutenant! Mr. Thomas has a daughter; I'll just peep through the key-hole, and see if there's a family likeness between them. (*Goes to the door and peeps.*) Bless me! why, there certainly is something about

the nose—oh! he's writing. (*The door is suddenly opened by Oldbutton, who discovers Paul.*)

Paul. I hope I don't intrude—I was trying to find my apartment.

Mr. Old. Was it necessary to look through the key-hole for it, sir?

Paul. I'm rather short-sighted, sir; sad affliction! my poor mother was short-sighted, sir; in fact, it's a family failing; all the Prys are obliged to look close.

Mr. Old. Whilst I sympathize with your distresses, sir, I hope to be exempt from the impertinence which you may attach to them.

Paul. Would not intrude for the world, sir. What may be your opinion, sir, of the present state of the kingdom? How do you like peace? It must press hard upon you gentlemen of the army; a lieutenant's half pay now is but little, to make both ends meet.

Mr. Old. Sir!

Paul. Especially when a man's benevolent to his poor relations. Now, sir, perhaps you'll allow something out of your five-and-six-pence a day, to your mother or maiden sister. Between you me, I must tell you what I have learnt here.

Mr. Old. Between you and me, sir, I must tell you what I have learnt in India.

Paul. What, have you been in India? Wouldn't intrude an observation for the world; but I thought you had a yellowish look; something of an orange-peeling countenance. You've been in India? Although I'm a single man, I wouldn't ask an improper question; but is it true that the blacks employ no tailors nor milliners? If not, what do they do to keep off the flies?

Mr. Old. That is what I was about to inform you; they carry canes. Now, sir, five minutes' conversation with you has fully convinced me that there are flies in England as well as in India; and that a man may be as impertinently inquisitive at Dover, as at Bengal. All I have to add is—I carry a cane.

Paul. In such a case, I'm the last to intrude. I've only one question to ask—Is your name Thomas? whether you have a wife? how old she is? and where were you married?

Mr. Old. Well, sir, a man may sometimes play with a puppy, as well as kick him; and, if it will afford you any satisfaction, learn my name is Thomas.

Paul. Oh! poor Mr. Cinnamon! . This is going to India! Mr. T., I'm afraid you'll find that somebody here has intruded in your place—for between you me—(*Oldbutton surveys him contemptuously, and whilst Paul is talking, Oldbutton stalks off. Paul, on looking round,*) Well, it isn't that I interfere much in people's concerns; if I did, how unhappy I could make that man. This Freemason's sign puzzles me; they wouldn't make me a member; but I have slept six nights in the next room to them; and, thanks to my gimblet, I know the business. There was Mr. Smith, who was only in the Gazette last week, taking his brandy and water; he can't afford that, I know. Then there was Mr. Hodgkins, who makes his poor wife and children live upon baked potatoes six days out of the week, (for I know the shop where they are cooked,) calling, like a lord, for a Welsh rarebit; I only wish his creditors could see him; but I don't trouble my head with these matters; if I did—eh! Why there is one of the young Jones, going again to Mr. Notick, the pawnbroker's; that's the third time this week; well, I've just time enough to run to Notick's, and see what he's brought, before I go to enquire at the post office, who in the town has letters. (*Exit.*)

PARODY.*—INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Not a *sous* had he got,—not a guinea or note,
And he looked confoundedly flurried,

* On Wolfe's celebrated lines on the death of Sir John Moore, commencing:—

“Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,” &c.

As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the club returning ;
We twigg'd the doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dew,
Reclined in the gutter we found him ;
And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

"The doctor's as drunk as he *can* be," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow ;
We raised him, and sigh'd at the thought that his head
Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda-water.—

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him ;
But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "One o'clock!" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story ;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory !!

THE APPLE DUMPLINGS AND GEORGE THE THIRD.

—WOLCOTT.

ONCE in the chase, this monarch drooping,
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered, through curiosity, a cot,
Where an old crone was hanging on the pot ;
The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had apple-dumplings ready for the pot ;
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo ! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning asked, " What 's here ? what 's here ? what ?
what ? what ? what ?"
Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand—
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple ;
" 'T is monstrous, monstrous, monstrous hard," he cried ;
" What makes the thing so hard ?" The dame replied,
Low courtesying, " Please your majesty the apple."
" Very astonishing indeed ! strange thing !"
(Turning the dumpling round) rejoined the king,
" 'T is most extraordinary now, all this is—
It beats the conjurer's capers all to pieces—
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream—
But Goody, tell me, where, where, where 's the seam ?"
" Sire, there 's no seam," quoth she, " I never knew
That folks did apple-dumplings sew !"—
" No !" cried the staring monarch with a grin,
" Then, where, where, where, pray, got the apple in ?"

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.—J. G. SAXE.

OF all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth
Among our " fierce democracy !"

A bridge across a hundred years,
 Without a prop to save it from sneers,
 Not even a couple of rotten *peers*—
 A thing for laughter, fleers and jeers,
 Is American aristocracy !

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
 Germans, Italians, Dutch and Danish,
 Crossing their veins until they vanish
 In one conglomeration !
 So subtle a tinge of blood, indeed,
 No Heraldry Harvey will ever succeed
 In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
 Your family thread you can't ascend,
 Without good reason to apprehend
 You may find it *waxed* at the other end
 By some plebeian vocation !
 Or, worse than that, your boasted line
 May end in a loop of stronger twine,
 That plagued some worthy relation !

JACK AT ALL TRADES.—ANON.

CALEB QUOTEM, MRS. QUOTEM AND DICK.

Quotem. Wife ! where are you ? Mrs. Quotem, I say ! look to the shop ! Silence in the school, there. Be good boys—mind your writing and cyphering, I'm coming in directly. Here, Dick ! Dick Drudge, where are you ?

Dick. Here, sir.

Quot. Come *here*, then, as the poet says. What have you been doing these four hours ?

Dick. As you ordered me, sir. After helping you to chime the bells for prayers, I drove out the dogs and boys playing in the church-yard.—While you were singing psalms, I carried

the drugs and drenching-horn to old Leach, the farrier. Coming back, I met the vicar, who bade me run to Ben the barber, for his best wig, as he was going to the wedding-dinner.

Quot. A good lad; try to please everybody.

Dick. I do sir. I thrashed young Master Jackey just now, handsomely.

Quot. For what?

Dick. He was making fun, sir, of Blind Bob, the fiddler, who comes to our shop for a hap' worth of rosin.

Quot. Oh, he mustn't offend a customer. Well, what else? as the poet says.

Dick. Why, sir, I filled the drawer with yellow-ochre, ground the green paint, bottled the red ink, blacked the shoes, and whitewashed the chimney-corner.

Quot. Talking of whitewashing, puts me in mind of Swill-tub, the great brewer, now a bankrupt—has he sent for the hand-bills we printed?

Dick. Yes sir; and desired you to put a new light into his dark lantern! A job for you, too, in the glazing line, over the way, at the public house.—Sam Solid, dead drunk, turning round, broke three squares of the bow window.

Quot. That must wait till to-morrow. Have you mixed up the medicine for the mad Methodist parson?

Dick. Yes sir, but there's no more bark.

Quot. Talking of bark, puts me in mind of my little terrier dog—have you fed him?

Dick. Oh, yes, a terrible good one for vermin—he'll kill all the rats in the parish.

Quot. Oh, hang it, then kill *him*, or he'll hurt the sale of arsenic.

Dick. Ecod, right master—we sell as much poison as all the doctors in the parish.

Quot. Talking of poison, have you taken the last new novel out of the girls' school-room? as the poet says.

Dick. Yes sir, dang it, I wonder how you spare your time for poets and books—so much business! but there—you be often painting and writing poetry at the same time.

Quot. Poetry and painting are nearly the same thing, Dick.

Dick. That be what I thought myself ; so, as I mixed up colors for one, I'd a mind to try my hand at the other. Yesterday, I set to, with a bit of chalk, and got on famously. I finished the first line in a crack, but when I got to the end of the second, I could not think of a rhyme, and so I—stuck fast.

Quot. (Aside.) Confound the fellow, if he takes to poetry, I shall get no work done. Don't try again, Dick—one poet's enough in a family.

Dick. That be what mistress do say, sir. She complains that poetry has spoiled you ! and that you don't do half what you used to do.

Quot. She's mistaken—I only change about—don't stick so much to the same job. Now, Dick, for business. You've done all the jobs I set you about ?

Dick. Yes sir, you may be certain of that.

Quot. Why, I believe you're pretty punctual, tho' not always so expeditious as I could wish. Sure, though somewhat slow, as Swift says.

Dick. Oh, you may depend upon me.

Quot. Did you run with the articles I wrapt up this morning ?

Dick. Odd rabbit it, no—I quite forgot. Here they be. (*Brings forward two parcels.*) What's this ? (*reads.*) For—Dang it, sir, I can't well make out the directions—you wrote in such a hurry.

Quot. No ! mine's a good running hand.

Dick. Running ! I think it be *galloping*, the letters seem to scamper away from one another so fast, there's no catching them.

Quot. Let me see ; that's for Squire Fudge—this for the attorney's clerk in the next street.'

Dick. Squire Fudge ! Oh, the old gentleman who lately married his smart young housekeeper. What be the articles, sir ?

Quot. Essence of hartshorn, a pair of spectacles, and a quire of large foolscap—

Dick. For old Fudge?

Quot. And quizzing-glass for the attorney's clerk.

Dick. I'll go with them directly, and when I come back take my lunch. Bless me, sir, our beer do want drinking sadly, it be gitting sour.

Quot. Talking of what's sour, where's your mistress?

Dick. Busy among her scholars in the house.

Quot. Right! let her stay there; she's *in*, and I'm *out*, as Ovid says. Take my apron—I'm off. As to my wife—

Dick. Hush! she'll hear you and be angry.

Quot. Nonsense! who rules? Am not I (as Milton says) "Cock of the walk?" Get you gone, and haste back, as I am going out soon—I've peeped into the school.

Dick. I am afraid the boys will play the deuce when they find you're from home; what am I to do?

Quot. Flog 'em all round.

Dick. I will, sir; I've put a new rod in pickle on purpose. (*Exit.*)

Quot. Now go I to make a bold push for a fresh customer, as Cowley says. Busy day! a wedding this morning—and—talking of wedding, puts me in mind of a christening! Festival, too, in the next parish! fine fun going on—bull-baiting, boxing, and backsword—jumping in sacks, grinning match and donkey race! I promised to meet the change-ringers—hope I shall be in time just to take a touch at the triple-bobs, as the poet says.

LOOK AT THE CLOCK.—INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

"Look at the clock!" quoth Winifred Pryce,

As she open'd the door to her husband's knock,
Then paus'd to give him a piece of advice,

"You nasty Warmint, look at the Clock!

Is this the way, you

Wretch, every day you

Treat her who vow'd to love and obey you?—

Out all night !
 Me in a fright ;
 Staggering home as it's just getting light !
 You intoxicated brute !—you insensible block !—
 Look at the Clock !—Do !—Look at the Clock !”

Winifred Pryce was tidy and clean,
 Her gown was a flower'd one, her petticoat green,
 Her buckles were bright as her milking cans,
 And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man's ;
 Her little red eyes were deep set in their socket-holes,
 Her gown-tail was turn'd up, and tucked through the pocket-holes ;

A face like a ferret
 Betoken'd her spirit :
 To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,
 Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.

Now David Pryce
 Had one darling vice ;
 Remarkably partial to anything nice,
 Especially ale—
 If it was not too stale
 I really believe he'd have emptied a pail ;
 Not that in Wales
 They talk of their Ales ;
 To pronounce the word they make use of might trouble you,
 Being spelt with a C, two Rs, and a W.

That particular day,
 As I've heard people say,
 Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,
 And amusing himself with his pipe and cheroots
 The whole afternoon at the Goat-in-boots.
 David felt when his wife cried, “ Look at the Clock !”
 For the hands stood as crooked as crooked might be,
 The long at the Twelve, and the short at the Three !

Mrs. Pryce's tongue ran long and fast ;
But patience is apt to wear out at last,
And David Pryce in temper was quick,
So he stretch'd out his hand, and caught hold of a stick ;
Perhaps in its use he might mean to be lenient,
But walking just then wasn't very convenient,
So he threw it, instead,
Direct at her head ;
It knock'd off her hat ;
Down she fell flat ;

Her case, perhaps, was not much mended by that :
But whatever it was,—whether rage and pain
Produced apoplexy, or burst a vein,
Or her trouble induced a concussion of brain,
I can't say for certain—but *this* I can,
When, sober'd by fright, to assist her he ran,
Mrs. Winifred Pryce was as dead as Queen Anne !

Mr. Pryce, Mrs. Winifred Pryce being dead,
Felt lonely, and moped ; and one evening he said
He would marry Miss Davis at once in her stead.

Not far from his dwelling,
From the vale proudly swelling,
Rose a mountain ; its name you'll excuse me from telling,
For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so few
That the A and the E, the I, O, and the U,
Have really but little or nothing to do ;
And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by far
On the L, and the H, and the N, and the R.

Its first syllable "PEN,"
Is pronounceable ;—then
Come two L Ls, and two H Hs, two F Fs, and an N ;
About half a score Rs, and some Ws follow,
Beating all my best efforts at euphony hollow :
But we shan't have to mention it often, so when
We do, with your leave, we'll curtail it to "PEN."

Well—the moon shone bright
Upon "PEN" that night,
When Pryce, being quit of his fuss and his fright,
Was scaling its side
With that sort of a stride
A man puts on when walking in search of a bride,
Mounting higher and higher,
He began to perspire,
Till, finding his legs were beginning to tire,
And feeling opprest
By a pain in his chest,
He paus'd, and turn'd round to take breath, and to rest ;
When a lumbering noise from behind made him start,
And sent the blood back in full tide to his heart.
Which went pit-a-pat
As he cried out "What's that?"
That very queer sound?
Does it come from the ground?
Or the air,—from above,—or below,—or around?—
It is not like Talking,
It is not like Walking,
It's not like the clattering of pot or of pan,
Or the tramp of a horse,—or the tread of a man,—
Or the hum of a crowd,—or the shouting of boys,—
It's really a deuced odd sort of a noise!

Mr. Pryce had begun
To "make up" for a run,
As in such a companion he saw no great fun,
When a single bright ray
Shone out on the way
He had passed, and he saw, with no little dismay,
Coming after him, bounding o'er crag and o'er rock,
The deceased Mrs. Winifred's "Grandmother's Clock!"
'Twas so!—it had certainly moved from its place,
And come, lumbering on thus, to hold him in chase;

'Twas the very same Head, and the very same Case,
And nothing was altered at all—but the Face !
In that he perceived, with no little surprise,
The two little winder-holes turned into eyes

Blazing with ire,
Like two coals of fire ;

And the " Name of the Maker " was changed to a Lip,
And the Hands to a Nose with a very red tip.
No !—he could not mistake it,—'twas SHE to the life !
The identical face of his poor defunct Wife !

One glance was enough,
Completely "*Quant. Suff.*"

As the doctors write down when they send you their "stuff,"—
Like a weather-cock whirled by a vehement puff,

David turned himself round ;
Ten feet of ground

He clear'd, in his start, at the very first bound !

All I ever heard of boys, women, or men,
Falls far short of Pryee, as he ran over " PEN !"

He now reaches its brow,—

He has past it,—and now

Having once gained the summit, and managed to cross it, he
Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity

But, run as he will,
Or roll down the hill,

That bugbear behind him is after him still !

And close at his heels, not at all to his liking,
The terrible clock keeps on ticking and striking,

Till, exhausted and sore,

He can't run any more,

But falls as he reaches Miss Davis's door,

And screams when they rush out, alarm'd at his knock,

" Oh ! Look at the Clock !—Do !—Look at the Clock !!"

Mr. David has since had a " serious call,"

He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits, at all,

And they say he is going to Exeter Hall
 To make a grand speech,
 And to preach and to teach
 People that "they can't brew their malt liquor too small!"

And "still on each evening when pleasure fills up,"
 At the old Goat-in-Boots, with Metheglin, each cup,
 Mr. Pryce, if he's there,
 Will get into "The Chair,"
 And make all his *quondam* associates stare
 By calling aloud to the Landlady's daughter,
 "Patty, bring a cigar, and a glass of Spring Water!"
 The dial he constantly watches; and when
 The long hand's at the "XII," and the short at the "X,"
 He gets on his legs,
 Drains his glass to the dregs,
 Takes his hat and great-coat off their several pegs,
 With the President's hammer bestows his last knock,
 And says solemnly—"Gentlemen!"
 "LOOK AT THE CLOCK!!!"

THE MARCH WIND.—ANNE P. ADAMS.

OVER the earth,
 In frolicsome mirth,
 The March wind goes careering;
 Through pine-bough he sighs,
 O'er mountains he hies,
 By a compass invisible steering.

List to his song,
 You'll hear it ere long,
 Down through the chimney he'll whistle,
 Now it is shrill,
 Anon, he is still,
 As if stealing down from a thistle.

“ From caves of the north
Where the storm-king comes forth,
I come in search of new pleasures ;
Frolic and play,
I ask for to-day,
To-morrow I'll open my treasures.

Ha ! see the curls
Of these merry girls ;
What fun it will be to untwist them !
That gentleman's cloak,
He'll think it no joke—
But in taking it off I'll assist him ! ——

I've found out a crack
In this cabin, good lack !
I'll use it, nor ask for permission,
Fellows like me,
I plainly can see,
Never need knock for admission.

How cold they must be,
Those poor women, three,
When I play hide and seek thro' their dwelling
Their fire burns low,
They are hungry, I know,
What a tale their pale faces are telling !

To that mansion so gay
I will hurry away,
And ask the good folks for assistance ;
Quick as thought, rushing by,
With a wail and a sigh,
The wind died away in the distance.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—ALLINGHAM.

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD, SNACKS AND VILLAGERS.

(Robin Roughhead discovered raking hay.)

Robin. Ah! work, work, work! all day long, and no such thing as stopping a moment to rest! for there's old Snacks, the steward, always upon the lookout; and if he sees one, slap he has it down in his book, and then there's sixpence gone, plump. *(Comes forward.)* I do hate that old chap, and that's the truth on't. Now if I was lord of this place, I'd make one rule—there should be no such thing as work: it should be one long holiday all the year round. Your great folks have strange whims in their heads, that's for sartin. I don't know what to make of 'um, not I. Now there's all yon great park there, kept for his lordship to look at, and his lordship has not seen it these twelve years. Ah! if it was mine, I'd let all the villagers turn their cows in there, and it should not cost 'em a farthing; then, as the parson said last Sunday, I should be as rich as any in the land, for I should have the blessings of the poor. Dang it! here come Snacks. Now I shall get a fine jobation, I suppose.

(Enter Snacks, bowing very obsequiously—Robin takes his hat off, and stands staring at him.)

I be main tired, Master Snacks; so I stopt to rest myself a little; I hope you'll excuse it. I wonder what the dickens he's a grinning at. *(Aside.)*

Snacks. Excuse it! I hope your lordship's infinite goodness and condescension will excuse your lordship's most obsequious, devoted, and humble servant, Timothy Snacks, who is come into the presence of your lordship, for the purpose of informing your lordship—

Rob. Lordship! he, he, he! Wall! I never knew as I had a hump before. Why, Master Snacks, you grow funny in your old age.

Snacks. No, my lord, I know my duty better; I should never think of being funny with a lord.

Rob. What lord? Oh, you mean the Lord Harry I suppose. No, no, must not be too funny with him, or he'll be after playing the very deuce with you.

Snacks. I say, I should never think of jesting with a person of your lordship's dignified character.

Rob. Dig—dig—what? Why, now I look at you, I see how it is; you are mad. I wonder what quarter the moon's in. Dickens! how your eyes do roll! I never saw you so before. How came they to let you out alone?

Snacks. Your lordship is most graciously pleased to be facetious.

Rob. Why, what gammon are you at? Don't come near me, for you've been bit by a mad dog; I'm sure you have.

Snacks. If your lordship would be so kind as to read this letter, it would convince your lordship. Will your lordship condescend?

Rob. Why, I would condescend, but for a few reasons, and one of 'em is, I can't read.

Snacks. I think your lordship is perfectly right; for these pursuits are too low for one of your lordship's nobility.

Rob. Lordship, and lordship again! I'll tell you what, Master Snacks—let's have no more of your fun, for I won't stand it any longer, for all you be steward here: my name's Robin Roughhead; and if you don't choose to call me by that name, I shan't answer you—that's flat. I don't like him well enough to stand his jokes. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Why, then, Master Robin, be so kind as to attend, whilst I read this letter. (*Reads.*) "Sir,—This is to inform you, that my Lord Lackwit died this morning, after a very short illness; during which he declared that he had been married, and had an heir to his estate. The woman he married was commonly called, or known, by the name of Roughhead: she was poor and illiterate, and through motives of false shame, his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife. She has been dead some time since, and left behind her a son, called Robin Roughhead. Now, this said Robin is the legal heir to the estate. I have therefore sent you the necessary

writings to put him into immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Yours to command,

"KIT CODICIL, *Att'y at Law.*"

Rob. What!—what! all mine? the houses, the trees, the fields, the hedges, the ditches, the gates, the horses, the dogs, the cats, the cocks, and the hens, and the cows, and the bulls, and the pigs, and the——what! are they, are they all mine?—and I, Robin Roughhead, am the rightful lord of all this estate? Don't keep me a minute, now, but tell me, is it so? Make haste, tell me—quick, quick!

Snacks. I repeat it, the whole estate is yours.

Rob. Huzza! huzza! (*Catches off Snacks's hat and wig.*) Set the bells a-ringing; set the ale a-running; set——go, get my hat full of guineas to make a scramble with; call all the tenants together. I'll lower their rents—I'll—

Snacks. I hope your lordship will do me the favor to—

Rob. Why, that may be as it happens; I can't tell. (*Carelessly.*)

Snacks. Will your lordship dine at the castle to-day?

Rob. Yes.

Snacks. What would your lordship choose for dinner?

Rob. Beef-steaks and onions, and plenty of 'em.

Snacks. Beef-steaks and onions! What a dish for a lord!—He'll be a savory bit for my daughter, though. (*Aside.*)

Rob. What are you at there, Snacks? Go, get me the guineas—make haste. I'll have the scramble, and then I'll go to Dolly, and tell her the news.

Snacks. Dolly! Pray, my lord, who's Dolly?

Rob. Why, Dolly is to be my lady, and your mistress, if I find you honest enough to keep you in my employ.

Snacks. He rather smokes me. (*Aside.*) I have a beautiful daughter, who is allowed to be the very pink of perfection.

Rob. Hang your daughter! I have got something else to think of: don't talk to me of your daughter: stir your stumps, and get the money.

Snacks. I am your lordship's most obsequious.—Bless me, what a peer of the realm! (*Aside and exit.*)

Rob. Ha! ha! ha! What work I will make in the village! Work!—no, there shall be no such thing as work; it shall be all play. Where shall I go to? I'll go to——no, I won't go there. I'll go to Farmer Hedgestakes, and tell him——no, I'll not go there. I'll go—I'll go no where; yes, I will; I'll go everywhere; I'll be neither here nor there, nor anywhere else. How pleased Dolly will be when she hears—

(Enter Villagers, shouting.)

Dick, Tom, Jack, how are you, my lads? Here's news for you! Come, stand round, make a ring, and I'll make a bit of a speech to you. *(They all get round him.)* First of all, I suppose Snacks has told you that I'm your landlord?

Villagers. We are all glad of it.

Rob. So am I; and I'll make you all happy; I'll lower all your rents.

All. Huzza! long live Lord Robin!

Rob. You shan't pay no rent at all.

All. Huzza! huzza! long live Lord Robin!

Rob. I'll have no poor people in the parish, for I'll make 'em all rich; I'll have no widows, for I'll marry 'em all. *(All shout.)* I'll have no orphan children, for I'll father 'em all myself; and if that's not doing as a lord should do, then I say I know nothing about the matter—that's all.

All. Huzza! huzza!

(Enter Snacks.)

Snacks. I have brought your lordship the money.—He means to make 'em fly; so I have taken care the guineas shall be all light. *(Aside.)*

Rob. Now, then, young and old, great and small, little and tall, merry men all, here's among you. *(Throws the money; they scramble.)* Now you've got your pockets filled, come to the castle, and I'll fill all your mouths for you. *(Villagers carry him off, shouting—Snacks follows.)*

THE TROUBLESOME WIFE.—ANON.

A MAN had once a vicious wife—
(A most uncommon thing in life ;)
His days and nights were spent in strife unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,
Sweet contradiction still her song,
And all the poor man did was wrong, and ill-done.

A truce without doors, or within,
From speeches long as tradesmen spin,
Or rest from her eternal din, he found not.

He every soothing art displayed ;
Tried of what stuff her skin was made :
Failing in all, to Heaven he prayed to take her.

Once walking by a river's side,
In mournful terms, "My dear," he cried,
"No more let feuds our peace divide : I'll end them.

Weary of life, and quite resigned,
To drown, I have made up my mind,
So tie my hands as fast behind, as can be ;

Or nature may assert her reign,
My arms assist, my will restrain,
And swimming, I once more regain my troubles."

With eager haste the dame complies,
While joy stands glistening in her eyes :
Already, in her thoughts, he dies before her.

"Yet, when I view the rolling tide,
Nature revolts," he said ; "beside,
I would not be a suicide, and die thus.

It would be better far, I think,
While close I stand upon the brink,
You push me in—nay, never shrink, but do it."

To give the blow the more effect,
Some twenty yards she ran direct,
And did what she could least expect she should do.

He slips aside, himself to save,
So souse she dashes in the wave,
And gave, what ne'er she gave before, much pleasure.

"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried;
"Thou best of wives," the man replied,
"I would, but you my hands have tied: heaven help you."

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.—COLMAN.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen, "lodgings to let," stare him full in the face.
Some are good and let dearly; while some 't is well known
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.—

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a tun,—
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But, all the night long, he felt fevered and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 't was the same!—and the next! and the next!
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous, and vexed;
Week after week, till by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him.
He sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
"I've lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."

The doctor looked wise:—"a slow fever," he said;
Prescribed sudorifics.—and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs!
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kicked out the doctor:—but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host—he said—"Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago?

Look ye, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took me in:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I caught cold!"

Quoth the landlord,—“Till now, I ne'er had a dispute,
I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately—over my oven.”

“The oven!!!”—says Will;—says the host, “Why this pas-
sion?”

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good sir?”—“Odds!” cried Will in a taking
“Who would not be crusty, with half a year's baking?”

“Will paid for his rooms;”—cried the host with a sneer,
“Well, I see you've been going away half a year.”
“Friend, we can't well agree;—yet no quarrel,”—Will said:
“But I'd rather not perish, while you make your bread.”

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN.—KHEMNITZER.

So goes the world; if wealthy, you may call
This friend, that brother, friends and brothers all;
Though you are worthless—witless—never mind it;

You may have been a stable-boy—what then ?

'T is wealth, good sir, makes honorable men.

You seek respect, no doubt, and you will find it.

But if you're poor, heaven help you ! though your sire

Had royal blood within him, and though you

Possess the intellect of angels too

'T is all in vain ;—the world will ne'er inquire

On such a score :—Why should it take the pains ?

'T is easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,

Witty and wise :—he paid a man a visit,

And no one noticed him, and no one ever

Gave him a welcome. "Strange," cried I, "whence is it !"

He walked on this side, then on that,

He tried to introduce a social chat ;

Now here, now there, in vain he tried ;

Some formally and freezingly replied,

And some

Said by their silence—"Better stay at home."

A rich man burst the door,

As Croesus rich, I'm sure

He could not pride himself upon his wit ;

And as for wisdom, he had none of it ;

He had what's better ;—he had wealth.

What a confusion !—all stand up erect—

These crowd around to ask him of his health ;

These bow in honest duty and respect ;

And these arrange a sofa or a chair,

And these conduct him there.

"Allow me sir, the honor ;"—Then a bow

Down to the earth—Is't possible to show

Meet gratitude for such kind condescension ?

The poor man hung his head,

And to himself he said,

"This is indeed beyond my comprehension :"

Then looking round,

One friendly face he found,

And said—"Pray tell me why is wealth preferred
To wisdom?"—"That's a silly question, friend!"
Replied the other—"have you never heard,
A man may lend his store
Of gold or silver ore,
But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

THE MAN OF TWO SHADOWS.—STAHL.

A KNOT of watchmen might have been seen, about eleven o'clock last night, consulting under the veranda of a house at the corner of Canal and Rampart streets. Occasionally one of them pointed his rattle down Canal street, towards the slowly-retreating figure of a man, who, certainly, was conducting himself in a very singular manner.

"Is he a burglar, d'ye think, Bill?" whispered one of the watchmen.

Bill shook his head, as much as to say, "Can't tell you till I knows more, John."

"Look—look—look!" muttered a third policeman.

The retreating figure was violently leaping forward, and to one side, thrusting his cane right and left, stamping, and uttering deep-throated imprecations and threats of death!

The guardians of the city rushed incontinently to the spot where the figure—Statius Humbrar, by name, who had imbibed strong drink over freely,—was rehearsing a solo of quarter-staff.

"Come, stop this here, will you?" demanded one of the municipal guards.

"*Sh! Sh!* Don't you see there are two of them? There, that long-bodied, dark-browed fellow, on the pavement, and that crooked-shanked scoundrel shrinking against the wall! But, I'll do for them—I'll fix 'em! Have at you villains! Lay on, McDoodle, and blamed be he who first says Nuff! *Sessa!—Sessa!*" and Statius plied his cane more vigorously than ever.

"Bill!" said one watchman—tapping his forehead significantly.

"John!" said another watchman—also, tapping his forehead significantly.

"Dick!" said a third watchman—likewise tapping his forehead significantly.

Then without saying anything, but exchanging glances of intelligence, all three again tapped their foreheads significantly.

Still the cane whistled in the air, right and left, forward and back, about the head of Statius Humbrar.

"Ha! I had you there, O bandy-legged foot-pad!" cried Humbrar. "And you, longitudinal ruffian! I gave it ye in your midriff, eh? Sessa! Sessa!" his position that of a fencer—cane pushed in front, left hand up, right knee bent, and body between advance and retreat.

At this moment, by a concerted signal, the watchmen rushed in upon Statius, disarmed and pinioned him.

Humbrar burst into tears.

"Men—men! have you the heart to assist my enemies?" he asked, sobbing.

"Henemies?" replied one of the watch. "Why they is your shadows, you fool!"

"Shadows!" gloomily responded Statius Humbrar. "You mean to quote the old poetical adage—'Alas! what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!' don't you?"

"No, we doesn't. We means, you was shying at your own shadows, like a drunken man, or hidiot—one or t'other, or both!"

"Gentlemen, have you ever studied natural philosophy?" interrogated the arrested man.

"What?"

"Natural philosophy."

"No—and none of your himperence, neither!"

"I do not mean to insult you, gentlemen. But *I* have studied natural philosophy, and I know the laws of optics, and of lights, shadows, and linear perspective. I know, therefore, that you are mistaken, and that no man can cast two shadows,

one on the pavement, and one on the wall at his side. No, gentlemen, those are not shadows. No, gentlemen, by the laws of perspective, by the laws of optics—”

“Do you hop sticks to the watch ’us, and give us no more of your perplexivities, for they doesn’t enlighten us much. Come along with you !” said the watch, dragging Statius Humbrar to the watch-house.

THE SYCOPHANT’S ROAD TO SUCCESS.—CHAS. MACKLIN.

(*Enter SIR PERTINAX and EGERTON.*)

Sir P. Sir, I wull not hear a word aboot it. I insist upon it, ye are wrong. Ye should ha’e paid your court till my lord, and not ha’e scrupled swallowing a bumper or twa, or twanty, till oblige him !

Eger. Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

Sir P. Yas, ye did ; but how ?—how ? Just as a cross bairn takes pheesic, wi’ wry mouths and sour faces, whach my lord observed ; then, to mend the matter, the moment that he and the colonel got intill a drunken dispute aboot releegion, ye slily slunged awa’.

Eger. I thought, sir, it was time to go, when my lord insisted upon half-pint bumpers.

Sir P. Sir, that was not levelled at you, but at the colonel, the captain, and the commissioner, in order till try their bottoms ; but they aw agreed that ye and I should drink oot o’ smaw glasses.

Eger. But, sir, I beg pardon—I did not choose to drink any more.

Sir P. But, sir, I tell you there was necessity for your drinking more at this particular juncture.

Eger. A necessity ! In what respect, sir ?

Sir P. Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the lawyers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage, aboot whach I am afraid we shall ha’e a warm, crooked squabble ; and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

Eger. But how, sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble?

Sir P. Yas, sir, it would ha'e contributed; it might have prevented the squabble.

Eger. How so, sir?

Sir P. Why, sir, my lord is proud of ye for a son-in-law, and of your little French songs, your stories, and your bon mots, when ye are in the humor; and gin ye had but staid, and been a leetle jolly, and drank half a score bumpers wi' him, till he got a little tipsy, I am sure, when we had him i' that tipsy mood, we might ha'e settled the point amongst ourselves before the lawyers came. But noow, sir, I dinna ken what will be the consequence.

Eger. But when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, sir?

Sir P. The most seasonable, sir, the most seasonable; for, sir, when my lord is in his cups, his suspecion and his judgment are baith asleep, and his heart is aw jollity, fun, and gude fellowship. You may then mould his consent to anything; and can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or to settle a dispute wi' a friend? What is it you shrug your shoulders at, sir?

Eger. At my own ignorance, sir; for I understand neither the philosophy nor the morality of your doctrine.

Sir P. I ken ye do not, sir; and, what is warse, ye never wull understand it, as ye proceed. In yane word, Charles, I ha'e often tauld ye, and noow again I tell ye yance for aw, that every man should be a man o' the warld, and should understand the doctrine of pleeabeelity; for, sir, the manoeuvres of pleeabeelity are as necessary to rise in the warld, as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar. Why, ye see, sir, I ha'e acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune; and hoow do ye think I ha'e raised it?

Eger. Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

Sir P. Dootless, sir, ye are a blockhead. Nae, sir, I'll tell ye hoow I raised it, sir; I raised it by boowing—by boowing, sir. I naver in my life could stond straight i' th' presence of

a great mon, but always boowed, and boowed, and boowed, as it were by instinct.

Eger. How do you mean by instinct, sir?

Sir P. Hoow do I mean by instinct? Why, sir, I mean by—by—by instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind, sir. It is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable, nay, what an infallible influence, boowing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, ha'e ye a mind till be convinced of the force of my doctrine, by example and demonstration?

Eger. Certainly, sir.

Sir P. Then, sir, as the greatest favor I can confer upon ye, I wull give ye a short sketch of the stages of my boowing, as an excitement and a landmark for ye till boow by, and as an infallible nostrum for a mon o' the world till thrive i' the world.

Eger. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir P. Vary weel. (*They both sit down.*) And noow, sir, ye must recall till your thoughts, that your grandfather was a mon whose penurious income of half-pay was the sum total of his fortune; and, sir, aw my proveesion fra him was a modicum of Latin, an expartness of areethmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel; the chief ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a reegid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliabeelety of temper, and a constant attention till make every mon weel pleased wi' himself.

Eger. Very prudent advice, sir.

Sir P. Therefore, sir, I lay it before ye. Now, sir, wi' these materials, I set oot, a rough, raw-boned stripling, fra the north, till try my fortune wi' them here i' the south; and my first step intill the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house, here i' the city of London, whach, you'll say, afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Eger. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

Sir P. The reverse, the reverse. Well, sir, seeing mysel' in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply, I cast aboot my thoughts, and concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang

for the bettering of my condection, and accordingly set about it. Noow, sir, in this pursuit, beauty—beauty—ah! beauty often struck mine eyne, and played about my heart, and fluttered, and beet, and knocked, and knocked, but the deil an entrance I ever let it get; for I observed that beauty is generally a proud, vain, saucy, expensive sort of a commodity.

Eger. Very justly observed, sir.

Sir P. And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford till pay for it, and in its stead, sir,—mark—I luocked oot for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, phthisicky, wealthy widow; or a shreeveled, cadaverous, neglacted piece of deformity, i' th' shape of an ezard, or an empers-and; or, in short, anything, anything that had the siller, the siller; for that was the north star of my affection. Do ye take me, sir? Was nae that right?

Eger. O doubtless, doubtless, sir.

Sir P. Noow, sir, where do you think I gaed to luock for this woman wi' th' siller? Nae till court—nae till play-houses or assemblies. Ha, sir! I gaed till the kirk—till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease; and there, at last, sir, I fell upon an old, rich, sour, slighted, antiquated maiden, that luocked—ha! ha! ha! she luocked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass-case! Noow, sir, this meeserable object was angry wi' hersel', and aw the warld; had nae comfort but in a supernatural, enthusiastic deleerium; ha! ha! ha! sir, she was mad—mad as a bedlamite!

Eger. Not improbable, sir; there are numbers of poor creatures in the same enthusiastic condition.

Sir P. Oh! numbers, numbers. Now, sir, this poor, cracked, crazy creature used to sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the tabernacle. And as soon as I found she had the siller, aha! gude traith, I plumped me doon upo' my knees close by her, cheek-by-jole, and sung, and sighed, and groaned as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of my eyne, till the strings almost cracked again.

I watched her attentively; handed her till her chair; waited on her hame; got most releegiously intimate wi' her in a week; married her in a fortnight; buried her in a month; touched the siller; and wi' a deep suit of mourning, a sorrowful veesage, and a joyful heart, I began the warld again;—and this, sir, was the first effectual boow I ever made till the vanity of human nature. Noow, sir, do ye understand this doctrine?

Eger. Perfectly well, sir.

Sir P. My next boow, sir, was till your ain mither, whom I ran away wi' fra the boarding-school, by the interest of whose family I got a gude smart place i' th' treasury; and, sir, my vary next step was intill parliament, the whach I entered wi' as ardent and as determined an ambeetion as ever ageetated the heart o' Cæsar himsel'. Sir, I boowed, and watched, and attended, and dangled upo' the then great mon, till I got intill the vary bowels of his confidence—hah! got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and aw the poleetical bonuses; till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier mon than one half of the golden calves I had been so long a-boowing to. (*He rises; EGERTON rises too.*) And was nae that boowing to some purpose, sir, ha?

Eger. It was indeed, sir.

Sir P. But are ye convinced of the gude effects and of the uteelity of boowing?

Eger. Thoroughly, sir, thoroughly.

Sir P. Sir, it is infallible. But, Charles, ah! while I was thus boowing and raising this princely fortune, ah! I met many heart sores and disappointments, fra the want of leeterature, ailoquence, and other popular abeelities. Sir, gin I could but ha'e spoken i' th' house, I should ha'e done the deed in half the time; but the instant I opened my mouth there, they aw fell a-laughing at me,—aw which defeeciencies, sir, I determined, at any expense, till have supplied by the polished education of a son, who, I hoped, would yane day raise the house of Macsycophant till the highest pinnacle of ministeerial ambeetion. This, sir, is my plan; I ha'e done my part of it; Nature has done her's. Ye are ailoquant, ye are popular; aw

parties like ye ; and noow, sir, it only remains for ye to be directed—completion follows.

Eger. Your liberality, sir, in my education, and the judicious choice you made of an instructor for me, are obligations I ever shall remember with the deepest filial gratitude ; for from that good man I have learned, what not even parental power can ever induce me to abandon—namely, under no circumstances whatever, to do what is base in order to secure a personal advantage.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.—BLOOMFIELD.

The lawns were dry in Euston Park ;
 (Here truth inspires my tale)
The lonely foot-path still and dark,
 Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
 And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
 And hail its willow shade.

The dappled herd of grazing deer
 That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
 And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew ; and darker fears
 Came o'er her troubled mind ;
When now, a short quick step she hears
 Come patting close behind.

She turn'd ; it stopt !—nought could she see
 Upon the gloomy plain,
But as she strove the sprite to flee,
 She heard the same again.

Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame :
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same !
She mutter'd many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do ;
When through the cheating glooms of night
A MONSTER stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It follow'd down the plain !
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped ; and hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view ;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That *ghost* and all pass'd through.

Loud fell the gate against the post !
Her heart-strings like to crack :
For much she fear'd the grisly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before ;
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surpris'd :
Out came her daughter dear ;
Good-natur'd souls ! all unadvis'd
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierc'd through the night,
Some short space o'er the green ;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An *ass's foal* had lost its dam
 Within the spacious park ;
 And, simple as the playful lamb,
 Had follow'd in the dark.

No goblin he ; no imp of sin :
 No crimes had ever known.
 They took the shaggy stranger in,
 And rear'd him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
 Upon the cottage floor ;
 The matron learn'd to love the sound
 That frightened here before.

A favorite the ghost became ;
 And 'twas his fate to thrive :
 And long he liv'd, and spread his fame,
 And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale,
 And some conviction too :—
 Each thought some other goblin tale,
 Perhaps, was just as true.

TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLE.—MORTON.

SIR PHILIP BLANFORD AND ASHFIELD.

Sir Philip. Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine.

Ashfield. Eees, zur, I do, at your zarvice.

Sir P. I hope a profitable one.

Ash. Zometimes it be, zur. But thio year it be all t'other way, as 'twur ; but I do hope, as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they 'll be so kind-hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

Sir P. It is but reasonable. I conclude, then, you are in my debt.

Ash. Eees, zur, I be ; at your sarvice.

Sir P. How much ?

Ash. I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds ; at your sarvice.

Sir P. Which you can't pay.

Ash. Not a varthing, zur ; at you sarvice.

Sir P. Well, I am willing to allow you every indulgence.

Ash. Be you, zur ? that be deadly kind. Dear heart ! it will make my auld dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your honor's health any harm ; I don't, indeed, zur. I had thought of speaking to your worship about it ; but then, thinks I, the gentleman mayhap be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it : zo zur, if you had not mentioned what I owed you, I am sure I never should ; should not, indeed, zur.

Sir P. Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition—

Ash. Eees, zur.

Sir P. On condition, I say, that you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

Ash. Turn out Henry ! Ha, ha, ha ! Excuse my tittering, zur ; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

Sir P. I am not apt to trifle : send him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

Ash. Turn out Henry ! I do vow I shouldn't know how to set about it ; I should not, indeed, zur.

Sir P. You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow. I'll leave you to reflect on it. (*Exit.*)

Ash. Well, zur, I'll argify the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. (*Makes the motion of turning out.*) I should be deadly awkward at it, vor zartin. However, I'll put the case. Well ! I goes whiztling whoam ; noa, drabbit it ! I shouldn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well ! I goes whoam, and I zeess Henry zitting by my wife, mixing up someit to comfort the auld zoul, and take away the

pain of her rheumatics. Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire-side and zays—"Varmer, the horses be fed, the sheep be volded, and you have nothing to do but to zit down, smoke your pipe, and be happy"! Very well! (*Becomes affected.*) Then I zays, "Henry, you be poor and friendless; zo you must turn out of my house directly." Very well! Then my wife stares at I; reaches her hand towards the vire-place and throws the poker at my head. Very well! Then Henry gives a kind of auguish shake, and getting up, sighs from the bottom of his heart; then, holding up his head like a king, zays, "Varmer, I have too long been a burden to you. Heaven protect you, as you have me. Farewell! I go." Then I zays, "If thee doez, I'll be smashed." (*With great energy.*) Hollo! you Mister Sir Philip! you may come in.

(*Enter Sir Philip Blanford.*)

Zur, I have argified the topic, and it wouldn't be pretty; zo I can't.

Sir. P. Can't?

Ash. Well, zur, there is but another word: I won't.

Sir P. Indeed!

Ash. No, zur, I won't. I'd see myself hanged virst, and you too, zur! I would, indeed. (*Bowing.*)

Sir. P. You refuse, then, to obey?

Ash. I do, zur; at your zarvice. (*Bowing.*)

Sir P. Then the law must take its course.

Ash. I be zorry for that, too. I be, indeed, zur; but if corn wouldn't grow, I couldn't help it: it weren't poisoned by the hand that zowed it. Thic hand, zur, be as free from guilt as your own. Good morning to you. I do hope I have made myself agreeable; and zo I'll go whoam. (*Exeunt*)

COWARDICE AND BOASTING.—SHAKESPEARE.

PRINCE HENRY AND FALSTAFF.

P. Henry. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague on all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry and amen! (*To an attendant.*) Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nethersocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague on all cowards:—Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? (*Drains the cup.*) You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man! Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villanous coward. Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then I am a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grown old,—a bad world, I say! A plague on all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You—Prince of Wales

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me that.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call the coward? I'll see the hanged ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I have drunk to-day.

P. Henry. Oh villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drankst last.

Fal. All's one for that. (*He drinks.*) A plague on all cowards, still say I!

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here be four of us have taken a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet: four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw, ecce signum. (*Shows his sword.*) I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague on all cowards!—

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but, if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Henry. Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered two of them: two I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal; if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward. (*Taking a position for fighting.*) Here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal! I told thee four.—these four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why, there were but four, even now.

Fgl. In buckram.

P. Henry. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth listening to.—These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. Oh monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as ill-luck would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou knotty-pated fool; thou greasy tallow-tub.

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion?—No. Were I at the strap-pado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason upon compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish! Oh for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

P. Henry. Well, breathe awhile and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.—Poins and I saw you four set on four; you

bound them, and were masters of their wealth : mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it, yea can show it you here in the house. And Falstaff, you carried your paunch away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou has done, and then say it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know ye Hal? Why, hear ye, my master, was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules. But beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I grant you; and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.

FLOGGING AN EDITOR.—REIMER.

THE editor sat in his easy chair
 But he sat not easy: there being an air
 Of anxious thought beclouding his brow,
 As if rightly he knew not what or how
 To do in some matter of moment great,
 On which depended a throne or a state;
 When all of a sudden flew open wide
 The office door, and, with hasty stride,
 A loaferish figure came stalking in
 With a rubicund phiz, and hairy chin,
 (The former a product directly of gin)

And with fiery eye and menacing air
He made right up to the editor's chair.

"Are you the man
What edits the paper?

I've come to tan

Your hide for that caper.

You called me a villain—you called me a rogue,
A way of speaking, sir, too much in vogue,
With you fellows that handle the printing press:
Defend yourself, sir! I demand a redress."

The editor quailed

Decidedly paled;

But just at the moment his courage gave way
His genius stepped in, and gained him the day.

"I'm not the person, you seek," he said;
If you want redress, go straight to the head.

He's not far off, and will settle affairs,
I haven't a doubt: I'll call him up stairs."

Then down he went,

As if he were sent,

A fire, or something worse to prevent.

Meantime there came, through a door below,

Another somebody to deal him a blow,—

A scamp well known to annals of fame,

Whom, the hapless editor hoping to tame,

Had ventured to publish, and that by name.

At the foot of the stair,

Or near it somewhere,

The monster met him, demanding redress,

And, just like the other, began to press

Poor editor hard with a Billingsgate mess,

And threaten forthwith his hide to dress,

When necessity, mother of all invention,

And a brain editorial, used to tension,

Contrived a means of diverting attention.

"Stranger," said he,

Be not too free,

In applying abusive words to me ;
 Up stairs is the person you wish to see."
 Up stairs all raging the rowdy flew,
 (Neither complainant the other knew,)
 So the moment they met without more ado,
 At it they went in a regular set to.

A terrible tussle,

A terrible bustle,

They make, as around the room they wrestle ;
 There were very few words, but plenty of blows,
 For they fought like a couple of deadly foes,
 Till each had acquired a bloody nose ;
 And each had the pleasure distinctly to spy,
 In the face of the other, a very black eye.

AN APOTHECARY CROSS-EXAMINED.—ANON.

DAUNCEY, WARBURTON AND JUDGE.

Mr. D. Have you always been a surgeon ?

Wit. Pray, my lord, is this a proper answer ?

Judge. I have not heard any answer ; Mr. Dauncey has put a question.

Wit. Must I answer ?

Judge. Yes : do you object ?

Wit. I do not think it a proper answer.

Judge. I presume you mean question. I beg leave to differ with you in opinion.

Mr. D. Have you always been a surgeon ?

Wit. I am a surgent.

Mr. D. Can you spell the word you mention ?

Wit. My lord, is that a fair answer ?

Judge. I think it a fair question.

Wit. Spell the word ! To be sure I can. S-y-u-r-gunt.

Mr. D. I am rather hard of hearing—repeat what you have said.

Wit. S-u-r-gend.

Mr. D. What did you say was next to S, sir ?

Wit. Sy-u-gent.

Judge. As I take it down, please to favor me with it once more.

Wit. S-g-u-r-gent.

Judge. What?

Wit. S-e-r-gund.

Mr. D. Have you always been what you say? What were you originally?

Wit. S-y-u-r-g-e-n-d.

Mr. D. Were you ever a gardener, Dr. Warburton?

Wit. Surgent.

Mr. D. I do not ask you to spell that word again.

Wit. Sergund—aye, that's it.

Mr. D. My lord, I am afraid I have thrown a *spell* over this poor man which he can't get rid of. Where were you a gardener?

Wit. I never was a gardener. I first was a farmer. I ceased to be a farmer, because I learnt the business I now is.

Mr. D. Who did you learn it of?

Wit. My lord, is that a proper question?

Judge. I see no objection to it.

Wit. I learned it of Doctor Hum: he practised the same as the Whitworth doctors, and they were regular physicians.

Mr. D. Where did they take their degrees?

Wit. I don't think they ever took any.

Mr. D. Then do you suppose they could be regular physicians?

Wit. No; I believe they were only doctors.

Mr. D. Were they doctors of law, physic, or divinity?

Wit. They doctored cows and other human beings.

Mr. D. Did you ever make up medicines from the prescriptions of a physician?

Wit. I never did.

Mr. D. Do you understand the characters they use for ounces, scruples, and drachms?

Wit. I do not. I can make up as good medicines in my way as they can in theirs.

Mr. D. What proportion does an ounce bear to a pound?

Wit. My lord, is that a fair answer—I mean question?

Judge. Certainly.

Mr. D. Are there sixteen ounces to the pound?

Wit. We do not go by weight; we mix ours by the hand.

Mr. D. Do you ever bleed?

Wit. Yes.

Mr. D. With a fleam or lancet?

Wit. With a lancetot.

Mr. D. Do you bleed from the vein or the artery?

Wit. From the wain.

Mr. D. There is an artery about the temple. Can you tell the name of it?

Wit. I does not pretend to have so much knowledge as some.

Mr. D. Can you tell me the name of that artery?

Wit. I don't know what artifice you mean.

Mr. D. Suppose I were to tell you to bleed my servant—which heaven forbid!—in the jugular vein, where would you apply the lancet?

Wit. In the arm, to be sure. I am a bit of a dentist.

Mr. D. Indeed! Suppose, then, a person had the toothache, and could not bear it, how would you proceed?

Wit. Beat it out, to be sure.

Mr. D. With what?

Wit. A hammer.

Mr. D. You may retire. I am perfectly satisfied.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.—BYRON.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand;
“Hark ye,” said he, “’tis an odd story this,
About the crows!”—“I don’t know what it is,”
Replied his friend. “No! I’m surprised at that;
Where I come from, it is the common chat;

But you shall hear : an odd affair indeed !
And that it happened, they are all agreed :
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."
" Impossible !"—" Nay, but it's really true,
I had it from good hands, and so may you."
" From whose, I pray ?" So having named the man
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
" Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair—
" Yes, sir, I did ; and if it's worth your care
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me ;
But, by-the-by, 'twas two black crows, not three."
Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip to the third, the virtuoso went.
" Sir,"—and so forth—" Why, yes ; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact ;
It was not two black crows, 'twas only one ;
The truth of that you may depend upon.
The gentleman himself told me the case."
" Where may I find him ?" " Why,—in such a place.
Away he goes, and having found him out,—
" Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then to his last informant he referred,
And begged to know if true what he had heard.
" Did you, sir, throw up a black crow ?" " Not I !"
" Bless me ! how people propagate a lie !
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
And here I find at last all comes to none !
Did you say nothing of a crow at all ?"
" Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over." " And pray, sir, what was 't ?"
" Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbors so,
Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

THE CHEAP SUPPER.—REIMER.

IN a neat little village not far from Berlin,
 Was a house called THE LION—a very good Inn :
 The keeper a person quite ready to please ;
 Each customer serving with infinite ease.
 There entered his house once, quite late in the day,
 A fine looking fellow, spruce, beauish and gay,
 Who ordered—and thrice did the order repeat,
 A supper first rate, e'en a supper of meat !
 " Beefsteak for my money !" he pompously said ;
 " Bring cheese for my money, bring butter, bring bread !"
 " And wine ?" said the host ; " Will your honor have wine ?"
 " Yes, wine," he replied, if it's really fine.

The supper was brought,
 He showed his approval
 By quickly effecting
 Its utter removal ;

Eating hearty, I mean, as hungry folks do,
 With a great deal of haste and a great deal of *gout*.
 When supper was ended, and time came to pay,
 In the hand of the landlord a *sechser* * he lay,
 Saying : " Here is my money, good fellow ;—good day !"
 " What, sir, do you mean ?" said the host in dismay,
 " A *dollar* you owe me ;—you've a *dollar* to pay !"
 " A dollar ?" said dandy, with air very funny,
 " I asked you for supper and wine *for my money* !
 Not a cent had I more, when hither I came,
 And, if you've given me too much for the same,
 'The fault is your own ; sure, I'm not to blame."

He probably thought
 It a witty conceit,
 Thus meanly a person,
 Not thinking, to cheat ;

But, in my humble notion, 'twas no wit at all ;
 'Twas what you may call careless and impudent call,—

* A coin worth about a cent and a half.

A thing very fitting a reckless outlaw,
 Obedient alone to the calls of his maw.
 The landlord was wrathful ; abused him aloud ;
 Called him dandified puppy, conceited and proud.
 But now hear the best of the story by far :—
 “ Though scamp,” said the Landlord, “ undoubted you are,
 I’ll give you the dinner, which justly you owe,
 And with it a dollar, if straightway you go,
 To my neighbor who keeps THE BEAR o’er the way,
 And do again *there* what you’ve done *here* to-day.”

It seems from THE BEAR,
 Or the house of that name,
 To THE LION dissatisfied
 Boarders oft came ;

And this put their keepers at war, as we say,
 Each injuring the other, and that every way.
 Well ; soon as the landlord his offer had made,
 On the money the sly guest his dexter hand laid,
 While his left took the door, as he smilingly said :—
 “ Good day, my dear fellow ! I’ve been to THE BEAR ;
 And what I’ve done *here*, the same I’ve done *there* ;
 For your neighbor engaged me by offers quite fair,
 To do at THE LION what I did at THE BEAR !”

SPEECH OBITUARY.—CLARK’S KNICK-KNACKS.

NOTHING could more thoroughly impress us with the fact, that it is pretty impossible to communicate to others those ideas “ whereof we ourselves are not possess-ed of,” than the following funereal discourse, which was recently delivered in the Florida House of Representatives. The duty of making it was voluntarily assumed, and even insisted upon, by the speaker, to the no small wonder of the House, his utter incompetency being notorious :—

“ Mr. Speaker : Sir ! Our fellow citizen, Mr. Silas Higgins,

who was lately a member of this branch of the Legislature, is dead, and he died yesterday in the forenoon. He had the brown-creaters, (bronchitis was meant,) and was an uncommon individual. His character was good up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was fifty-six year old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding-house, where board can be had at a dollar and seventy-five cents a week, washing and lights included. He was an ingenuus *creetur*, and in the early part of his life had a father and mother. He was an officer in our State militia since the last war, and was brave and polite: and his uncle, Timothy Higgins, belonged to the Revolutionary war, and was commissioned as lieutenant by General Washington, first President and commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, who died at Mount Vernon, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, on the 14th of December, 1799, or thereabout, and was buried soon after his death, with military honors, and several guns were bu't in firing salutes.

"Sir! Mr. Speaker: General Washington presided over the great continental Sanhedrim and political meeting that formed our constitution: and he was indeed a first-rate good man. He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen: and, though he was in favor of the United States' Bank, he was a friend of edication: and from what he said in his farewell address, I have no doubt he would have voted for the tariff of 1846, if he had been alive, and had n't ha' died some time beforehand. His death was considered, at the time, as rather premature, on account of its being brought on by a very hard cold.

"Now, Mr. Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we wear crape around the left arm of this Legislature, and adjourn until to-morrow morning, as an emblem of our respects for the memory of S. Higgins, who is dead, and died of the brown-creaters yesterday in the forenoon!"

THE MONSTER OF MANY NAMES.—ANON.

Charles. I have heard it said, William, that our language is, of all others, the most difficult for foreigners to learn. Can you account for it?

William. I cannot, indeed, unless it is because there are so many words which signify the same thing. For instance, when a fellow feels a little out of sorts, and thinks it is because he is dry, he goes to the store and calls for his "bitters," "black strap," "sling," "four o'clock," &c.; the liquor-sellers all understand him,—he wants some strong drink.

C. You are right; but the terms you mention are rather out of date, I believe. They have got an entire new list of names for that thing now-a-days. But this only increases the difficulty I referred to.

W. Yes; and some of them are very appropriate.

C. Some, I think, call it Samson.

W. Samson! I suppose that's because it's so strong; is it not?

C. Yes; but that is not the only reason. Samson, you know, deceived the people about his strength, and it was a long while before they found out where it lay. Besides this, Samson was a great man-slayer; but where Samson slew his thousands, strong drink has slain its tens of thousands.

W. I have heard of a certain Quaker who called it Pharaoh; for I perceive, said he, it will not let the people go.

C. You remind me of a sailor I saw the other day. Jack was already "half seas over," when he went into Smith's and called for an ounce of old tangle-legs. Thinks I,—What is that? So I kept my eye on the scales; but Smith understood him; so he gave him a glass, you see, and off he went. But, dear me, I guess it was tangle-legs! First he went this way, and then that, zigzag, like a Virginia fence, till his legs got into a complete tangle, and down he went.

W. You see old Pharaoh had got hold of him, and by tangling his legs he wouldn't let him go. But that's not the

worst of it; go home with that fellow, if he's got any, and you'll find everything else in a tangle. I guess you don't catch me in that snarl.

C. They say the travelling community call it oats. Is that true?

W. Oats! what, for men? I guess they wet them, then.

C. Why, I know of a store that's got no other sign but "Oats for horses." But mind you, they don't mean four-legged horses; for everybody knows that they are not very partial to oats from the wine measure.

W. Ah, I know what store you mean. I was down there the other day, and saw this all acted out. A young sort of a buck came driving up, all of a lather, jumped out of his gig, and said he must have some oats to help him over the hill. The old mare—she called, too. But he replied, "Hold your tongue, there; there's nothing here for you; it is my turn, now." So I watched him; and, thinks I, I guess you'll not go any faster for such oats as these. But I was mistaken. Crack went the whip, and away flew the poor creature, over hill and dale, like a sheet of lightning.

C. Well, William, so much for the oats; now, did you ever hear this thing called pig?

W. Pig! pig! I have heard of the striped pig affair, out there at old Dedham. But I guess they little thought, when they made choice of that word, how appropriate it was; for this liquor business, you know, is rather a swinish concern throughout.

C. I ask your pardon. Who ever heard of a drunken hog? I am inclined to believe it a base imposition on the pig community. What do you think?

W. Well, I guess they think something so, for, when uncle Jim went out to feed his hogs last night, he undertook to clean the trough a little, you know; but he lost his balance, (his legs being a little tangled about this time of day,) and over he went, without ceremony, into madame Piggy's dining-room. To excuse his rudeness, he exclaimed, "Don't you be concerned; I am as good as the best of you." To which the

whole family replied, "Doubted ! doubted !" and away they scampered.

C. To conclude, William, did you ever hear this thing called hard-ware ?

W. Hard-ware ! Yes ; and true enough it is hard, all hard, and nothing but hard. It is hard for the consumer, hard for the vender, hard for the neighborhood, town, county and State. And he that can deal in such kind of hard-ware as this must be a hard, hard customer. And if I am not mistaken, he gives every worthy person occasion to think hard of him ; more especially the poor drunkard's household, where nothing is so plenty as hard looks, hard words, hard knocks, and hard, hard times.

A CRUEL LANDLORD AND A BAD TENANT.—POWER.

MILLER AND RATTLER.

Mil. Pray, sir, be covered—this room's unfurnished, and has a cold air.

Rat. You're right, sir—I'll oblige you. You must know I'm rather singular in my ideas of furnishing.

Mil. Like to have enough, I dare say, sir ?

Rat. (*Aside.*) Just enough, and none to spare. You're right, sir, I do like enough, indeed, more than enough for my own wants.

Mil. I understand, sir—you have the good fortune to be a married man.

Rat. No, sir—I have the good fortune *not* to be a married man.

Mil. Exactly so : this is a charming location for a bachelor—small room to the left, quite large enough to sleep in.

Rat. Can't sleep in a small room—when I'm abed, I require air.

Mil. I see. Well, if your bed doesn't take up much space—

Rat. It does not, I assure you. But the rent, sir? there's the rub.

Mil. Well, sir, since you're single—for I object to children—

Rat. I don't wonder at it, if they always cry as loud as when I came up stairs: I heard sixteen shrill trebles screaming a full chorus. But for the second and last time the rent?

Mil. Dear me, sir, 20*l.* the quarter.

Rat. 20*l.* a quarter?—I see, that is 60*l.* a year—the lodging's mine, say no more, there's my hat.

Mil. I beg pardon, but you've made a slight mistake in addition—20*l.* per quarter is 80*l.* per annum.

Rat. Then I take down my hat, Miller; but stay—after all, what's the odds?

Mil. Only 20*l.* a-year: it will make very little difference to a man like you at the year's end, I dare say, sir.

Rat. Well, that's true: as you say, it will make mighty little difference to me at the year's end, so I'll let my hat stay, since it is hung up.

Mil. I could have let it to a foreign ambassador, who has taken the floor above, but I'd rather take less money from a countryman.

Rat. A what! are you an Irishman?

Mil. No, sir.

Rat. Thank heaven!

Mil. For what?

Rat. Nothing—I never saw a face I more admired to look upon—a natural curiosity! An open brow, clear, hazel eye, an up look, liberal lip, round dimpled chin, and a head set on and shaped like Antinous.

Mil. (*Aside.*) 40*l.* over-dear—ha! ha!—What name may I—

Rat. Who, me?—oh, name?—Rattler—Rattler—Morgan Rattler.

Mil. M. Rattler, Esq.; and where can I call for the reference of—

Rat. Oh, ay! I see—the reference! to be sure—next door

but two to the post-office: you know old Thingamay, the draper?

Mil. What, Fustian's? oh, I know him—and might I ask Mr. Rattler's profession?

Rat. Portrait-painter, artist.

Mil. Ah, ah! a painter! I thought I—

Rat. Did you, though! Well, you weren't out for once in your life—you saw me struck with your physiognomy. I must get you to give me a sitting for an antique groupe I'm about to commence.

Mil. Ah! it's a tolerable profitable calling—I—

Rat. Calling! profitable! calling what? is it oysters, or new potatoes, you mean to be "calling"? Painting, sir, is an art!—an art, one of the most inspiring that ever lifted the soul or lighted the eye of genius—what glorious recollections of the mighty dead do we not owe to the pencil, more faithful than the pen!

Mil. I love the art myself—I had a painter tenant with me for four or five years: his name was Barry—mayhap you know him?

Rat. Know him! poor Barry—excellent well! I knew him as intimately as I hope to make you know me before we part.

Mil. That door opens to Mrs. Barry's rooms—I may as well draw the bolt. I'm going to get her out to-day.

Rat. Get her out!—oh, yes!

Mil. They were her children you heard squalling so,—noisy little pests.

Rat. (*Aside.*) I must either get into the open air to cool my blood, or create space here by tossing my fat friend out of the window. Poor Barry! But, psha!—Mr. Miller, I shall have my valuable furniture brought here immediately, so do you make the most of your time in preparation—as a matter of course you'll call on Mr. Fustian—but I'll answer for his satisfying you on any point relative to his lodger.

Mil. Why, as a matter of form, you know—though in point

of fact, I dare say, in this case I should be just as well off without any reference.

Rat. In point of fact, in this case you were never more correct in your life—as a matter of form, you may be right; but for any additional advantage you'll reap from the inquiry, you might just as well spare your breath and save your shoes.

MILLER goes out and returns.

Mil. What, you're here, eh? my dear sir, I'm delighted to see you here, hope you'll find everything quite to your satisfaction.

Rat. The same to you, old gentleman—all right at No. 10, eh?

Mil. Never was more satisfied—I only wonder Mr. Fustian let you go at all.

Rat. Why, I do believe, *entres nous*, if I'd have stayed a year longer, he'd have kept me for nothing.

Mil. I believe it—never heard a man speak more highly of a lodger. I saw a wagon coming in just after me—furniture?

Rat. I know mine's there; I'll have it up.

Mil. There's a little agreement, if you please to sign it—six months' notice, payment quarterly, my usual plan; here's pen and ink—I always carry it about me, and as my carriage is now waiting to take me to the city, you'll excuse my hurry—hope no offence?

Rat. None in nature. (*Signs.*) There!

Mil. (*Signs.*) And there—that's all I shall want of you just now, Mr. Rattler.

Rat. That's quite right; (*Aside.*) because that's all you're likely to get, I can tell you, either now or till doomsday—oh, here's my furniture! (*To the porter.*) That's all right, put down the furniture—bed in right hand corner, stool there—we'll have it all straight in a twinkling; and now, allow me to do the honors of my new apartment. Mr. Miller will you do me the honor to sit down. (*Hands chair.*)

Mil. Eh, eh! I see you love a joke, Mr. Rattler, eh!

Rat. No man living better—I hope you can take one.

Mil. You don't mean to say you sleep on that flock mattress?

Rat. On that mattress, sir, I seek my soft repose—watched over by the Muses, and awakened by the Graces. Flock! what do you mean by flock? hair, by my beard! It contains hair enough to compose a wig for the Lord Chancellor. (*Calling to servant.*) Come here, Betty! Betty, here's two shillings; bring me three pounds of long eights, and ask the chandler to cut them in two.

Mil. Long eights!

Rat. That's the size. Your shop's too far off or I'd patronize you. I have a little soiree this evening—a sort of house warming. Light, joy-giving light, is the parent of the dance, of mirth and music.

Mil. Candles! what, fats for a party?

Rat. Muttons! honest muttons—can't stand wax, unless you'll stand tic—in that case, send me in a box, I'll give you a liberal order.

Mil. But what have you to put lights in? I see nothing.

Rat. Eh? right, nothing—that does n't matter—stick them against the walls, at equal distances; your muttons have an adhesive quality, which renders them self-sustainable—but stop, where shall I place my wardrobe?

Mil. Your wardrobe! where is it?

Rat. In my pocket. (*Pulls out a cord.*) Here you are.

Mil. Wardrobe! why, that's a piece of threepenny cord!—dear me!

Rat. You're a wizard—you've guessed it—'t is, as you'll see, both one and the other—I like an open wardrobe, it preserves one's clothes from moth or mildew, and is easily got at. (*Drives nails.*)

Mil. Hold! murder! murder! Driving tenpenny nails into the wall!

Rat. Right again; but what ails you—one would think I was driving tenpenny nails into you, by the noise you make—all right. There, like that?—my own invention, combining elegance of outline with harmony of design, and simplicity of

detail. (*Arranges cord, and throws coat, &c., over it, which he takes out of handkerchief, &c., and leaves chair.*)

Mil. This is too much of a joke, sir—do you think I'm a fool?

Rat. I do, and a rogue—but if you behave well, I won't expose you to the common council—say nothing, and it's a chance if they ever find you out.

Mil. But I'll take it coolly—I'll take it coolly.

Rat. Do—you'll last the longer; and you've a good deal to go through yet, old gentleman, I can tell you.

Mil. Will you answer me one question?

Rat. With pleasure; propound.

Mil. Is this all the furniture you've got? And what am I to understand by this proceeding?

Rat. That's two questions; however, I'll reply to both *seriatim*. First—This is all the furniture I have in the world—thanks to a hard-hearted hunk, who robbed me, when and how, I'll now explain to your perfect enlightenment, if not satisfaction. Eighteen months back, I had apartments charmingly furnished, all things fitting an artist, hoping for fair sitters, neat, clean, and *comme il faut*. Just settled, I had an attack of the fever—was ill three months; got about at last, exhausted both in constitution and coin. My landlord acted towards me then, just as you desire to behave to poor Mrs. Barry—he sold my all for a mere song, and left me penniless. Since that hour, I have been the nightmare to lodging-house keepers; the cholera is not more shunned when abroad, more dreaded when caught, or gotten rid of with greater thankfulness.

Mil. Mercy on me—then I'm to expect no rent?

Rat. Precisely; in which expectation, I'll answer for your not being disappointed.

Mil. Mercy on me—what roguery—then all that Mr. Fus-tian said of you—

Rat. Is nothing more nor less than what you'll say of me, when I'm going to leave you, which, if you behave well, I will do at the end of six months.

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To Cambridge there went,
By vanity sent,
A pedant to get a degree.
He was questioned at large,
By a person in charge,
In order his fitness to see.

The vain candidate
Was first asked to state
The sense of the word "*create*."
"Create, did you say?
Let me think a while, pray;—
That's a matter not *easy* to state.

"Well, this difficult word,
I'm sure I have heard,
Means, '*to make out of nothing*,' good Proctor!"
"If that be the case,"
Said his dignified grace,
"Then will I *create* thee a doctor!"

THE END.

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CONSISTING OF

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These books constitute the most valuable series ever published—a fact fully evinced by the generous patronage which they have received from the Friends of Education throughout the country. More than two millions have been sold, and the demand is increasing. Their leading advantages are as follows:

1st. The child is taught to read by the use of INTELLIGIBLE WORDS ONLY—beginning with the least, as those of *two* letters, and gradually advancing to those of greater length.

2d. All the words in the first book, or Primer, are learned by the scholar in the spelling lessons, before they meet with them in the reading lessons. Also, the difficult words of each reading lesson, in all the Readers, are *previously* formed into spelling lessons.

3d. In the 3d and 4th Readers, the difficult words are DEFINED in a general and literal sense.

4th. The Primary books contain more lessons of easy reading than other works—there being about NINETY PAGES made up of MONOSYLLABLES.

5th. The PROGRESSION from one book to another, is more regular, gradual, and philosophical than usually found.

6th. The lessons are adapted to INTEREST as well as INSTRUCT.

7th. The practical and judicious use of PICTURES is calculated to ASSIST, and not retard, the efforts of the teacher.

8th. The PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS in the Rhetorical principles of reading and speaking, contained in the 4th Reader, constitute a distinguishing characteristic of the work.

9th. At the end of each lesson for reading, questions are asked, with reference to the proper inflections, emphasis, &c., which should be adopted in reading the lesson with propriety.

10th. In connection with the questions, are references to the instructions in other parts of the work.

11th. The PRINT is large and distinct, gradually diminishing from the

large print of the Primer to that of the ordinary size, contained in the 4th Reader.

12th. A greater VARIETY, both in style and subject, is found in this series than is usual in books of the kind.

13th. The SPELLING and PRONUNCIATION throughout the series are uniformly in accordance with those of Dr. Webster.

14th. The INSTRUCTIONS in the SOUNDS and POWER of letters, as well as the "GENERAL RULES FOR SPELLING," are more clearly presented in "Sanders' Spelling Book," than any other work of the kind.

The Convention of State and County Superintendents of Schools in Vermont, held pursuant to adjournment in the State House, Montpelier, Oct. 14, 1846, unanimously recommended SANDERS' SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS, consisting of Sanders' Spelling Book, Pictorial or Primary School Primer, and Sanders' Readers, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, for the uniform adoption in the Common Schools of the State. Of this Convention HON. D. M. CAMP was President.

From A. S. Lovell, Principal of City High School, Middletown, Conn.

Having carefully examined SANDERS' SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS, I most cheerfully recommend their general adoption, as I believe them to excel in several respects any series at present before the public.

July, 1845.

A. S. LOVELL.

Extract from a letter from Rev. Stephen Martindale and Dr. Nathaniel Ives, the County Committee on Reading Books for Rutland Co., Vt.

To Mr. C. W. Sanders:—

Sir—Comparatively it is but light praise to say that the lessons are admirably arranged to give the necessary healthful exercise to the opening and expanding intellect of the pupil; gradually increasing from the simpler forms of ideas to those that are complex, and by easy gradations, progressing to even the initiatory forms of profound reflection, all in a clear, pure, and at times even an elevated style, that cannot fail to be of essential service to pupils using these books. The grand crowning excellence of this series, is the rich vein of sound philosophy and truly Christian morality, that pervades the whole; uncontaminated by even an appearance of that sickly pseudo imitation of Christianity, with which we have found some works of this class to be unhappily replete; and which, under the specious mask of an outward respect for the principles of our holy religion, artfully inculcate the idea that man, unaided by divine grace, is perfectly able to render himself all that God requires; and that, as a necessary consequence, the Christian religion, being in reality unnecessary, is, in truth, but a useless and burdensome form of superstition.

In conclusion, allow us to assure you that it will afford us unalloyed satisfaction, to learn that the public appreciate your works in a degree commensurate with their merits.

We are, sir, respectfully and truly yours,

STEPHEN MARTINDALE,
NATHANIEL IVES.

Wallingford, Rutland Co., Vt., September 18, 1846.

SANDERS' SERIES OF READERS.

From the Committee on the Subject of Education, appointed by the Senate of the State of Illinois.

We have compared SANDERS' SERIES OF READING BOOKS with the Eclectic Series of Prof. McGuffey, and we have a very decided preference for those of Mr. Sanders, and recommend that they be adopted uniformly by the schools of the State of Illinois. Farther, we have examined Day and Thomson's Arithmetical Series, Willson's Histories, and Gray's Chemistry, and find them superior to any other works of the kind, with which we are acquainted, and think that the interests of education would be advanced by their introduction generally into the Common and High Schools of the State.

City of Springfield,
Jan. 16, 1849.

NEWTON CLOUD,
JOSEPH GILLESPIE,
WILLIAM TICHNOR,
W. B. PLATS,
P. C. HARDY,

Committee of Senate
on the
Subject of Education.

An extract from a communication to the Board of Trustees and Visitors of the Common Schools, Cincinnati, Ohio, signed by the SEVENTY TEACHERS of that city.

After examining such reading books as we have had access to, we are of opinion that the Series of Readers, known as Sanders' Series, have merits which highly recommend them to your favorable notice—some of which are peculiar. We believe that the important object of gradually progressive lessons, both in subjects and language, is more nearly attained in that series than in any other with which we are acquainted.

Signed by SEVENTY TEACHERS, Cincinnati.

Extract from a Petition, presented to the Board of Education, by the Principals of the Public Schools for the city of Rochester.

"We, the undersigned, teachers in the Public Schools in the city, believing as we do, that some changes in our text-books, upon certain conditions, would give a healthful stimulus, facilitating our onward progress, therefore unite, earnestly soliciting the Hon. Board of Education to substitute SANDERS' SPELLING BOOK AND SERIES OF READERS for use in our schools, for those now in use.

C. MESERVE, Principal No. 1.
M. DOUGLASS, " No. 9.
J. R. VOSBURGH, " No. 13.
LEWIS BIXBY, " No. 14.
DONALD G. FRASER, " No. 15.
WM. WATSON, " No. 11.

C. W. COLYER, in No. 14.
W. OGDEN, " No. 6.
E. S. TREAT, " No. 5.
A. W. FISHER, " No. 10.
WM. DALLIS, " No. 3.
A. N. MERRIMAN, " No. 11.

From Principals of Public Schools in the city of Buffalo.

We have examined SANDERS' FIFTH READER, edited by C. W. Sanders of New York, and find the selections appropriate, and their moral tone of a highly elevated character. The work seems admirably calculated to make easy, natural, and intellectual readers.

A. L. BINGHAM, Prin. of Public School, No. 11.
SAMUEL SLADE, Prin. of Public School, No. 3.
D. P. LEE, Principal of Public School, No. 7.
E. F. COOK, 3d Department, Public School, No. 10.

June 14, 1848.

From A. S. Lovell, Principal of City High School, Middletown, Conn.

Having carefully examined SANDERS' SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS, I most cheerfully recommend their general adoption, as I believe them to excel in several respects any series at present before the public.

July, 1845.

A. S. LOVELL.

From Joel Marble, Principal of Public School No. 2, Albany.

Messrs. C. W. & J. C. SANDERS,

Sirs:—I received a copy of your "FIFTH READER," which you kindly sent to me, and have given it as much of an examination as my other duties would permit, but sufficient to satisfy me of its superior excellence. I think I can say unqualifiedly, that it is the best book of its kind, and for the place it is designed to occupy, that I am acquainted with. Of its many excellences I have time to speak of only one, and that is *first*, viz., its *religious character*.

I rejoice that you have given us a superior School Book with so much of the religion of the *Bible* in it. May you live to see millions of them in the Public Schools of America. JOEL MARBLE.

Albany, Dec. 12, 1848.

From Worthy Putnam, late Superintendent of Common Schools, Chautauque Co., N. Y.

I have carefully examined SANDERS' FIFTH READER, it having made its timely appearance as a sequel to his admirable "SERIES OF READERS," so generally used, and so highly and universally approved in Chautauque Co. and elsewhere, as an incomparable Series of Reading Books. The Fifth Book is admirably calculated to energize the mind, and beautify the language of the pupil, as the result of a course of Elocutionary Reading; and I doubt not, that the teacher and advanced scholar will hail the "new comer" as a welcome guest and valuable acquisition.

WORTHY PUTNAM.

Sinclairville, Chautauque Co., July 8, 1848.

Extract from a Petition, presented to the Board of Education, by the Principals of the Public Schools for the city of Rochester.

"We, the undersigned teachers in the Public Schools in the city, believing as we do, that some changes in our text-books, upon certain conditions, would give a healthful stimulus, facilitating our onward progress, therefore unite, earnestly soliciting the Hon. Board of Education to substitute SANDERS' SPELLING BOOK AND SERIES OF READERS for use in our schools instead of Cobb's which are now in use."

C. MESERVE,	Principal No. 1.	C. W. COLYER,	in	No. 14.
M. DOUGLASS,	" No. 9.	W. OGDEN,	"	No. 6.
JOHN R. VOSBURGH,	" No. 13.	E. S. TREAT,	"	No. 5.
LEWIS BIXBY,	" No. 14.	A. W. FISHER,	"	No. 10.
DONALD G. FRASER,	" No. 15.	WM. DALLIS,	"	No. 3.
WM. WATSON,	" No. 11.	A. N. MERRIMAN,	"	No. 11.

From Principals of Public Schools in the city of Buffalo.

We have examined SANDERS' FIFTH READER, edited by C. W. Sanders of New York, and find the selections appropriate, and their moral one of a highly elevated character. The work seems admirably calculated to make easy, natural, and intellectual readers.

It combines, in an eminent degree, the two essential qualities of a school book, adaptation and workmanship. It is with pleasure we give our testimony to its merit as a valuable acquisition to our school books.

A. L. BINGHAM, *Prin. of Public School No. 11.*

SAMUEL SLADE, *Prin. of Public School No. 3.*

D. P. LEE, *Principal of Public School No. 7.*

June 14, 1848. E. F. COOK, *3d Department, Public School No. 10.*

DAY AND THOMSON'S SERIES:

BEING A NEW AND COMPLETE COURSE OF MATHEMATICS FOR SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES, BY JEREMIAH DAY, LL.D., LATE PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE, AND JAMES B. THOMSON, A.M.

The following is a summary of the General Plan:—

1. The series is *practical* in the fullest sense of the term.
2. *Unity of design* runs through the whole series; while it embraces all the subjects necessary for a *thorough mathematical* education.
3. Great care is taken never to *anticipate* a principle, and never to use one principle in the explanation of another, until it has itself been *explained or demonstrated*.
4. It abounds in examples for practice. Without *much practice* it is impossible to make the application of the rules *well understood and remembered*.
5. The definitions are designed to be *simple and exact*, yet free from *redundancies* of expression.
6. The arrangement of subjects is *systematic and natural*.
7. The mode of reasoning is *inductive, clear, and logical*.
8. The rules are *plain and brief*.
9. Every principle is carefully *analyzed*, and the *reason* of the rules fully explained.
10. One principle is explained at a time, and a sufficient number of examples is given under it, to make its *application well understood*.
11. When a principle or term has been defined in one part of the series, if that principle or term occurs in a different part, the same definition is used.
12. The explanations are *simple, direct, and clear*; and the examples for illustration, are *practical and apposite*.

NO. 1.—MENTAL ARITHMETIC,

Or First Lessons in Numbers for Children, by JAMES B. THOMSON, A. M. New edition, revised and enlarged. 18mo, 108 pages, half bound. 12½ cents.

This work commences with the simplest combinations of numbers, and *gradually* advances, as the mind of the learner expands, and is prepared to comprehend more difficult questions.

"Thomson's 'Mental Arithmetic' I think is much the best I have ever examined. It seems to me to be the very thing needed by the youthful mind, when first entering upon the science of numbers."—James M'Giffert, A. M., Sup't. Com. Schools, Greenport, N. Y., late Prof. Mathematics, city of New York.

"I take pleasure in stating that the plan and arrangement of the work are superior to any with which I am acquainted. The directions for using that almost indispensable piece of apparatus, the *Numerical Frame*, and the notes for the aid of the young teacher, contribute greatly to its usefulness and value, and are sufficient to commend the work to every teacher of Common Schools."—IV. F. Phelps, Esq., Principal of the Experimental School attached to the New York State Normal School.

NO. 2.—PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC,

Uniting the Inductive with the Synthetic modes of Instruction, also illustrating the principles of Cancellation, for Schools and Academies. By JAMES B. THOMSON, A.M. New edition, revised and enlarged. 12mo, 342 pages, half bound. 38 cents.

The design of this work is to lead the pupil to a knowledge of Arithmetic by *induction*, to *analyze* every principle separately, and to make him thoroughly acquainted with the *reason* of every operation which he is required to perform. It abounds in examples, and is *entirely practical*.

"Thomson's Practical Arithmetic will commend itself to Teachers for the *clearness and precision* with which its rules and principles are stated, for the number and variety of examples it furnishes as exercises for the pupil, and especially for the *care* which the author has taken to present appropriate suggestions and observations wherever they are needed, to clear up any difficulties that are likely to embarrass the learner. In recommending the work as a class-book for pupils, it is not unimportant to state, that the author has him-

self had much experience in the business of instruction, and has thus had occasion to know where there was room for improvement in the elementary treatises in common use. Without such experience, no one can be qualified to prepare a class-book for schools.—*A. D. Stanley, A.M., Prof. of Mathematics, Yale College.*

"I am particularly pleased with the practical character of your Practical Arithmetic, the systematic and natural arrangements of its parts, the exactness of the definitions, the clearness with which the principles are explained and illustrated, and the concise, yet explicit language with which the rules are stated. You have done a good service by removing from the tables of Weights and Measures all denominations out of use, and by introducing those adopted by the General Government. The work, in fine, is well adapted to the purposes of instruction."—*Samuel Green, A.M., Principal of the Phillips' Grammar School, Boston, Mass.*

"New York, June, 1847.

"The undersigned, Commissioners and Inspectors of Common Schools of the Thirteenth Ward, take great pleasure in stating that after a careful and prolonged examination into the relative merits of a great number of Arithmetics, presented for their consideration, (which number embrace all the most popular ones in present use,) have unanimously adopted *Day and Thomson's Mental, and Practical Arithmetics* for use in *Ward School, No. 19*, recently organized and opened under their supervision. These books being considered for *perspicuity* of arrangement, and *adaptation* to the comprehension of the pupil, with, or in the absence of a teacher, preferable to any books on the same subject which have come under their consideration."—*William A. Walters, William Tyler Anderson, Charles D. Field. (One vacancy in the Board.)*

NO. 3.—KEY TO PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC

Containing the Answers to all the Examples; with many suggestions, and the solution of the most difficult questions. 12mo. 38 cents.

"* The Mental Arithmetic has been published about a year, and the Practical Arithmetic about a year and a half. They have been adopted by the State of Rhode Island, Ontario, Livingston, Oneida, Greene, and Oswego counties, N. Y.; the City of New Haven, Connecticut; Springfield, Mass.; Buffalo, N. Y., and a large number of Academies and Schools. No school books have given more entire satisfaction than these Arithmetics. Their success, it is believed, has been unparalleled.

NO. 4.—HIGHER ARITHMETIC,

Or the Theory and Application of Numbers, combining the Analytic and Synthetic modes of Instruction, adapted to Scientific and Commercial purposes. By JAMES B. THOMSON, A.M. Large 12mo, full bound in leather. 75 cents. Just published.

This work is complete in itself, commencing with the fundamental rules, and extending to the highest department of the Science. It is constructed on the principle, that in Arithmetic, "there is a place for everything, and that every thing should be in its proper place;" that there is a reason for every operation, and the learner should understand it. It is designed for advanced classes in Schools and Academies, who are preparing for the important office of Teaching, or extended mercantile pursuits.

NO. 5.—KEY TO THE HIGHER ARITHMETIC:

Containing the Answers to all the Examples, with many suggestions, &c

NO. 6.—ELEMENTS OF ALGEBRA,

Being a School Edition of *Day's Large Algebra*. 75 cents. (Durré & Peck.)

This work is designed to be an easy and lucid transition from the study of Arithmetics to the higher branches of Mathematics. It is highly recommended by Prof. Olmsted, and the Faculty of Yale College; also by Bishop Potter, Presidents Nott, Wayland, Hopkins North, and others.

NO. 7.—KEY TO THE ELEMENTS OF ALGEBRA.

Containing all the Answers, with numerous suggestions. 75 cents. (Durré & Peck.)

NO. 8.—ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY,

Being an Abridgement of Legendre's Geometry, with Practical Notes and Illustrations. Bound in leather. 75 cents. (Durré & Peck.)

This work has received the warmest approbation of many of the most eminent Teachers and practical Educators.

NO. 9.—ELEMENTS OF TRIGONOMETRY, MENSURATION, AND LOGARITHMS.

NO. 10.—ELEMENTS OF SURVEYING;

Adapted both to the wants of the Learner and the Practical Surveyor (Pub. soon.)

DAY AND THOMSON'S ARITHMETICS.

On the subject of the *Merits* of these works, the publishers will say nothing, but merely submit the following reasons in favor of their adoption,—condensed from the expressed opinions of teachers, superintendents, and committees, who have examined them.

I.—MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

Among the numerous reasons given for the adoption of this work are the following:—

1. "That it *begins and ends* in just the right places and in just the right way."
2. "That it equally avoids the childishness and puerility of some works on the subject, and the complication and difficulty of others."
3. "That the lessons *gradually increase* in difficulty, and in a manner happily adapted to the expanding minds of children, from six to ten years of age."
4. "That these lessons are rendered *interesting* to the young, by the great variety of persons, incidents and circumstances embodied in them—strikingly contrasting with that repulsive monotony, where the same name and the same object occur throughout a whole lesson."
5. "That pictures and marks are excluded from the book, and their places supplied by the *Numerical Frame*, for the use of which ample instructions are given."
6. "That the lessons are so arranged that the *regular increase of numbers* is continually broken up, and thus the solution of each question requires thought and furnishes direct mental exercise for the pupil."
7. "That in the progress of the book, the first example involving a new principle is carefully analyzed, and affords a *model of reasoning* for the solution of all similar questions."
8. "That after the pupil has become *practically acquainted* with the principles of a rule, and is able to solve examples under it with facility, the *operation* is then defined, and its more prominent terms briefly explained."

II.—PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC.

Among the reasons given for preferring this work we select the following:—

1. "That the arrangement of the subjects is consecutive, systematic, and natural."
2. "That the *language* employed in the definitions and rules is peculiarly appropriate, concise, and clear."
3. "That great care is taken never to anticipate a principle, and that no principle is used in the explanation of another, until it has itself been explained or demonstrated."
4. "That each principle is explained separately, and carefully analyzed—the *why* and the *wherefore* of each step in the process are clearly and explicitly given."
5. "That the examples are numerous and diversified; their arrangement is *gradual and progressive*; and the work is calculated to impress upon the pupil's mind an abiding knowledge of the subject."
6. "That the notes, observations, and suggestions, contained in the work, form an admirable system of instruction for the student, and afford important aid to the teacher."
7. "That Mental Arithmetic, instead of being pursued to a tedious and unprofitable length independent of written Arithmetic, is here immediately connected with it, and is made introductory to every department of the subject. Thus mental operations are connected with the use of the slate throughout the course."
8. "That it is strictly an *AMERICAN BOOK*—arranged in exact accordance with the existing state and national laws, and the practice of business men."
9. "That the *old, obsolete and useless forms* of arithmetical operations are rejected, and their places supplied by valuable improvements."
10. "That instead of giving the pupil a rule and requiring him to understand it before he is furnished with an example, this work first gives an example, then tells the pupil *how to do it*, and *why he did it*, and then gives a short, clear and comprehensive rule for it."
11. "That in nearly every article, something is gained in the mode of presenting the subject, perspicuity and precision being remarkable throughout."
12. "That in studying this book, the pupil's mind is thoroughly and actively exercised; not in seeking for hours to comprehend the meaning of obscure and knotty propositions—the unraveling of which has no more practical bearing than the solution of a riddle or conundrum, but is exercised upon practical and useful principles, which he can understand and apply as occasions for their use arise in after life."

* Thomson's Practical Arithmetic has the honor of being the *first school book* which published the *standard units of Weights and Measures* adopted by the Government of the United States.

DAY AND THOMSON'S ARITHMETICS.

III.—HIGHER ARITHMETIC.

Among the various reasons given for the adoption of this work, we present the following :

1. "The work is COMPLETE in itself, embracing the fundamental principles of Arithmetic, together with the highest combinations of numbers."
2. "The mode of *analysis* and *reasoning*, so successfully pursued in the Mental and Practical Arithmetics, is admirably carried out in the Higher, and applied to the more intricate departments of the science."
3. "It is formed upon the plan that there is an intelligible *reason* for every operation, and that that reason *can* and *ought* to be explained to pupils."
4. "Nothing has been taken for *granted* which requires *proof*."
5. "It happily unites the *Philosophy* of Arithmetic with its *various applications* to the *practical purposes* of life."
6. "The rules are arranged in strict accordance with *reason* and the *natural order* of the science."
7. "No subject is anticipated, and no principle is used in the *explanation* of an other, until it has itself been *explained* or *demonstrated*."
8. "The principles embraced under each rule are arranged consecutively and systematically; the dependence of each on those that precede it, is pointed out by references—thus presenting a *regular* and *harmonious* series of principles and propositions the study of which must necessarily exert the happiest influence in developing and strengthening the reasoning powers of the learner."
9. "The definitions and rules are remarkably clear, comprehensive, and exact."
10. "Instead of presenting the rules as *mere arbitrary* propositions, or inferring them from principles *unexplained* to the pupil, they are deduced from a careful analysis of examples, and a logical course of reasoning upon principles already established, the steps of which are plain and intelligible to every youth of common understanding."
11. "It contains *much valuable information* respecting business transactions, and matters of science, not found in other works of the kind."
12. "It contains the fullest and most satisfactory account of the *origin* and *present standard value* of American and Foreign Weights and Measures and Moneys of Account of any Arithmetic extant."

The following are some of the Recommendations which the Publishers have received of Day and Thomson's Series. Many others have been received from distinguished practical Teachers and friends of education; but our present limits will not admit of their insertion. Its circulation during the brief period since its publication, is believed to be without a parallel, and affords the *best practical evidence* of its merits:—

From HON. IRA MAYHEW, *Sup't of Public Instruction, State of Michigan.*

GENTLEMEN:—"Thomson's Higher Arithmetic," (which you obligingly forwarded me a short time since,) was duly received, and has been critically examined. Having previously examined "Thomson's Mental and Practical Arithmetics," with much care, and with an unusual degree of satisfaction, I looked for a superior work in the "Higher Arithmetic;" and I am happy (in being able) to say to you, my expectations have been more than realized.

For the last thirteen years I have given special attention to the subject of Arithmetic—in the school-room and in the study—with reference to supplying (or seeing supplied) deficiencies in existing works, and obtaining a series adapted to the wants of students of all grades—a series SCIENTIFIC in THEORY, and PRACTICAL in its APPLICATIONS.

In the prosecution of this investigation, I have accumulated a large number of Arithmetics. After the most careful examination, I am fully satisfied that each volume in the series under consideration is unrivaled. Taken together, as a whole—leading the learner on step by step, from the simplest combinations of numbers through the higher departments of the science—I regard DAY AND THOMSON'S SERIES OF ARITHMETICS THE BEST I HAVE EVER SEEN. I shall recommend their introduction into the Schools of this State. I trust they will go into general use.

Respectfully yours,

IRA MAYHEW.

DAY AND THOMSON'S ARITHMETICS.

From the Principals of the Albany Public Schools.

Within the last few years no less than ten different systems of Arithmetic have been more or less used in our Schools. About two years since, in view of this evil, we examined several of the more prominent Arithmetics, and agreed with perfect unanimity upon Thomson's Series as the best adapted to the wants of the pupil, and the general purposes of instruction.

We are happy to say that, after a trial of more than two years, we are confirmed as to the excellency of the books, that they have grown in favor by daily use, and that we have succeeded in making better arithmeticians than by the use of any other books.

SAMUEL STEELE,
J. W. BULKLEY,
WM. JANES,
ROBERT TRUMBULL,
E. S. ADAMS,

A. T. BALDWIN,
WM. H. HUGHES,
WM. L. MARTIN,
THOS. W. VALENTINE,
JOEL MARBLE.

ALBANY, April 20th, 1850.

From Hon. Judge Blackman, A.M., Chairman of the Board of School Visitors of the City of New Haven, Ct.

JAMES B. THOMSON, Esq.—Dear Sir:—I have examined with attention your "Practical Arithmetic," and consider it decidedly the best work for inculcating and illustrating the principles and practice of Arithmetic which I have ever seen. Your illustrations, in the form of problems to be solved, are drawn, in a great measure, from the familiar scenes of early life; and while the young learner is interested in the solution of problems which he feels are practicable, he is encouraged to persevere in a study which would otherwise be dull and forbidding, and is thus imperceptibly led to acquire and understand the rules of Arithmetic, which he now knows to be true.

I remain, dear sir, very respectfully yours,

ALFRED BLACKMAN.

At a meeting of the Board of School Visitors of the First School Society of the city of New Haven, Ct., duly warned and convened—

Voted, That the "Practical Arithmetic," by James B. Thomson, A.M., be prescribed for use in each school of this society.

ALFRED BLACKMAN, Chairman.

Certified by H. G. Lewis, Secretary.

From S. S. Green, A.M., Principal of Philips' Grammar School, Boston, Mass.

MR. THOMSON.—Dear Sir:—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the "Practical Arithmetic," to which I have given sufficient attention to be convinced that it possesses superior merit as a text-book. I am particularly pleased with the practical character of it, the systematic and natural arrangement of its parts, the exactness of the definitions, the clearness with which the principles are explained and illustrated, and the concise, yet explicit language, with which the rules are stated. You have done a good service by removing from the tables of weights and measures all denominations out of use, and by introducing those adopted by the General Government. The work, in fine, is well adapted to the purposes of instruction.

SAMUEL S. GREEN.

From Rev. C. Pierce, A.M., Principal of West Newton State Normal School, Mass.

TO MARK H. NEWMAN, Esq.—Dear Sir:—The copy of "Thomson's Higher Arithmetic," which you put into my hands, I have examined with considerable care. Mr. T. has given us, if not the best, one of the best, school-books which have appeared in this department. Besides happily setting forth and explaining the common principles of numbers and their application, illustrating the same by appropriate examples both abstract and practical, his book contains many suggestions, in regard to the nature of numbers and modes of operation, which are ingenious and useful.

C. PIERCE.

From Rev. J. D. Wickham, Principal of Burr Seminary, Manchester, Vt.

Having examined, with some care, the *Practical Arithmetic* and the *Higher Arithmetic* of Day and Thomson's Mathematical Series, we know of no Arithmetical treatises that appear so well adapted to meet the wants of our Common Schools and Academies. With this belief, we purpose to adopt them for use hereafter in the Burr Seminary.

J. D. WICKHAM.



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